CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

106th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

JANUARY 1971

THE KIBBUTZ AS A WELFARE STATE IN MINIATURE
Viscount Samuel

FRANCES WRIGHT (1795-1852): THE GREAT EXPERIMENT
Margaret Lane

THE DDR TREATY WITH THE SOVIET UNION
Klaus Bollinger

WILLIAM HALE WHITE: ALIAS MARK RUTHERFORD
Sir William Haley

and many other articles together with a twelve-page Literary Supplement.

5s. monthly

★ Full Contents Inside Cover

Contemporary Review

incorporating The Fortnightly

January 1971 Vol. 218 No. 1260 Founded 1866

Contents

		Page
The Kibbutz as a Welfare State in Miniature	VISCOUNT SAMUEL	1
Frances Wright (1795-1852): The Great Experiment	MARGARET LANE	7
A Plan for the Restoration of Peace in Vietnam	ROBERT LOUIS NATHAN	15
Reviewing Higher Education	W. H. PETTY	19
The DDR Treaty with the Soviet Union	KLAUS BOLLINGER	24
The National Theatre	J. C. TREWIN	29
The Red Brick Revolution at Westminster	PAUL B. ROSE, M.P.	34
William Hale White: Alias Mark Rutherford	SIR WILLIAM HALEY	38
Trudeau in Africa?	THOMAS LAND	43
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT Rosalind Wade, Guy Chapman, Paul Wilkinson, William Kean Seymour, Richard Whittington-Egan, Molly Tibbs		45
Quarterly Fiction Review	ROSALIND WADE	45
SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES		55

Editor:
ROSALIND WADE

Associate Editor:
BETTY ABEL

Editorial Advisers:
PROFESSOR SIR HERBERT BUTTERFIELD
PROFESSOR SIR DENIS BROGAN

Fine Arts Correspondent:
ERNLE MONEY, M.P.

P, 26, 511

Annual Subscription U K £3 6s 0d U.S A. and Canada $13.50.

© 1971 Contemporary Review Co Ltd

CUG-H06476-188-P26511

CALCUTTA UNIVERSITY DEPTED LIBRARY

Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 Incorporating The Fortnightly

VOLUME 218

Editor:
ROSALIND WADE

Associate Editor:
BETTY ABEL

Fine Arts Correspondent:
ERNLE MONEY, M.P.

Editorial Advisers:
PROFESSOR SIR HERBERT BUTTERFIELD
PROFESSOR SIR DENIS BROGAN

January 1971
No. 1260

188

THE KIBBUTZ AS A WELFARE STATE IN MINIATURE

by Viscount Samuel

THE *kibbutz* (communal village) plays a special role in perpetuating egalitarian attitudes in Israel. The first was founded over 60 years ago, almost accidentally. There are now 230 such villages, in which 85,000 members live what to some may seem an almost utopian existence. Each adult works for the community and not for himself. No wages are paid and everyone is fed, housed and clothed at the expense of the *kibbutz*. Although they contain less than four per cent of the population, their influence on Israel is considerable. Every year, thousands of young people, Jews and non-Jews, including for example many Danes, come to work in the *kibbutzim* during the summer. They thus pay for their keep and can experience at first hand what living in a democratic community really means.

In many ways the *kibbutz* is a Welfare State in miniature, carried to its logical conclusion. As the use of all labour is controlled by the *kibbutz* through its committee and its employment allocator, no-one has to *look* for work. Although *kibbutz* production is highly mechanised, the demand for labour has exceeded the growth in membership and there are now chronic shortages of labour. Full employment is thus taken for granted, as in Russia. The *kibbutz* standard of living—as expressed in diet, education, health, clothing and housing—is higher than in other Israeli Jewish villages, even though *kibbutz* tastes are simple. For example, jewellery is hardly ever worn by the women.

Every resident in a *kibbutz*, once accepted as a member, and every child born to a member, is automatically protected for life against possible mishap. As maintenance is not dependent on a wage, the death or incapacity of a husband does not imperil the subsistence of his family. All wives

work for the *kibbutz* and are members of it in their own right. If a *kibbutz* husband is killed while on military service, his widow continues to be a full member of the *kibbutz*. Her State pension is paid over to the *kibbutz*. Her children remain wards of the *kibbutz* until they reach working age and themselves become full members. The same applies if the husband is killed or wholly incapacitated by work accident or by disease. If he is only partially incapacitated, suitable light work in the *kibbutz* is found for him. Thus, each *kibbutz* bears the burdens of all its members. All are insured additionally with the National Insurance Institute and benefits are paid over to the *kibbutz* treasury. Aged members are maintained for as long as they live, even though they can do only nominal work in return. Among Jews, as with most other ancient peoples, an old man used to be considered a wise man. With the speed of modern technological advance, this attitude is now losing its validity.

All members of a *kibbutz* are members of the *Histadrut* and, as such, insured with its Sick Fund. The *kibbutz* pays the premiums for all members. Women have their babies in the regional maternity *Kupat Holim* hospitals for which neither the family nor the *kibbutz* is charged. In every *kibbutz* there is a *Kupat Holim* clinic and a resident nurse, almost always a *kibbutz* member herself. Baby-sitting, a duty of most grandparents, is undertaken in the *kibbutz* by the younger members on duty in the infant houses. The larger *kibbutzim* have a resident *Kupat Holim* doctor as well: his expenses are also covered from the Sick Fund premiums paid by the *kibbutz*, both as 'employer' and collectively, as 'employees'.

As the *kibbutz* pays for the maintenance and upbringing of all the members' children, no special allowances for large families are needed. In most rural communities in the world, children are regarded as a potential work force and hence as an investment and not as a burden: and so it is in the *kibbutz*. As each *kibbutz* supports every one of its members, no matter what may happen to him or her, no question of social welfare allowances could possibly arise any more than in a monastery or convent.

In the *kibbutz* the gap between the classes has been narrowed to vanishing point. *Kibbutz* members are brought up on the philosophy of A. D. Gordon (1856-1922) an early Zionist-Socialist pioneer. He preached the equal dignity of all labour. Today, in every *kibbutz* the same housing and clothing are provided for all members.

No *kibbutz* member has a private bank account or savings account. In fact, no money circulates at all within the village as everything is free to members. Special diets are provided by the central kitchen for the aged, sick, vegetarians and naturalists who eat nothing grown with fertilizers. Guests of the *kibbutz* are fed for three days without charge—a pleasant custom taken from the surrounding Arab villages. Non-guests stay at the *kibbutz* hostel for which they pay a small charge. If a member works outside the *kibbutz* his full salary is paid over to the *kibbutz* which, in turn, makes a modest living allowance to the absent member. A Cabinet Minister will have the use of a small self-drive *kibbutz* car to take him from the *kibbutz* to his office (where he has the use of an official chauffeur-driven

car) and back again for the week-end. But, once home, he lives the same life as all the other members; he has a similar flat and eats in the common dining-room. He may be exempted from taking his turn with his fellow members in the roster of those who wait at table, not because he is a Minister but because he is exhausted by the end of the week. He is, however, expected to lend a hand in the general sweeping up of the *kibbutz* in preparation for the Sabbath day of rest.

The *kibbutz* is a paradise for children. They grow up in the children's houses, keeping among their peers and moving up with the same age-group. Their diets, hygiene and health are carefully watched. From the age of 11 they work an hour a day in the children's houses in addition to their schooling, and most become tall and strong. The Amish of Pennsylvania, who have somewhat similar communitarian villages, do not allow *their* children to go beyond primary school!

Education for every *kibbutz* child is free to the age of 18, and *kibbutz* secondary schools are excellent. *Kibbutz* children do not normally matriculate and are hence ineligible for admission to an Israeli university unless they matriculate later on their own. This is deliberate *kibbutz* policy to avoid having a fixed curriculum imposed from outside. This also prevents the young *kibbutz* men and women from educating themselves out of farming.

However, the *kibbutz* has become a highly sophisticated economic and social unit requiring at least a percentage of university graduates among its members available for analysis and direction. There are already 2,000 *kibbutz* members undertaking post-secondary education. Steps are being taken to establish an all-*kibbutzim* 'liberal arts college' with departments of education, sociology and economics to produce some of the graduates required. Few of the founders of the first *kibbutzim* had had a university education before coming to Palestine. It is intended that future *kibbutz* doctors, agronomists and engineers should graduate from existing Israeli universities. The *kibbutz* movement always has its own teachers' seminaries and research institutes.

Every *kibbutz* has a lending library for its members. Film shows, concerts and lectures are frequently provided. The cultural life is on the whole higher than in most small towns. Many *kibbutzim* have museums and amateur choirs and orchestras.

The founders of a new *kibbutz* used to live in tents. When the land had been brought under cultivation, they built wooden huts and outdoor wooden communal bath-houses and latrines. When the *kibbutz* can afford it, the huts are gradually replaced by concrete bungalows. The children sleep and live in their own houses, for different age groups. These houses were the first to be properly built. An outdoor tap is discarded as soon as possible, in favour of piped water and modern plumbing. Furniture is simple but of good design, as would be expected in a welfare state.

What of the first basic methods by which such a welfare state is achieved? It is assumed that the individual member voluntarily accepts the control of overall priorities. If he finds this restrictive, he moves out of

the *kibbutz* into a *moshav* (co-operative small-holders' village) or into the private sector, without any compensation for what he has contributed in hard work to the development of the *kibbutz*, although he is given a small allowance on departure to tide him over until he finds a job.

The land which each *kibbutz* farms, and on which it is built, is owned by the Jewish National Fund or some other public body. It is on virtually permanent lease to the *kibbutz* as a whole, and, hence, under the complete control of the community. No land speculation is possible. The physical planning of the *kibbutz* is determined by the group, with the advice of professional architects and town-planners. All buildings are sited and designed to fit into this plan. The intervening areas are largely landscaped, with many pedestrian precincts. In general, the use of the 'machinery' of the community to secure the benefits of a democracy can hardly go further; although there is yet another essential criterion for operating a Welfare State. Each *kibbutz* is legally a co-operative society, registered under the Co-operative Societies' Ordinance originally introduced in 1933 under the British Mandate. Its constitution consists, in fact, of the standard rules made under that Ordinance. There is careful control of entry. All members must be formally accepted by the vote of the group, usually after a year's probation. If a member's behaviour becomes intolerable and attempts by the members' inter-relations committee to persuade him to reform fail, the member can then be asked to leave, again after a vote by the group.

Each *kibbutz* is voluntarily linked with others of the same political or religious outlook in one of several federations. All *kibbutz* members belong to the *Histadrut* and to its agricultural workers' trade union. As citizens or residents of Israel, they are of course subject to the general laws of the country. Taxes are paid collectively by the *kibbutz* on behalf of the membership. All young adults, both men and women, are conscripted for active military service. All are eligible to vote in national, party and *Histadrut* elections. Within these limitations each *kibbutz* member is free.

The early *kibbutzim* had to struggle for years to establish themselves. The first land bought for them by the Jewish National Fund was usually worn out through over-cultivation and primitive crop rotation without the benefit of fertilizer. Some of the land was rocky. Expensive irrigation systems had to be installed in order to allow for intensive agriculture: extensive dry farming did not provide even a minimum European standard of living. Machinery had to be acquired. Prior to the creation of the State, tax money for such purposes was not available owing to the poverty of the Jewish national institutions at that time. The cheap loan allotted for each *kibbutz* was rarely forthcoming when needed. But, gradually, nearly all *kibbutzim* did establish themselves and many have become wealthy. Where the original land allocation was inadequate, light industry was introduced and now provides 40 per cent of *kibbutz* income. During the difficult years of mass immigration after 1948, when food rationing had to be introduced all over Israel, the *kibbutz* members were better fed than almost anyone else. Although today many *kibbutzim* still carry heavy mortgages, they prefer to allocate at least part of their surpluses to help to found new

kibbutzim in the same federation.

Although the *kibbutz* is a *communal* village, it is not a *communist* village. In fact, the *kibbutzim* are all violently *anti*-communist. They regard themselves as far superior to the *kolkhoz* in Russia, which (a) is compulsory; (b) pays wages to its members in accordance with output; and (c) still maintains individual personal households. The last feature is to be found in Israel only in the mixed type of *kibbutz* and co-operative small holders' village called the *Meshek Shitufi*. A few *kibbutzim* belong to a religious federation and try to combine conservative Orthodoxy with progressive Socialism. The rest are fairly equally divided between three federations, all linked with Israeli Socialist parties. One federation does not believe that there is a necessary limit to the size of a *kibbutz*. The other two believe that, in any *kibbutz* above a certain size, members do not get to know each other well enough to form the closely integrated social group that alone enables a *kibbutz* to succeed. Hence, the larger *kibbutzim* often belong to the first federation—*HaKibbutz HaMe'uhad* ('The United *Kibbutz*'). Of the other two, one, *HaKibbutz HaArtzi* ('The National *Kibbutz*'), is more left wing while the third, *HaKibbutzim ve-HaKvutzet* ('The Union of *Kibbutzim and Kvutzot*'), is more to the right. Each Federation is backed by one of the progressive political parties represented in the *Knesset*. Many of the members of the *Knesset* are members of *kibbutzim*. There is usually at least one *kibbutz* member from each federation in the Cabinet. Thus there is always enough political backing for the supply by the Government of *kibbutz* needs in such matters as loan policy and protective tariffs.

In New Zealand, Sweden, Britain and other welfare states, the trade unions, and the progressive political parties that they supported, were unable to carry through the legislation required by the welfare state without help from the middle class. This involved the awakening of a social conscience.

In Palestine and Israel, many Zionist leaders were not themselves members of the *Histadrut* or of any progressive Socialist party (e.g., Dr. Chaim Weizmann, later the first President of the State). Nevertheless, they were staunch supporters of the *kibbutz* movement. The *kibbutzim* soon became the pride of the whole Zionist movement and were given preference in the allocation of scarce Zionist funds. In return, it was the *kibbutzim* that were the backbone of the *Hagana* (the clandestine Jewish self-defence organisation under the British Mandate) and of many other nationalist activities.

Honest, efficient and influential employees are essential to the success of the *kibbutz*. How far is it in evidence? A great deal of administrative work is done by committees that meet in the evenings. The chief full-time office-holders in the *kibbutz* are the secretary, the treasurer, the handler of external relations, the work allocator and the supervisor of the execution of *kibbutz* decisions.

As no member of a *kibbutz* has any money, bribery or dishonesty is out of the question. The personal integrity of all *kibbutz* members is taken for granted. No-one would be elected by the group to office if there was the

slightest suspicion that he might succumb to personal pressures or indulge in favouritism.

The high level of morale in the *kibbutz* is shown by the fact that doors and cupboards are left unlocked. There is no police constable in any *kibbutz*, or need for one. If, for some reason, a *kibbutz* treasurer (who handles the money received in external exchanges) were to disappear with the cash, or be found to have tampered with his books, the whole country would go into mourning! The common assumption would be that he had temporarily gone out of his mind.

Efficiency was not highly developed in the Eastern Europe from which most of the founders of the *kibbutz* movement originally came as young men and women. Sloppiness and unpunctuality were characteristic: organization and discipline were regarded as *bourgeois* devices against which one must revolt. When eventually the *kibbutzim* found that inefficiency was causing financial losses and reducing the standard of living, training courses were introduced for every kind of speciality. The appointment of supervisors of the execution of *kibbutz* decisions is a comparatively recent device. They are virtually the general managers of the *kibbutzim* and now undergo an intensive 11 months' residential preparatory course at the *Midrasha* ('College'). There is also a three-year course on *kibbutz* economic management given at the university's agricultural faculty at Rehovot.

All office-holders are members of their *kibbutz*, with the exception of the doctor. He is an employee of *Kupat Holim*, and not a 'line official'. Occasionally senior *kibbutz* members are disinclined to leave their speciality after a year in office for arduous administrative duties. They do so only under considerable pressure from the membership. Once in office, they endeavour to work through persuasion, knowing that they will soon be members of the rank and file again. Any friction between office-holders and individual members is referred for investigation to the members' interrelations committee.

The partial industrialisation of the *kibbutz* is, however, making it increasingly difficult to maintain the principle of rotation of office. It takes the best part of a year for a *kibbutz* factory manager to master the purchase of raw materials, work flow and marketing. Rotation is one of the problems into which research will be undertaken at the proposed new *kibbutz* liberal arts college. In many cases the period of office has already been extended to two or even three years.

All in all, it may fairly be claimed that the *kibbutz* fulfils every single one of the criteria adopted for an ideal welfare state. In view of the immense influence of the *kibbutz* together with the social conscience of the country as a whole, it is perhaps easier for Israel to become a full-fledged democracy more speedily than other countries that do not have the benefit of direct *kibbutz* experience and proximity. So far, the *kibbutz* has not been regarded as suitable for export, or even for urban surroundings in Israel.

[Viscount Samuel's article is based on a book he is writing on comparative welfare states.]

FRANCES WRIGHT (1795-1852): THE GREAT EXPERIMENT

by Margaret Lane

FEW people today have heard of Frances Wright, which is a strange injustice to one of the most remarkable women of the nineteenth century. When she is mentioned, there is usually a whiff of scandal about her, as the woman who started the Fanny Wright Free Love Colonies in America. I made my own discovery of Frances Wright by accident when pursuing an interest in Mrs. Trollope, mother of Anthony Trollope the novelist, who saved her family from bankruptcy by going to America with her three young children in 1827 and writing an international best-seller, *Domestic Manners of the Americans*. It was while the Trollope family's fortunes were at their lowest ebb that Mrs. Trollope fell under the spell of Fanny Wright, whom she had met in Paris.

Frances Wright at this time was an extremely attractive person. Young, rich, beautiful and phenomenally intelligent, she had already made some mark in the world, and had that kind of spell-binding personality that most people, though it may alarm them, find irresistible. While she was visiting the Trollopes at Harrow her portrait was painted by a young French artist, Auguste Hervieu. She is seen as strikingly tall, very graceful and slender, with a face of that classic and epicene style of beauty which looks equally well on a woman or a beautiful young man. Her hair, dead against the fashion of the time, is in short natural curls, cropped close to the head, much as Lord Byron had worn his; and indeed, looking at this portrait, one might take her for his twin sister.

She had been born almost at the end of the eighteenth century, in Dundee, the daughter of a wealthy linen merchant who was a man of considerable intellect and a convinced Radical. He and his wife had both died when Frances was two years old, and she and her younger sister were brought up by her maternal grandfather and an aunt. Fanny and Camilla were both heiresses, but from the beginning Fanny seems to have reacted against the idle and luxurious life of the well-to-do, and was still in her teens when she made the discovery which was to set the direction of her life. I quote from a fragment of autobiography which she wrote in the third person:

> 'While still a very young girl, she found by chance among some old books tumbled together in a chest in her aunt's library, a copy of Botta's *Istoria della Rivoluzione Americana*. . . . From that moment she awoke, as it were, to a new existence. . . . There existed a country consecrated to freedom, and in which man might awake to the full knowledge and full exercise of his powers. To see that country was, now at the age of 16, her fixed but secret determination.'

Two years after this magical discovery Fanny quarrelled with her aunt, and she and Camilla, now 18 and 17 respectively, removed to the home of their great-uncle, Professor Milne of Glasgow. Here she had the run of a great library, in which she pursued her dream of an American Utopia through every published source that she could lay her hands on.

She had been appalled by the crowds of beggars who flocked round her

grandfather's carriage in London, and now, in Glasgow, saw for the first time an emigrant ship in the Clyde, on its way to America. The spectacle of that shipload of misery putting out into the Atlantic brought her to a sudden resolution. She would go herself to that land of the free, and take Camilla with her. So Fanny and Camilla sailed secretly from Liverpool in August 1818, on an American sailing packet which took 30 seasick days to cross the Atlantic.

For the next two years she seems to have made an almost triumphal progress, mixing in the best society of New York and Philadelphia. She travelled widely and was delighted with everything she saw of that new life known to the Liberals of Europe as 'The Great Experiment'. While on the ship she had been enchanted to discover that 'every man of the crew, from the old veteran to the young sailor boy, could read and write.' In America everyone worked as a matter of course. There were no masters or servants and, beyond the cities, life had a pioneering and adventurous spirit.

When she returned to England with Camilla, her trunks were stuffed with journals, notes and information sufficient to form the basis of a book. This, when published, had a surprisingly large sale, being extravagantly praised and just as extravagantly condemned, according to the political colour of the reviewers. The book made her known and brought her into touch with some genuine reformers. She was even summoned into the presence of Jeremy Bentham, high priest of Utilitarianism, who had read and approved her book, and sent her a characteristic note of invitation: 'During your stay in London my Hermitage, such as it is, is at your service, and you will be expected in it. I am a single man, turned 70, but as far from melancholy as a man need be. Hour of dinner, six; tea between nine and ten; bed a quarter before 11. . . . Breakfast, my guests, whoever they are, have in their rooms, and at their own hour, and by themselves, etc., etc.' There was only one snag, since Fanny was a brilliant talker: the old man was practically stone deaf.

No such impediment hampered her new friendship with an even more famous and impressive man, General Lafayette. This remarkable old hero of the French Revolution, aristocrat by birth, radical republican by conviction, had gone to America in his youth to fight under Washington in the War of Independence. He now wrote enthusiastically to Fanny after reading her book, proposing a meeting. Fanny with her sister Camilla set off at once for France to his family estate at La Grange, not far from Paris, and fell at once into the deepest emotional relationship of her life. 'How happy and proud I am of this friendship,' she wrote to him after the first meeting, 'and of this adoption'—for he had greeted her with open arms as a spiritual daughter—'which unites my fate to yours for life!'

This happy state of affairs was not to last. Lafayette's family, not surprisingly, were suspicious of her constant visits, and there were friends and followers who spread scandalous stories. Lafayette, at this time in financial difficulties, decided to escape from his embarrassments by accepting an invitation from the President of the United States to pay an official visit to America. Fanny joyously announced that she would accompany him. So she

set sail for the second time to America, resolute as always, accompanied by her faithful younger sister.

Throughout the United States Lafayette was welcomed and fêted as a national hero with dinners, balls and a reception by the President; and everywhere the General went Fanny and Camilla followed, travelling widely, and eventually penetrating deep into the slave-owning south. It was in the course of this journey that Fanny conceived the plan of her future life.

This decisive vision was the result of two experiences. One, in a Virginia seaport, was seeing a slave ship with its cargo of chained negroes destined for the slave markets of Savannah. The other was a series of visits to co-operative communities, experiments in Christian and theoretical communism, which were struggling to make their way in America. Both were a revelation. To know about slavery was one thing. To see it in its full horror with her own eyes convinced her that the freeing of the slaves was one of the causes to which her life must be dedicated; and what she observed of the work of the experimental communities convinced her that here lay the best method of aproach.

One of these communistic villages, New Harmony, had been acquired by the English socialist-philanthropist, Robert Owen, for his own communal experiment. The colonists were emigrant farmers, mostly Quakers. There was also a middle-aged Frenchman, William Phiquepal D'Arusmont, a man of advanced educational ideas and something of a crank. He had been a disciple of Pestalozzi and was now training a hundred boys in his School of Industry. This, and the flourishing farms and orchards of New Harmony, the sober, unselfish lives of its inhabitants, who worked for the good of all, filled Fanny with enthusiasm. Some form of co-operative community should obviously be her starting point, and it could be made the first practical instrument of the abolition of slavery.

Unlike the more extreme abolitionists, she realised that it was hopeless to expect the southern planters simply to free their slaves, who were the whole basis of southern economy. Instead, she would buy a tract of land in one of those areas offered cheaply by the government because it had only recently been cleared of Indians, and there build a practical farming settlement to be worked by slave labour. As soon as their work had earned a profit equal to their purchase price, they would be given their freedom, and in the meantime they were to be housed, fed, clothed and educated, so that in the end they would take their place in the world beside the white man, as free men and brothers.

For this she was prepared to sink a good part of her fortune. General Jackson had advised her that there was good land to be bought cheap in Tennessee, near the Mississippi, and it was here that she found, as it seemed, the ideal spot in virgin woodlands on the Wolf River, the old hunting grounds of the Chickasaw Indians. Two thousand acres were purchased, ten slaves bought in Nashville, and with a practical partner, George Flower, who had joined her from New Harmony, the great work of preparation began.

There was a vast amount of work to be done; trees felled, the compound to be fenced in, log cabins built, farm materials and animals imported, to say nothing of shirts and socks and bolts of flannel so that the negroes would be clad properly. 'All these small matters,' she wrote cheerfully, 'keep me very busy, for there is nothing more difficult than to make men work in these forests. But with the help of the legs of a perfect horse, gentle as a lamb and full of fire, who knows and loves me, who eats salt from my hand, and runs like a deer, I do 40 miles a day coming and going, with no trouble.'

There were sinister elements, however, in this Eden. The land had been cheap because it was malarial: the forest was full of mosquitoes and as soon as the sun went down they rose in clouds. The slaves were surprisingly uninterested in work now that they were safe from the lash, and had to be reasoned with repeatedly. The work was extremely hard and Fanny did more than her share of it, rolling logs and clearing bush in the blazing sun and living chiefly on corn meal and water. There were 16 negroes in the settlement, organised and directed by a small group of Europeans. Besides Fanny and Camilla, there were at first her partner George Flower with his wife and family, a Scotsman named James Richardson as overseer, and a Quaker called Richeson Whitby. George Flower was soon discouraged by the bad conditions and left, leaving Fanny and Camilla to manage with the help of Richardson and Whitby. Camilla seems to have coped with the domestic side of their life, while Fanny worked with the men. Not surprisingly, she soon fell sick, first with sunstroke and brain fever; then with a type of malaria known locally as 'dengue' or 'breakbone fever'. For a time her life was despaired of, and Camilla, herself ailing, nursed her sister for several months in a state of terror. Fanny's health was so seriously impaired that it became obvious she must get away from Nashoba. Accordingly, still so weak that she had to travel in a hammock slung in a covered wagon, she travelled by easy stages to New Orleans and sailed for Europe.

It was while she was in France and England that the Nashoba settlement began to earn an unsavoury reputation. But Fanny, slowly regaining health, was unaware of what was happening, and paid a visit to the Trollope family at Harrow where she swept Mrs. Trollope off her feet with her enthusiasm.

Fanny had already impressed Mary Shelley, to whom she had described the Nashoba experiment in glowing terms. 'I have devoted my time and fortune to laying the foundations of an establishment where affection shall form the only marriage, kind feeling and kind action the only religion, respect for the feelings and liberties of others the only restraint, and union of interest the bond of peace and security.' In these ideals lay the source of the growing scandal. Nashoba was theoretically dedicated not only to the abolition of slavery but to the loosening of the marriage tie, the teaching of birth-control, the undermining of established religion and the abolition of the death penalty. These were not matters one could preach in the 1820's with impunity, and while Fanny herself behaved with perfect propriety, there were 'goings-on' at Nashoba which had

started rumours. There had been sexual assaults among the slaves, and to make matters worse, James Richardson was sleeping with one or two of the younger females, and had had no more sense than to publish a justification of his conduct in the New Harmony newspaper. Inevitably rumours of the scandal reached Europe, but fortunately for her peace of mind Mrs. Trollope, now at sea with Fanny and enjoying a fairly calm voyage, had no inkling of it. Mrs. Trollope's plan was that her son Henry, who had been a failure at school, would have a better chance at Nashoba, perhaps as a teacher. Fanny had spoken of founding a school, and had already enlisted the services of the young French artist, Auguste Hervieu, who was to teach art in it, and who was now a member of their party.

At last they arrived at the mouth of the Mississippi and transferred to the paddle-steamer which was to take them some hundreds of miles up that dismal river. Anyone who has read Mrs. Trollope's account of the journey will know how fearfully their spirits sank—not Fanny's, of course, but everyone else's — as the forested banks slid by for hour after hour, with no life on them but alligators, and an occasional miserable cabin on a landing-stage, peopled by apathetic settlers who appeared to be in the last stages of malaria. They thankfully left the boat at Memphis for the last long overland stage in a covered wagon, Fanny accompanying it on horseback.

This journey through the forests was sufficiently alarming, but when at last they reached their promised land the reality of the place they had come to burst on the party with a shock of horror. Even Fanny must have been slightly shaken by the situation, for Richardson, the amorous overseer, had decamped, and Camilla, wasted with fever and misery, had gone back on one of the basic principles of Nashoba by marrying the only white man left on the place, Richeson Whitby. In her book Mrs. Trollope passes over her experience of Nashoba with self-restrained brevity, but in a letter to one of her women friends she was more outspoken:

> 'On reaching Nashoba I found it so infinitely more dreadful than I ever imagined possible that I almost immediately decided on not suffering my children to breathe the pestilential atmosphere more than a day or two—it is impossible to give you an idea of their miserable and melancholy mode of life while I was there. Whitby and his wife both looked like spectres from fever and ague. . . . This was the whole community, except the slaves—whom we saw only when they brought logs for the fires. The food was scanty and far from wholesome—no milk or butter—bad water—very little bread—and no meat but pork. In short, I left them in ten days.'

As for Auguste Hervieu, he was only too eager to go too, having asked on arrival at Nashoba where was the school in which he was to teach; and being coolly told that it had not yet reached the planning stage, burst into tears of rage and disappointment.

At this point, Fanny too began to realise that the Nashoba experiment was a failure. Camilla and her husband were ill, the slaves quarrelsome and lazy, and the only fame the settlement had achieved was in hostile sections of the press. The venture had cost Fanny a good half of her fortune, but to this she showed a splendid indifference. She had done what she could for

the suffering negro race, and would now campaign for the free education of every child in the United States, whether white or black; for the gradual emancipation of slaves; the abolition of the death penalty and imprisonment for debt; for the emancipation of women (including birth control); and for radical socialist reforms in the government of the country.

The method she adopted, for a woman, was revolutionary. She would preach her gospel through the press and on the public platform. Her first lecture was on the nature of true knowledge, and according to Mrs. Trollope contained little that could give offence; but this was only the first of a series, and her argument, that true knowledge can be derived only from sensory experience, developed before the end into an outright attack on the Church as being the most formidable enemy of human progress. The clergy responded with venom, and there was a pulpit uproar. She was shrieked against as a Priestess of Beelzebub, and this nickname followed her from town to town throughout her campaign. At one lecture a smoke-barrel was set alight, throwing the audience (but not Fanny) into a panic; at another, the gas-lighting was suddenly cut off, leaving the hall and an audience of 2,000 in darkness; on one occasion, her carriage was overturned. She was not intimidated. Indeed, in many ways this period of campaigning was the happiest of her life. She was still only thirty-four and personally and financially independent. Nothing so far in her life had gone irretrievably wrong, and having started her own New York paper under the title of *Free Enquirer*, she was fighting the malignant press on their own ground.

But from this point her situation began very gradually to deteriorate. On the formation of the new Working Men's Party, Fanny had thrown herself into their campaigns with fervour, travelling, lecturing, addressing gatherings in the fields when she was refused a platform, attracting more and more dangerous hostility, while the whole press followed her everywhere, baying like hounds. Now, it seemed clear that her championship of the struggling Labour Party was doing more harm than good; she decided therefore to withdraw for a time, and return to Europe. And so she sailed across the Atlantic once again, and settled down in Paris and to everyone's astonishment got married. That clever and eccentric Frenchman, William Phiquepal D'Arusmont, had been a comfort and help to her on several occasions, and from time to time they had been much together. When she had made a difficult and expensive voyage to the West Indies to re-settle her slaves after the Nashoba disaster, D'Arusmont had volunteered to accompany her. Fanny was still only thirty-five, slender and handsome: D'Arusmont was fifty-two. Nobody could call him good-looking, but he had a virile and dominant personality and he and Fanny were drawn to one another. Neither of them thought very highly of the institution of marriage, but they had nothing against sexual intercourse, and before Fanny reached Paris she was pregnant. This was an unwelcome discovery. At the same time news reached her of the failure of her political campaign, the Working Men's Party having been heavily defeated. As a final blow she received news of the sudden death of her sister Camilla.

In those melancholy days in Paris, feeling very much alone, even Fanny must have hesitated to bring a bastard child into the world, and D'Arusmont was at hand, sympathetic and willing. So they compromised, to the surprise of their friends and the malicious amusement of their enemies, and settled down in Paris, not leading a conventional domestic life, but studying and writing and following the revolutionary movements which were springing up all over Europe, travelling back and forth to America, always separately, as though they lived in the days of supersonic jets, instead of storm-battered sailing-ships and paddle-steamers.

All might have gone well with this dedicated partnership but for a long and vindictive struggle over money. At the time of her marriage Fanny had made no legal arrangements about her fortune. She had lost a great part of it in the Nashoba venture, and in any case genuinely considered such matters beneath her attention. D'Arusmont had no money, but she had enough for both, and was always the provider. Now, after some years of marriage, she had inherited another fortune from Dundee, and for the first time faced the fact that according to the laws of both England and America, unless a special settlement were made, everything she possessed became her husband's property. Her Scottish lawyers advised a deed of trust, which would make her daughter a considerable heiress and give D'Arusmont a comfortable income for life, while entirely excluding him from control of the capital. Some instinct seems to have warned her that this was wise, but it infuriated him. He took immediate steps to try to secure at least the American properties. His intuition warned him that Fanny was liable to do something absurdly generous for the benefit of the negro race, or some other underprivileged section of humanity, and this he was determined to prevent. A bitter and acrimonious wrangle ensued, in the course of which Fanny succeeded in divorcing D'Arusmont under the law of Tennessee, and in obtaining a modest alimony. But it was an empty victory, for she lost the custody of her daughter, whom she dearly loved, and D'Arusmont retained full financial control for the period of their joint lifetime.

Neither of them had long to live. Fanny, now in her fifties, and no longer caring whether she were rich or poor so long as she was left free to meditate on the causes that concerned her, had bought and rebuilt an old house in Cincinnati, where she was living alone, writing an interminable history of civilisation, establishing a working men's club, thinking out ever more ambitious schemes of the world's improvement, ignoring all personal concerns as she had always done. A brief account of her written at this time by a young carpenter who worked for her during the rebuilding of the ramshackle wooden house, suggests that failure and misfortune had done little to change her:

> 'After the building was partly enclosed,' he says, 'I moved my bench into it. In those days carpentering work was all done by hand, and at the same time Frances Wright also moved in a few things, a charcoal furnace, a sleeping cot, two or three chairs, a table and a writing desk. Her food consisted of a boiled potato or two, a boiled egg, a piece of boiled beef, crackers, tea or coffee. She was a plain liver. My wife says she was the most ignorant housekeeper she ever saw. . . . She regretted this very much. "How much better would it

> have been for me," she often said, "if I had been taught general housework when I was a child instead of the aristocratical nonsense I learned while with my guardian." ' And he goes on, 'At first I didn't like the idea of her moving into the building before it was finished, thinking that she hoped that way to get more work out of me and my brother, for my brother was working with me; but I soon found out my mistake. She didn't seem to have any desire to hurry us, in fact it was the other way. She actually hindered us by talking to us, advancing her theories for the advancement of working men. We carried our own dinners with us, but she insisted we should eat our dinners at her table. In this way I learned a great deal about her private thoughts on different subjects. . . . She could entertain you by the hour on ancient or modern history, on the sciences, geology, chemistry, astronomy or natural history. She was a walking encyclopaedia, an orator inferior to none, and superior to any I ever heard.'

It's an attractive picture to have of this last phase, from a young man so clearly the type of intelligent new American that she herself believed in; but alas, it was not to last. There was a great freeze-up in Cincinnati that same winter, and Fanny fell on the ice and broke her hip. This was in 1851, when orthopaedic surgery was in its infancy, and she suffered a year of torture before she died. She lies now in Spring Grove Cemetery, Cincinnati, under a vast marble monument raised by her daughter.

Frances Wright was so far ahead of her time that it was perhaps inevitable that her passionately conducted campaigns should have come to nothing. 'Her youth, her health, her fortune and her own good name', wrote one of the few historians who have troubled to remember her, 'were recklessly sacrificed in one attempt after another to make and keep the land of Free America worthy of its high heritage. . . .'

Bibliography:

D'Arusmont, Frances Wright. *Views of Society and Manners in America, in a Series of Letters from that Country to a Friend in England, during the Years 1818, 1819, 1820.* By an Englishwoman. London, 1821.

Course of Popular Lectures. New York, 1829.

Biography, Notes and Political Lectures of Frances Wright D'Arusmont (from the Dundee *Northern Star*). Printed in Boston, 1849.

England the Civiliser—Her History developed in its Principles. London, 1848.

Gilbert, Amos. *Memoirs of Frances Wright, the Pioneer Woman in the Cause of Human Rights.* Cincinatti, 1855.

Nordhoff, Charles. *Communistic Societies of the United States.* N.Y., 1875.

Perkins, A. J. G., and Wolfson, T. *Frances Wright, Free Enquirer.* N.Y., 1939.

Trollope, F. M. *Domestic Manners of the Americans,* 2 vols. London, 1832.

Waterman, W. R. *Frances Wright.* New York, 1924.

A PLAN FOR THE RESTORATION OF PEACE IN VIETNAM

by Robert Louis Nathan

SOUTH Vietnam should be promptly partitioned in order to establish a sanctuary for the two million Vietnamese Catholics and for those persons of any other minority who wish to live apart from the communist whole. A new state must be created to guarantee freedom of race, political view, and religion. Let the Au Lac Republic be manifested on those lands designed as the Cochin China Colony during the French experience. 'Lac' is an ancient term that the Nam Viet people have been identified with and would seem an appropriate title for the new state because its legendary age as a kingdom precedes the Chinese invasions that began in 207 B.C.

In 1885 the victorious French concluded a 26 year war and divided the Vietnam Empire into three parts: Tongking to the north around the Red River lands, Annam in the centre, and to the far south on the deltas of the Mekong River, Cochin China Colony. This latter territory comprised the area bordered by the Gulf of Siam to the south, Cambodia to the west, and by the Kingdom Annam to the north. Thus, Cochin China Colony was basically the lower plain of the Mekong as it is in several deltas opening into the South China Sea. Thus, the Au Lac Republic would approximate to 22,000 square miles in area which represents one-third of South Vietnam's 66,897 square miles and which presently supports a population of some eight millions.

Except for the immediate area surrounding Saigon and the Chinese exploitation of the littoral fronting the Gulf of Siam, before the French experience these lands adjacent to the lower Mekong were underpopulated and lacking in agricultural development. By the close of the nineteenth century the French had carved out irrigation and navigational canals that led the Colony to rapid growth with the eventual introduction of several new crops, rubber, quinine, and tea. With the rapid stimulation of tea and all-important rice, Cochin China Colony became a producer of capital. As the Colony attracted large numbers of immigrants from the northern departments and as indigenous population growth accelerated, Catholicism found many thousands of new adherents among both the peasant and mandarin classes. Although cruelty and injustice existed in the Colony, social and official contact between Vietnamese and the French was facilitated as perhaps nowhere else in the Indochina Union. Mutual acculturation took place in Saigon and environs. It must be noted that although the lower Mekong lands were hastened into development by French colonialism, traditionally the ancient North had claimed suzerainty southward to the Gulf of Siam and had supplied the original settlers.

It is questionable whether the government of South Vietnam can effectively hold and rule its present extent, but the lesser state of the proposed Au Lac Republic might hold indefinitely with only local forces. And it might be expected that that section of world opinion which has

previously been anti-Saigon would be prone to support the new entity, since the state's claim to existence would be as a sanctuary for religious and political minorities. Au Lac's multi-racial and multi-religious composition would provide those moral guarantees from a sympathetic world so important for survival.

Only a new, severe, partition can return and preserve peace in Southeast Asia. When the Nam Viet people accept the reality that a military victory for either of the present Viet states can only be the result of a monstrous series of pyrrhic battles, then the emotional and volatile objections that can be expected to oppose a new partition will fade. For it is apparent that the armed forces of South Vietnam today possess the capability of waging warfare without the support of foreign ground combatants. With each freighter docked and unloaded at Saigon the South's capacity to continue and even enlarge the strife increases. The South's daily increments in air and logistical strength portend superiority in those technologically crucial elements of warfare.

In the spring of 1971, when American ground forces are to be reduced to a role of static defence around airfields and supply depots, the gravest decisions will face Hanoi. If at that critical moment the North moves regular forces south of the Ben Hai River, there is no certainty that the armies of the North can defeat the South in open formation, especially as geographically effective invasion routes leading towards Saigon offer unrestricted targets for American and South Vietnamese air power. And it must be assumed that American air fleets, tactical and strategic, will remain engaged until there is a general cease fire or until the convocation of a new and meaningful peace convention. In no circumstances except such as these can any American president remove air strength from Indo-china. Such an attempt to recall air might by any Commander-in-Chief, even under ceaseless pressure from an ever-dissonant Senate, would place the American form of government under intolerable tension.

If after American ground forces are reduced to defensive capability solely, and the North then intensifies its insurgency activities in the South, such efforts may be considered beyond Saigon's ability effectively to oppose. Then, in desperation, the South might well instigate open bombing of the North, using only its own air resources, and order its field armies to attempt the invasion of the North. Such acts born of despair must inevitably create terrible casualties.

In 1946 diehard French colonial officers in Saigon proclaimed an Autonomous Republic of Cochin China. This was a manoeuvre to sabotage the Fontainebleau conference between Ho Chi Minh and the Paris government. The ruse succeeded. However, the Autonomous Republic soon failed when its president, Dr. Nguyen Van Trinh, hanged himself after discovering the subterfuge.

To-day a totally different situation exists and the state most suited to assume direct responsibility for the mechanics of a new partition of Vietnam is Japan. Safe passage must be guaranteed to those segments of population who may desire to transfer residence to the Au Lạc Republic or to the

Democratic Republic of Vietnam. Using the varied means of locomotion available the people of South Vietnam must vote on their preference of nationality. Japan could and should bear the cost for safe conduct of such an ambulatory referendum. Indeed, were she to undertake the assignment Japan must be prepared for a long and difficult role in Indochina as the appointed keeper of peace. A Japanese guard force could guarantee by their presence at stations on the borders of Au Lac the safe transfer of persons as well as the continuation of peace. For this to be effected a Japanese Border Patrol Force of 25 battalions with a total personnel of 25,000 officers and men must be created. The Border Patrol Force would be armed with hand guns only, and transported in unarmoured conveyances.

Thus, the Border Patrol Force would be responsible to the government of Japan and to none other, its members composed of volunteers picked from Japanese defence forces. The Border Patrol Force should be expected to do duty in Vietnam for not less than ten years, after which it would embark for Japan. The Au Lac Republic would then conduct a further plebiscite to reaffirm its independent status or, if the decision were otherwise, unite into the common Democratic Republic of Vietnam. Only the commissioned and the duly appointed representatives of Saigon and Hanoi would attend the Convention as voting participants, and the Commissioner be the single administrator of the Hue Convention. The three members, by mutual accord, may invite any interested observer of any entity to the sessions of the Convention. Japan should donate the cost of the Hue Convention and supply commercial aircraft for the transportation of the various diplomats.

A cease fire would be desirable but should not be made a conditioning factor preceding the opening of the Hue Convention. The urgent task of the Hue Convention should be the creation of the Hue Accords, a document stating the express definition of the borders of Au Lac, inclusive of islands, the settlement of the Laotian and Cambodian questions, and the exploration of those steps needed for the permanent restoration of peace. Ideally, the duplicate talks in Paris should be adjourned while the Hue Convention sits.

The choice of Japan as the guaranteeing power is based on certain historic conclusions. Japan, in her modern condition as the sole industrialised Asian state, destroyed European rule in the Far East during the Second World War. Thus, it must be Japan who guards the last settlement to Asia's colonial experience. From 1905 to 1945 Japan's need to promote her international significance through military expansion stimulated every Asian people to nationalistic fury. It was only through the supreme efforts of the United States that the mass of Asia is today not part of a Japanese Empire. Since her defeat by America Japan has sought to evade international responsibility for fear of recasting her own people into a renewal of militaristic and expansionist determination.

Today it is not the traumatically reflected flames of Hiroshima that the peoples of earth see as Japan's image, rather it is her power as a modern state and her comparative stability among chaos and revolution. In order

that there may be a progress towards peace, Japan must accede to the honour of guarding the minor states of Asia from foreign interference. Japan must stand as the entity of the future, advocating not a doctrine of military allegiances and pacts, but rather act as a bridge of interdependence over which the smaller Asian states may pass safely in quest of social and individual improvement.

Japan must act as the honest broker of Asia, a brokerage forged on the principles of non-alignment and non-exploitation. She must stand alone as the guarantor of the Asiatic integrity. Japan is no longer the imperialistic aggressor and is trusted in Asia as no Caucasian people could be. No nation has given less cause for international concern than post-war Japan has. She has balanced past militarism with bold yet sane partnership in the economic development of Asia and Oceania. Once, Japan lusted to be economically and militarily secure in her home islands. This is the moment for Japan to invest her twenty-five years of good will in the service of peace.

Because of Japan's unique experience of atomic warfare it may be realistically hoped that she will not over-react to an enlarged role in world events. She was denied her empire. Now is her season of success, as the dispassionate guardian of Asia.

The February issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes articles by Vernon Bartlett, Lady Stocks, James Avery Joyce, Norman Hidden, John Arlott and Margaret Crompton.

REVIEWING HIGHER EDUCATION

by W. H. Petty

A LARGE variety of factors such as the continuing increase in the number of pupils staying on in the sixth forms of secondary schools, the existence of the binary system, criticisms that are being made about colleges of education, student unrest, the discrediting of the Robbins Report and the considerable expansion that has taken place and is taking place in colleges of further education, are all being put forward as reasons for a review being undertaken of the whole of higher education.

There are considerable dangers in this situation. One is that in the attempt to deal with everything, nothing will be dealt with properly. A second danger is that action will take place on the basis of assumption, and even prejudice, and without proper investigations taking place. And a third danger is that some sections of higher education will be either unaware, or fail to appreciate until it is too late, what is involved in some of the schemes for the future of higher education now being pressed by certain influential bodies.

Obviously some decisions have to be taken about higher education and these include policy decisions which can only be taken at national level and which must embrace higher education as a whole. It must be decided, for example, whether or not all young people who wish to continue full-time education on leaving school should be allowed to do so. It must be decided whether or not courses should be provided more in accordance with the wishes of the young people leaving school or in accordance with forecasts of national needs for the various kinds of trained professional and other workers. And decisions on matters of this kind must be made in the light of information as to how many national resources are to be applied to higher education as distinct from other sections of the education service.

The fact that these decisions have to be made should not be allowed to obscure the point that other matters of major importance concerning higher education are in many respects self-contained problems and do not always need to be complicated by relating them to other problems. One of the reasons for the 1969 Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Student Relations being an unsatisfactory document and receiving a bad Press was the attempt of that Committee to use its investigations as an excuse to propound views on higher education as a whole. A current example of this concerns the colleges of education. Criticism of the colleges has been on certain specific lines; for example, it has been said increasingly by members of the teaching profession that the students being produced by the colleges of education have had insufficient practical experience of what teaching in a school entails. An investigation into the correctness or otherwise of this criticism and a subsequent investigation into what should and can be done to put matters right may well be something which can be dealt with on its own without

the whole issue of the future pattern of higher education being raised. Indeed, the danger of proceeding in matters of this kind on the lines of the NUT document 'Teacher Education, the Way ahead', which suggests major alterations to the whole structure of higher education, might be that nothing specific would actually be done to improve the training of teachers. It is considerations of this kind which justify the decision of the Secretary of State to deal with the matter of the training of teachers as a problem in itself.

A second relevant point is that assumptions are already being made about what will be required from the system of higher education in the future without any proper confirmation that these assumptions are correct. For instance, evidence of the wishes of young people leaving the sixth form is very inconclusive. It is usually assumed that the great majority of these leavers wish to proceed to a university. This is not, however, the impression that one gains in talking to many young people and, indeed, figures have recently been produced by one large Education Authority which show a very different situation from the one usually assumed to exist. (See *Times Educational Supplement* March, 13, 1970, page 14.) This Authority analysed what had happened to sixth formers leaving secondary schools for higher education in 1969 and the figures showed that, although 718 entered a university as their first choice, 745 entered other kinds of institution of higher education as their first choice, and that only 136 entered non-university institutions of higher education as their second choice (of the 136, 85 entered a degree course at such an institution). When figures such as these are taken alongside the recent announcement in the UCCA Report that a misleading impression had been produced of the number of would-be university entrants because of the inclusion in the figures of unqualified students, and students applying for the second time, a situation quite different from the one usually described begins to appear.

A further example of assumptions being made without, apparently, a full examination of evidence concerns the size of higher education establishments. It has often been stated that the larger the institution the better it is likely to function. There may well be economies of administration in large colleges but the question of quality is by no means so clear. A visit to a small college of education very often reveals a healthy atmosphere that has certainly been conducive to good work and this would seem to come at least partly from the fact that it was of manageable size. An analysis of the distinction rate in the theory and practice of Education in the colleges in the area of one Institute of Education is revealing. From the figures appended it will be seen that several of the smaller colleges are high on the list of successes.

These examples concern only two aspects of higher education but they do illustrate how misleading and potentially dangerous some assumptions can be. Polytechnics are clearly superior to monotechnics and generally the main factor in success in a job is the length of formal training received.

Very little attention appears to have been paid by some of the bodies

most closely concerned to the implications about future developments in higher education. This would seem to be particularly true of the universities and their Vice-Chancellors. In general, the universities have been jealous of their independence, and consider that it has been eroded in recent years. These considerations have rarely been linked with forecasts of what could happen if certain proposals concerning the future pattern of higher education were brought into effect. One suggestion made with increasing stridency of late is for what is described as the 'poly-university' or the 'comprehensive university'. It tends to be assumed that an institution of this kind would simply involve the existing university taking over from other bodies in the same area various colleges of education, art and technology. It is, however, very unlikely indeed that the establishment of a 'poly-university' or a 'comprehensive university' would involve merely a simple change of this nature. What would be much more likely to happen is that the existing university and other colleges concerned would come under the administration of a separate organisation and that more governmental control would be exerted.

No government could afford for example to see the supply of men and women trained for the public services disappearing from any effective form of public control. It would certainly not be feasible to operate a system on the basis of all the institutions concerned being dealt with by a National Grants Committee, on the same pattern as the present University Grants Committee.

Thus, the realities of the situation tend to be obscured by the invention of such concepts as a 'higher education commission', the term adopted in the document produced by the Select Committee of the House of Commons in 1969, when they had supposedly been investigating student discontent. Indeed, the way in which such concepts can develop is illustrated in a statement made in the magazine of the University of Kent at Canterbury (March 1970, page 7) by Mr. Jack Straw, who envisages education provided for those over the age of 16 as being under 'national control'. The administrative problems involved are brushed aside brusquely by Mr. Straw, who writes: 'If the U.G.C. can currently administer institutions controlling over 200,000 students, surely it is not beyond the wit of a government to devise machinery co-ordinated to administer all 3 sectors.' Mr. Straw clearly fails to realise that there is a difference between dealing with a limited number of universities, as at present, and dealing with a host of institutions with over 10 times the number of students. If there were to be an amalgamation of the whole of higher education, control might well be shared between the Department of Education and Science and the new Local Government units that will probably appear after the proposed reorganisation of Local Government. Indeed, because of their record of success in expanding higher education the new Local Government Authorities could be in a strong position to establish their claims. Views will, of course, differ as to whether such developments would be desirable or not. But are they the kinds of developments that the Vice-Chancellors have in mind? In fact, have the Vice-Chancellors, despite their recent comments,

P, 26, 511

really begun to envisage the implications to them of the poly-university proposals?

It would seem that the implications of even more limited changes have often not been fully thought out. For example, it has been suggested that colleges of education should collectively become 'schools' of education and as such an integral part of a university. But it has rarely been pointed out that, if this were to happen, whoever controlled the school of education would, in terms of full-time staff and full-time students, become by far the most powerful individual within the university. Indeed, in some cases, the 'school of education' would begin to approach the size of the whole of the rest of the university put together. There are extremely convincing arguments against these developments, from the point of view of local education authorities. But the implications to the universities themselves are stated much more rarely, if at all.

It would therefore seem essential that when the question of the future of higher education again comes under consideration several safeguards should be adopted. The first is that individual problems should be looked at, at least in the first instance, as individual problems. If an investigation did in fact reveal an apparent need to widen its terms of reference, then the question of extending the enquiry could be considered immediately. It is elementary that in the study of any problem proper evidence must be taken and examined. The various bodies concerned would do well to interest themselves rather more closely than some of them have apparently done in the past in the precise effects of the 'paper' schemes that are being produced; and bear in mind that the patent absurdity of a scheme is no longer a reliable safeguard against its being adopted!

Table of Comparison between Colleges of Education

College*	% of students on pass list who obtained distinctions %	No. of Students on pass list	Colleges in order of size (in terms of pass list)
A	29	292	3
B	28	169	16
C	27	133	21
D	26	74	24
E	26	139	20
F	25	182	14
G	24.5	175	15
H	24	220	9
I	22.5	183	13
J	22	219	10
K	22	237	8
L	22	192	12

M	21	87	23
N	21	238	7
O	19	260	4
P	19	241	6
Q	18.5	332	2
R	18.5	217	11
S	18	259	5
T	16.5	164	17
U	15.5	161	19
V	15	61	25
W	11.5	415	1
X	10.5	123	22
Y	10	163	18

(The order remains the same if the number of students in the year is taken as distinct from the number of students on the pass list.)
* excluding Colleges of Physical Education.

[W. H. Petty, educated at Bradford Grammar School and Peterhouse, Cambridge, has held various posts in the education service in London and in the North and West Ridings of Yorkshire. He is at present Deputy County Education Officer of Kent.]

THE DDR TREATY WITH THE SOVIET UNION

by Klaus Bollinger

Characteristics and Trends in the Development of the International Position of the East German Democratic Republic (D.D.R.)

THE treaty of August 12, 1970, between the Soviet Union and West Germany (B.R.D.) opens up great possibilities for the lessening of tension in Europe. It is the result of the Soviet Union's consistent policy of peace which has obliged even the ruling circles of West Germany to respect realities in Europe. The East German Democratic Republic (D.D.R.) supports this initiative of the Soviet Union in foreign policy, the objective of which is to create a stable state of peace in Europe.

The characteristics and trends in the development of the international position of the East German Democratic Republic are being determined by the place which the socialist German state occupies in the period of transition from capitalism to socialism in the world and in Europe.

After the success of the anti-fascist democratic revolution and the socialistic revolution in the D.D.R., the sphere of influence of the socialist system was extended to central Europe. With it there arose a situation in which a firm barrier, already on German soil, opposes the deployment of the aggressive forces of German imperialism — confined within the territory of West Germany — against the socialist system.

The structure of the socialist society that has already evolved in the D.D.R. acquires through this an international political influence. Increasing numbers of people in the capitalist countries are impressed that socialism is in a position to control the scientific-technical revolution for the welfare of the people and that, under socialism, technical advancement can take place without growing social insecurity and unemployment.

One of the fundamentals, not only for the successful building up of a new social order at home but also of a consistent policy of peace abroad, is the close co-operation of the D.D.R. with all socialist states, in particular with the chief power in the socialist system of the world, the Soviet Union. This co-operation is founded on mutuality in social-economic fundamentals, and on the similar nature of our political order. Socialist states are not antagonistic to each other. This provides a guarantee and is indeed a prerequisite of the successful development of the socialist system in the world as a whole.

The Warsaw Pact Organisation has shown itself as the crystallising core of a world system of socialism. That the attempts of imperialism to undermine socialism in Europe, and to bring about change in comparative strength in favour of imperialism, have been frustrated is due to the influence of the Warsaw Pact Organisation. The D.D.R. proceeds from this standpoint — that loyalty to the principles of socialist internationalism and to the unity and resolution of the countries of the Warsaw Pact is from now on a corner-stone of the continuous development of a socialistic order of society and for the maintenance of peace in Europe.

Of prime significance for the successful realisation of their tasks at home and abroad is the close co-operation of the D.D.R. with the Soviet Union in political, economic and military fields, as well as in all other social spheres. The close economic, scientific and technical co-operation that exists today between the D.D.R. and the Soviet Union as well as the co-ordinated efforts of both countries in foreign policy, especially against the expansionist policies of West German imperialism and for peace and security in Europe, forms the most important international element of the social system that has evolved in the D.D.R.

The starting point and criterion for the attitude of the D.D.R. towards the independent countries and the peoples struggling for their national independence is the social purport of the national liberation movement and its organic relationship with the world-wide revolutionary process of the transition from capitalism to socialism. The D.D.R. considers the development of her relations with Asia, Africa and Latin America as a centre of gravity of her foreign activity.

After many years of consistent activity in foreign policy it became possible last year to establish political relations with twelve Afro-Asian countries. Thus, the foreign policy of the D.D.R. has become an important factor in the world-wide struggle against imperialism, colonialism and neo-colonialism.

The principle of self-determination, which is firmly established in the charter of the United Nations and in many resolutions of its full assembly, embraces the right of every country to form its international relationships freely and without interference. Independent states of Asia and Africa have made use of this inviolable sovereign right and have acted in the interests of peace and understanding between peoples by entering upon diplomatic contact with the D.D.R.

They have also inflicted on West Germany's pretence to sole representation in diplomacy a defeat of strategic significance. At the same time they have demonstrated the dwindling possibility of imperialistic powers exercising political and economic pressure on sovereign states.

An ever-increasing number of politicians, statesmen and organisations no longer tolerate interference from the Bonn government based on this claim to sole representation and on observance of the Hallstein doctrine, recognising that to establish relations with the socialist state of the German nation is to observe a law of political common sense. Sound international relations can rest only on unequivocal recognition of and respect for the territorial *status quo* as it was laid down after the Second World War. The establishment of diplomatic relations with the D.D.R. thwarts attempts to the security of peoples by demands for concessions or deviations. Indirectly, normal diplomatic relations with the D.D.R., based on acceptance of the *status quo*, make feasible co-operation between countries having disparate social orders; not only in Europe but throughout the world. A country such as the D.D.R., highly developed in industry and agriculture, deserves equal rights in the collective economic system of Europe. It is equally unrealistic to deny to a state which is reckoned among the ten strongest industrial nations of

the world the right of independent political participation. Every year thousands of exhibitors at the Leipzig Fair testify to their interest in trading with the D.D.R. Because stable economic development is combined with the creative impulses, the D.D.R. can point to very high achievements in cultural co-operation, building up a modern system of education, for example, and encouraging writers, musicians, painters and film artists.

From whatever angle the problem is considered — that of political, economic or cultural life — the advantage of normal relations and exchanges with the D.D.R. stands unchallenged. Whoever obstructs these is deliberately making mischief against European security. In the interests of ensuring international peace the D.D.R. has spared no effort to organise a conference on European security. Over a year has elapsed since the member states of the Warsaw Pact took the initiative of convening such a conference. The proposal put forward by the socialist states has evoked a positive response from the majority of governments. It is generally recognised as timely and realistic.

While considering the favourable conditions for the calling of such a conference and the concrete terms of reference to be agreed, we must not overlook the attempts that are being made against the will of European peoples to hinder, or at least to delay, the holding of a first European Security Conference, mainly by demanding from it solutions to outstanding problems in which there are irreconcilable differences of opinion, thus burdening the agenda with problems with which such a conference is in no way competent to deal.

The establishing of relations based on equal rights and international law between the D.D.R. and B.R.D. (West Germany) can be settled only by direct negotiations between these two states. A European Security Conference would be as little competent in this matter as it would be for dealing with bilateral relations between any other European states. For the conference in Prague of the foreign ministers of the Warsaw Pact countries an agenda has been prepared, based on the renunciation of force in Europe and on the furthering of economic co-operation. These are matters on which a general understanding is possible. The socialist states have thereby adjusted themselves to the inclination of many European countries to make a start with problems that are straightforward but of the highest importance. The discussion of these and a decision about them would not only improve the political climate but would also create conditions for embarking on the solution of other problems. The D.D.R. will not weaken in her efforts to bring about the security conference and ensure for it a successful outcome.

The problem of European security is a significant part of the question of the world-wide struggle for peace and international security. In asserting that, we allow ourselves to be guided by the principle that peace is indivisible. From this stand-point we turn decisively against United States aggression in Vietnam and its recent extension to Laos and Cambodia. It follows that we are in favour of a political settlement in the Near East.

The principles of international law as laid down in the Charter of the

United Nations must be observed in the relations between states having different social and political orders. For the guaranteeing of peace in Europe, this applies with special urgency to the relations between the D.D.R. and the B.R.D. Only through peaceful co-existence based on the application of all the principles of international law does the renunciation of force acquire a positive meaning. It is the practical alternative to a world war that would destroy mankind. The struggle over social progress, characterised as it is by irreconcilable class war between socialism and imperialism, could be resolved in a truly humane way; namely, in circumstances of guaranteed peace. This contest over the superiority of a social order should be decided, not on the battle-field, but mainly in the economic sphere. Inevitably it will be a violent, political, ideological and economic struggle from which, however, war as a means of achieving political and economic ends is excluded, and in which the territorial integrity and sovereignty of countries of both systems are honoured and understood.

The D.D.R. is guided by these principles in its policy towards the B.R.D. Again and again the D.D.R. has taken the initiative for bringing about a relationship of peaceful co-existence with the West German State. In doing so she makes a valuable contribution to the guaranteeing of peace in Europe. Consistent with this constant striving is the draft treaty sent in December 1969 by the President of the D.D.R. Council of State, D. W. Ulbricht, to the President of the B.R.D., Dr. Heinemann. It deals with the establishing of relations, based on equal rights and international law, between the D.D.R. and the B.R.D.

The main points raised in the draft treaty are as follows:—

The establishing of relations, based on equal rights and international law, between the D.D.R., and the B.R.D.

Obligatory recognition, based on international law, of the permanency of the present territories of both states in the existing boundaries and of their inviolability.

Renunciation of the claim to sole representation and of the Hallstein Doctrine.

Renunciation of atomic weapons in every form.

The regarding of West Berlin as an autonomous political unit.

These, we believe, are the basic requisites of European security.

[Professor Dr. Klaus Bollinger is Editor of *German Foreign Policy* (published under Licence of the Press Office of the G.D.R. Council of Ministers and printed in the German Democratic Republic).]

THE NATIONAL THEATRE

by J. C. Trewin

IT is thirty-five years since Robert Speaight, the actor-author, wrote a novel called *The Angel in the Mist* that can still stir me profoundly. In this, with a prevision that seems now to be uncanny, he described the opening of the English National Theatre upon the south bank of the Thames on a night in the early summer of 1965.

The guess was remarkable at a time when our National Theatre, to the surprise of European nations who took the existence of such a building as a matter of course, was nothing but a sustained controversy. Somebody called it a castle in the air that was unsure whether to land upon a site in Bloomsbury or one in South Kensington. Today, while the building of the theatre goes on apace at the southern end of Waterloo Bridge (Princes Meadow), the National company, as one of the stage's two major organisations — the other is the Royal Shakespeare — has firmly established itself in a temporary home at the Old Vic. (Lilian Baylis, I think, would have applauded). Close to it is the theatre of the Young Vic, approached through a shop-front with the former occupier's name still on the facia. There are offices hidden away behind an arch in that curious South Bank huddle between the river and The Cut.

The happy thing is that, after so many years of debate, confusion and delay, the National should have moved smoothly into existence. Already it gets harder to recall a time when we were without it, even though when I came up from the West to London in the early 1930s, and went for the *Morning Post* to interview Geoffrey Whitworth of the British Drama League, it seemed improbable that I should ever meet a National company at work. Whitworth, whom I had gone to see on quite another matter, was a splendid idealist; he found time on that busy afternoon to talk about an endeared plan to a young and importunate reporter. I could not help thinking of him, more than thirty years afterwards, when the new curtain of the Old Vic swished up and Bernardo, on the battlements of Elsinore, spoke the most tingling first line in English drama, or the drama of the world, 'Who's there?' The answer could well have been: 'At last — the National Treatre'. The date was October 22, 1963: not yet a National building, but certainly a company, and with an inspiring leader, Laurence Olivier.

The first suggestion of a National Theatre came from a London publisher back in 1848; it was followed by the plan (1903) in Harley Granville Barker and William Archer's book; then various expansions, modifications, and shifts across the years; the setting up in 1946 of the Joint Council of the National Theatre and the Old Vic; and, more than a century after the earliest hint, the ultimate passage of the National Theatre Bill in 1949 without a division. Much would still happen; after some uncertainty over sites, and removal of foundation-stones, work was begun at last in November 1969 on what is known as Princes Meadow. There, immediately downstream from Waterloo Bridge and opposite Somerset House, the

theatre should be completed, to the designs of Denys Lasdun, in 1973. By then the acting company, under Sir Laurence Olivier's direction, will be ten years old.

Barry Jackson of Birmingham said once that a Repertory Theatre should be, ideally, a revolving and unclouded mirror of the drama of all periods and of many countries. That, with the mirror even more highly polished, is the basic work of the National. It has a duty to past, present and future. I still recall the urgency in Dame Sybil Thorndike's voice when she spoke John Masefield's *Ode* at the first foundation-stone laying in 1951:

> Pray, therefore, brothers, as we put the stone,
> That glory from the Never-Dying Mind
> May triumph here, with vision for the blind,
> Making joy daily bread and beauty known.

And there was the ringing phrase, *'Men's passion made a play-thing, and sublime.'*

It was right that, after long delay, the company should have its temporary home at the Old Vic, which for all but half-a-century had been the house of Shakespeare in London. It was right, moreover, to open with the greatest of plays, *Hamlet*, done in a full text that took four-and-a-half hours in performance. The production, Laurence Olivier's own, was less successful than it might have been, probably because that night only one actor, Michael Redgrave, a magnificent, dangerous Claudius, held the entire vocal splendour. I said at the time that Peter O'Toole, a recognisable Hamlet in his uncompromising fashion, could resemble Sean Kenny's description of the set, a single piece of thrusting stone that curved up to a sharp vertical rock-tower. First productions are invariably worrying: a company needs time to settle. The National did so rapidly. Soon London was talking of *Saint Joan* and *Uncle Vanya*, each of them a production that had been done on the open stage at Chichester where Olivier administered the Festival; Farquhar's *The Recruiting Officer*, from the time of Queen Anne; and Harold Brighouse's warm Lancashire comedy, *Hobson's Choice*.

Memories of those early productions linger. Joan Plowright was an impressive Joan. She entered the castle of Vaucouleurs like the daybreak, the clarity of a summer morning that banishes fear. At the last, when the sun had fallen and the shadows closed about her, she became movingly the Maid torn by the rebellion of her soul against her mind and body. *Uncle Vanya*, too, which Olivier directed, had extraordinary moments: Redgrave's Vanya looking into the future and seeing nothing but the passage of the years; Olivier, with the exact notation for Astrov, judging and strengthening every line. Again, on meeting a revival that is famous now, I thought of Desmond MacCarthy upon Chekhov's people: 'They are like those loosely agglutinated sticks and straws which revolve together in a sluggish eddy. They long to be detached and to ride down the rushing stream which near, but out of reach, they imagine sparkles for ever past them. Where it is rushing they do not know.'

It was a long journey from Chekhov to *The Recruiting Officer*, George Farquhar's comedy of Salopian intrigue in Queen Anne's reign. At the

National it came through—and the epithet is important—with unselfconscious gaiety; Maggie Smith, briskly feminine and, in her 'breeches' disguise, resolutely masculine, had the first of many National successes (today she is Ibsen's Hedda). Then there were Colin Blakely with the tortured vowels of the recruiting sergeant; Robert Stephens as Captain Plume, and Laurence Olivier in his first new part with the company: Captain Brazen, a man whose name describes him. He was created by Cibber. Olivier endowed him with a bland swagger, a glittering eye, the confidence of the Duke of Marlborough himself, and the vocal tone we might have expected if a friendly peach on the south wall had given tongue.

From this we jumped to *Hobson's Choice*, a revival that appeared to surprise London. For some of us whose interests had never been wholly metropolitan, the play was so familiar that to hear it discussed was like hearing strangers debating the life and behaviour of a close friend. Maggie from the Salford of 1880 controls the men about her as easily as Barrie's Maggie (in *What Every Woman Knows*) controls her John Shand. Considered as a regional comedy from the school of Manchester (accent on the second syllable) it is unmatchable; with Joan Plowright for Maggie, its battle of commonsense and obstinacy stormed the Old Vic stage. Certainly it had a surer effect than Max Frisch's strange little *Andorra*, intermittently compelling, about the dangers of a world of image-making, the tragic consequences of too facile simplification.

We were dubious, too, before the night, about such a double bill as Samuel Beckett's *Play* and the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles. Beckett is a much over-valued dramatist; but though the text of *Play* is nothing, the theatrical exercise, as the late George Devine directed it, had a curiously stinging impact. Upon the stage stood three identical grey stone urns. From them, and looking like parts of them, protruded the heads of three speakers, a man between two women (they were husband, wife, mistress). They spoke only when pinned transiently by the beam of an inquisitorial spotlight that flicked rapidly from face to face. When it established contact a speech began in a swift, unvaried staccato; the moment the light left a face, the speech ended. It was as if the three figures were at the mercy of a tormenting inquisitor who insisted upon revelation. The piece was coupled with *Philoctetes*, written by Sophocles towards the end of his long life; an intricate parable of human character, with Colin Blakely at its centre.

I have loitered round the National's first four or five months to show how a repertory is built up: a play by Shakespeare, a Greek tragedy, a modern classic by Shaw, a Restoration comedy, a regional comedy of half a century ago, a major Chekhov, and two modern plays, one by an Irish dramatist, one by a German. It proved to be just the kind of catholicism that the National Theatre needed.

One may seem to suggest in this type of survey that everything has been well, that no production has faltered. That, of course, is not so, it cannot be; but by this time we have been trained to expect the best from the National company, and it has rarely failed us. One of the virtues of a repertory system is that its failures can be gently forgotten; they slide from

sight while the important events remain. Let me get over a few of the matters about which, personally, I have been less cheerful. Never having been, and never likely to be, a Brechtian, I was not particularly heartened by an only moderate performance of *Mother Courage*, or by the choice of the German dramatist's version of *Edward II*—boldly directed though it was by Frank Dunlop—instead of Marlowe's tragedy. A treatment of a Lope de Vega play by John Osborne (*A Bond Honoured*) is a glum memory. A triple bill of short pieces from the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries, though theoretically a possible idea, turned out to be uncommonly flat, especially Fielding's *The Covent Garden Tragedy* which opened the programme. *Tartuffe*, in a new rhymed text, defied the efforts of even Sir Tyrone Guthrie, Sir John Gielgud (Orgon), and the Tartuffe, Robert Stephens. *The Dutch Courtesan* is one of the drearier Jacobean plays. Among new works, I was not at all excited—though here one of a small minority—by Tom Stoppard's *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*, about a pair of characters from *Hamlet* who find themselves, unknowingly, upon the edge of great events. So far from being a failure, this has had three years of triumphant success in the repertory. One has to allow for personal prejudices —or 'strong predilections,' as Max Beerbohm prefers to call them—and I could not take to Charles Wood's Indian Mutiny piece, *H*, with its portrait of Havelock and its rapid episodes of heightened naturalism.

Still, the National has given us night after night for the records. I am not sure whether the company has developed a personal style, something often invisible except to the eye of faith or the observer who is continually on the spot. But one can affirm that, in spite of so many changes of casting, the natural flow in and out of a company, the prevailing quality of performance is supple and sure: there is never any question of the machinery slipping a cog (or whatever machines are apt to do). And one has watched with pleasure the response of a number of actors and actresses to a variety of parts. Thus the National has made stars of Maggie Smith and Robert Stephens; Ronald Pickup and Derek Jacobi (he was Laertes in the first *Hamlet*) have been consistently fine in a number of parts—Jacobi, who is now Myshkin in *The Idiot*, has played about twenty-five — and, whenever such names as Kenneth Mackintosh, Louise Purnell, Jeanne Watts, Paul Curran, Anthony Nicholls, Charles Kay and Sheila Reid appear on a programme, we know all will be very well. Though I was at odds with the play, I shall not forget Robert Lang's Havelock.

From the first the list of productions has kept its catholicism. When a theatre presents, say, Webster, Seneca, Pinero (the Robertsonian *Trelawny of the Wells*), Strindberg, O'Casey, Molière, Coward, Congreve, Arthur Miller, Maugham (the frivol of *Home and Beauty*), Chekhov, Ostrovsky, and many new plays, one knows that it is hardly set in a groove. New work has ranged through Peter Shaffer's *The Royal Hunt of the Sun*, a study of Pizarro's conquest of the Incas, with merits that I found were more visual than verbal; John Arden's *Armstrong's Last Goodnight* — with Albert Finney as Armstrong — which succeeded remarkably when one had penetrated the thicket of its sixteenth century Scots dialect;

Shaffer's long-short farce, *Black Comedy*, acted on a brightly-lit stage that represented total darkness; and, in particular, Peter Nichols's *The National Health*, among the best plays of its period: a hospital document, satirical and intensely compassionate.

Then, among needed revivals, there have been *Juno and the Paycock*, the great tragi-comedy of O'Casey, Elizabethan re-born, which lost nothing in Olivier's production; Noël Coward's *Hay Fever*, a scatter of pollen, directed by the dramatist himself, with Dame Edith Evans as the relentlessly histrionic Judith, and Maggie Smith suddenly illuminating the unremarkable phrase, 'This haddock is disgusting.' Frank Dunlop made a fine attempt to encompass the flame and fury of Webster's *The White Devil*, with Geraldine McEwan—another National star—as Vittoria, and a massive setting that reminded one of the great blocks of the Pitti Palace. Arthur Miller's *The Crucible*, poignant and potent story of the Salem witch-hunt, was an early choice; at various times both Olivier and Redgrave appeared as Solness in Ibsen's *The Master Builder;* and Olivier and Geraldine McEwan were in Strindberg's *The Dance of Death*. This was the one Olivier performance (the Captain) I have missed across the years; he gave, I gather, a shattering study in depth. Finally, *Back to Methuselah*. It was wise to do Shaw's metabiological pentateuch, and the production — in two nights at first, later compressed into one—took us grandly through the parable of Creative Evolution, from the radiance under the first day-spring to the time when Man's will has conquered, the last stream between the flesh and the spirit has been forded, and life (world without end) is a glory of pure intellect. I regretted only that we did not see Lilith. When she speaks the last declaration she should come impressively from the dark.

Naturally, Shakespeare has given us some of the most exciting nights at the Vic. What I regret is that these nights have been so few. Until now we have had only six productions: the opening *Hamlet;* Zeffirelli's turn-of-the-century Sicilian version of *Much Ado About Nothing*, which lacked the high patrician quality and emerged as a romp (mercifully the romping obliterated some silly alterations to the text); an all-male *As You Like It* that, in spite of the grace of Ronald Pickup's Rosalind, was a needless experiment; *Love's Labour's Lost*, directed with elegance by Olivier, and with Jeremy Brett as Berowne; and two astonishing revivals, *Othello* and *The Merchant of Venice*. These, I agree, brought two of the great performances of our time. But, in spite of my gratitude for them, the list as a whole should be extended. We need Shakespeare in London. True, we can trust the R.S.C. to bring up its best revivals from Stratford; otherwise, there is little enough Shakespeare in the city where the plays were first written and staged. Visitors from abroad have often asked me what is wrong. In the Baylis days, and later, we could nearly always be certain of a production at the Vic, and this is a part of London life we miss.

Still, as I say, the National has had at least two startling Shakespearean successes. Olivier dominated *Othello*, done in Quatercentenary year and only a few months after the National campaign opened. During the mid-fifties he told me in an interview that he did not have the blue-black voice

the part needed. In the event nobody will forget what he did achieve. I was lucky enough to catch this Othello on the night of its pre-London première in Birmingham, and it was hard after that experience to get down to a notice. Though the rest of the production was unsure—it would develop—Olivier governed the night as he did at the Old Vic immediately before the Quatercentenary. His Othello was a spirit intolerably agonised, and out of its agony creating a wild surge of music. I remember the third-act speech which sounded every clarion, billowed out to the skies at 'Jove's great clamour counterfeits,' and ended, as Kean ended, upon a 'Farewell' lingering and elongated. Even finer was the desperate flood of the 'Pontic sea,' with the sudden isolation of the two words, 'humble love.' The whole performance possessed the mind in its burst of barbaric music, its glimpses of the deities of a primeval darkness, and its ultimate sobbing at 'O Desdemona, Desdemona, dead.'

Six seasons later Olivier played Shylock in a production that Jonathan Miller, a director of sharp originality, had post-dated to the end of the nineteenth century in Venice: Shylock became a Jewish private banker, frock-coated and gold-spectacled. The actor's command was absolute; we shall not forget that icy personification of revenge early in the Trial, and, after Shylock had left the court, the off-stage sound of his uncontrollable sobbing.

For all of this work the National has had our gratitude. There is so much for which to thank it. If I end now with *Oedipus* of Seneca, I do so because this is where a director ruled. Peter Brook is the genius of modern direction. Under his control the Senecan text, newly translated, became an unsparing ritual. In any ordinary treatment it would have been far behind Sophocles; not so at the National. A noble actor, Sir John Gielgud's weary eagle of an Oedipus, said early in the night, 'Fear surrounds me now; I stand in it like a blind man in darkness.' Fear did surround us throughout the play, heightened by Brook's vocal devices, his spoken *musique concrète* as the players on the stage (and in the auditorium, where they stood by the pillars like caryatids) joined in droning and humming, in hissing whispers and mocking laughter, a commentary in sound on the agony of the Oedipean tale. The whole production was a triumph of the haunted imagination.

I began with Robert Speaight's book from 1935. Perhaps I can end with the first words of the Royal speech he imagined for the opening of his National Theatre: 'We are gathered together in this place to do honour to a great art. It is an art which the genius of our countrymen has made particularly ours. . . .' We must think of this every time we enter the National Theatre, no museum but a place for the living word, the living actor: 'Men's passion made a play-thing, and sublime.'

THE RED BRICK REVOLUTION AT WESTMINSTER

by Paul B. Rose, M.P.

MORE than half the M.P.s elected to the Labour Benches on June 18 had the advantage of a university education. Oxford supplied 48 against Cambridge's 24 but 99 products of the red brick revolution now make up more than a third of the Parliamentary Party. Whereas only 22 Socialists started life at a public school or service college, this was the background of 189 Conservatives and three out of the six remaining Liberals. The grammar school or technical college is the principal route for the aspiring Labour M.P. while Eton alone turned out 60 Tories and two Liberals with three Labour heretics for good measure. Liberals are 100 per cent university products compared with about two-thirds of the Tories (229). The Universities provide the overwhelming majority of representatives of all parties and it is the remarkable preponderance of Oxbridge in the Conservative Party, following a public school education, which is the main indication of the difference between those who have arrived and those who were born at the winning post.

Professionally, the 34 Barristers and 12 Solicitors on the Labour Benches compare well proportionately to the 56 and 11 respectively who sit for Tory Constituencies. A striking difference is the 56 Labour men with academic backgrounds as against a mere seven Tories. But three company directors compared with 107 is the most distinctive difference in delineating the class bias of the Parties. For, while the age breakdown of the Parties is similar, with Liberals somewhat below the average of 45, there are 37 manual workers of whom only 20 are miners; the 34 T.U. Officials and 30 clerical, technical and engineering workers balance the company directors. Curiously there are now more wielders of the pen among the Tories with 35 journalists outnumbering Labour by ten whereas the wielders of the stethoscope in Labour's ranks—now reduced to a mere six—lead the Tories by a short head. The balance was not always thus for the cloth cap and muffler, top army brass and knights of the shire are dwindling in an age of professionalism and meritocracy.

The revolution in education brought about by the post war Labour Government, which made access to the university possible for the miner's son, has now changed the complexion of the Party where schoolmasters may well be more numerous than manual workers. The process is likely to continue with widening educational opportunity and radical student politics. The demise of Britain's imperial role has brought no less important changes in the power structure of the Conservative Party. The magic circle which produced Sir Alec Douglas-Home from its top hat becomes a liability in an age when grouse shooting is considered rather 'square'. The technocratic image of the Wilsonian ascendancy with its appeal to the Kennedy style has been replaced by the cool administrative and allegedly efficient image of Messrs. Heath and Barber. The cave men are still with us; the backwoodsmen occasionally emerge from their log mansions but

the young Tory of today is as likely to talk the same language as is his Labour counterpart as such a state of affairs was unlikely in the thirties. This does not necessarily reflect a coming together in attitudes to match the moderate tone and soft vowels.

As traditional industries such as mining, textiles and railways contract, the white collar worker and the new technologist appear to bear the prize. Labour won it twice only to see the Tories steal it from under their noses because their more traditional supporters couldn't be bothered to turn out to vote—even on a glorious summer's day with an extra hour to spare.

Thus, social changes are reflected and exaggerated in House of Commons representation. For study in depth, the most authoritative sources are the Nuffield projects. The first in 1945 revealed a startling diversity between the two major parties although 95 Labour, 25 Conservative and four Liberal M.P.s flatly refused to disclose their educational backgrounds. Nevertheless, 94 Labour Members admitted to having only an elementary education and 112 a secondary education. Conversely, on the sparse Conservative benches were 142 ex-public-schoolboys of whom 57 were Old Etonians. Eton has provided the solid core of Conservatives throughout the period as surely as the miners were the solid rock of Labour until the dramatic changes of recent years.

Nevertheless, 46 Labour M.P.s of 1945 vintage had been through Oxford or Cambridge and 55 were the products of the less ancient universities. Corresponding Tory figures were 101 and 18. At this time 213 Conservatives faced the solid phalanx of 393 Socialists, strongly class conscious, singing the Red Flag at the opening of Parliament and never forgiven for the phrase 'We are the masters now'. For 155 of them were 'workers', a status claimed by not a single Tory. 28 journalists, 54 teachers and 27 barristers together with 44 professional men sat on the Labour benches. Only 4 on each side were drawn from agriculture while 31 Labour members were in business. 43 barristers and 46 businessmen formed the bulwark of Conservatism while Liberals were thinly and evenly spread. The significant factor in 1945 was that one quarter of the House, drawn exclusively from one Party, were drawn directly from the ranks of the working class.

By 1951 the Parties were more evenly balanced. The main change in the Conservative Party consisted of 32 members from the armed services who presumably had remained professional soldiers while so many ex-officers had dropped their ranks on entering the House on the Labour side. No one today talks of Major Healey as they did of Major Attlee. 72 Conservatives were drawn from the legal profession and 117 businessmen shared benches with 132 businessmen. The bowler-hatted brigade were back again. Labour's professional element had grown to 103 out of 295 including 40 lawyers, 48 educationists and 9 doctors. Curiously, medical men from a conservative profession tend to enter politics on the Labour side. A solid core of 40 miners still retained their safe seats while 57 Trade Union officials straddled the alliance of manual and professional workers. All too often they were older men sent out to graze, having failed to make the grade in their Union. Exceptions such as Nye Bevan or Jim Griffiths only proved the rule. The

system of Trade Union sponsorship tended to ossify Labour representation but helped to preserve its affinity with the grass roots.

However, even in the fifties, times were changing and by 1955 only 44 Labour M.P.s had an education limited to the elementary school, while 110 had passed through universities. Out of 344 Conservatives, an astonishing total of 78 Etonians outnumbered 32 from Harrow and Winchester. The playing fields of Eton were now the preparation for the Battlefield of Westminster. Conservative occupation balance was relatively unchanged while journalism, teaching and the law were the stock Labour professions, easily combined with Parliamentary duties. Together they accounted for 96 members, while 77 Tories were barristers and 47 were claimed by the armed services. Agriculture also had come into its own again with 31 Tory farmers claiming their seats. Post-war necessity had probably kept these two categories down artificially. More significantly, the stable element of 34 miners among 90 elected workers were already slipping as against those drawn from the professions within the defeated Labour Party.

But it was in 1964 that the pattern was to change dramatically with the election of Labour to office after 13 years in the wilderness. Into Parliament came a new type of M.P.—young, energetic and hard working, often concerned with moral issues rather than the economic preoccupations of their fathers, who had joined the hunger marches and made sacrifices to send them to university. Though from the working class, they were not of it and were equally at home or out of place in the Local Labour Club or the Savoy. Usually, they had passed the 11 plus to the local grammar school and had graduated from a university in the heart of an industrial city where they retained their relationship with a class from which in many ways they were alienated and whose prejudices they did not share.

Thus 140 professional men almost outnumbered 146 Tories. Barristers were outnumbered two to one, but a wide range of professional activity from medicine to the civil service, swollen by commerce and industry, produced a new stratum overshadowing the traditional 'workers'.

The process was accelerated by Labour's overwhelming victory in 1966. The red brick revolution had triumphed as 103 graduates outnumbered 83 from Oxbridge and together gave the government 16 more university men than their opponents. All but 26 Tory university products had been at Oxford or Cambridge. Cloth cap and bowler hat were replaced by red brick and grey stone. 253 Tories had been at public school and their base had narrowed in educational background even if their occupations were more varied. 24 university lecturers now graced Labour's benches, an indication of a new, higher academic standard entering active Labour politics. Educators as a whole outnumbered Tory teachers by 72 to 4. The 32 miners among 109 workers and Trade Unionists were barely holding their own as their average age was rising.

Tories of all groups suffered, but the services fell to 19. The age of Empire was being replaced by the age of meritocracy; from the bastions of privilege, the universities were becoming the hothouses for discontent. An almost exclusively professional and largely legal membership followed, the only

leader with impeccable lineage being Jeremy Thorpe. It took another Celtic fringe—Northern Ireland—to send a merchant seaman and a 21-year-old student to settle scores with the Unionists. Meanwhile, miner's son Roy Jenkins made brilliant speeches in polished prose in accents indistinguishable from those of a born aristocrat. The Conservative Party had changed little while Labour's new boys were frequently local lads closely identified with their constituencies.

It would be wrong to try to make a value judgement on this change. It is neither for better nor for worse. It may threaten the cohesion of the traditional alliance with the Trade Union Movement if Hugh Scanlon becomes more powerful but it is significant that it is precisely among teachers, engineers and skilled technicians that one sees the new note of militancy reflected in the growing Empire of Clive Jenkins' aristocrats of Labour. It is an inevitable result of Labour's own educational policies; a more open society with increased mobility within a system that is more rigidly class conscious than any in the world. Meanwhile the articulate young Labour graduate has changed the Party's image and ousted the fundamentalist phrases appropriate to the days of mass unemployment and slump (a word that rings strangely in the ears of those born after 1930). Only in rural areas and snob-suburbia is Labour not potentially a Party of Government rather than a protest—a pattern that may have re-emerged after the June defeat.

For with Labour's red brick men in power there was nowhere for the new protester to go. The unrest in the universities was another side of the coin in which the populist, law and order, anti-immigration slogans of Enoch Powell found more favour among sections of working class Labour voters than the liberalism of the new intellectual first generation middle class. The leaders of yesterday stayed with their people; today they are creamed off; develop new interests and tastes; even their accent and dress changes. The déclassé son of the industrial worker with a degree in sociology from red brick—or grey stone—is the typical active Labour M.P. today. There are exceptions who stand out by their very numerical deficiency and the need to promote as many of them as possible over the heads of their intellectual superiors. But their shop floor experience may be more valuable to the Party than a double first and a brilliant academic record. These changes will create problems for the Labour Party if it is not to become the Party of the egg heads, rejected for its liberal attitudes—as has happened to the Democratic Party in the U.S.A. recently, criticised by reactionary trade union leaders for its liberalism. The answer lies in the hands of the unions themselves. They cannot complain at the new élite of the red brick unless they train their best products for a political job and regard it as the equal of advancement within the Union. There is much latent talent and, inevitable as the red brick revolution may be, counter revolutions have been known to succeed.

[Paul B. Rose, M.P., well-known writer and broadcaster, has recently published *The Manchester Martyrs* (Lawrence and Wishart), a book dealing with the Fenian movement of 1867.]

WILLIAM HALE WHITE: ALIAS MARK RUTHERFORD

by Sir William Haley

MARK Rutherford, of all people, needed no excuse for writing a book about John Bunyan. But he felt he did. 'The properties of light' he wrote 'are revealed by the object which reflects or absorbs it. We are struck with the peculiar dryness of the criticism of Shakespeare in the eighteenth century. It was dry, not because the eighteenth century was deficient in intellect, but because there was so much in Shakespeare to which it could not respond. It did not ask the questions we ask, or demand what we demand.' So, too, he thought, it was with Bunyan. So, too, it is with himself.

William Hale White, to give Mark Rutherford his real name—and there are times when it is necessary to distinguish between the two—has never had a wide general appeal. Yet he finds readers in each generation. The mysteries which agitated him, not only in the semi-confessional, semi-fictional period of his early life depicted in *The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford* and *Mark Rutherford's Deliverance* but in some degree throughout his 81 years, have little relevance to the great majority of people today. Yet, sometimes at the heart of them, sometimes on their periphery, there are other mysteries which have a greater force now than they had when he wrote over three-quarters of a century ago. Three major works about him have been published since the end of the last war. Also there has been Professor Basil Willey's luminous and moving essay in *More Nineteenth Century Studies*.

All these have depicted, analysed, and sought to explain Mark Rutherford as the deeply religious man he never ceased to be. Indeed the slow clarification of his religion was what mattered most to Hale White at all times. He set little store by his books. At his life's end he could remember only one of them, *Miriam's Schooling*, a tale perhaps significant in one regard, but that not central to his beliefs.

What he could and could not believe over-rode all else. Nonetheless I am not going to add yet another set of footprints over that ground. For one thing, I am not qualified to do so. I have read Mark Rutherford for close on 50 years in spite of his religious obsessions, not because of them. For another, I think Mark Rutherford's future will depend on his holding his place as a story-teller who wrote fine prose. And I believe that long after the realities of Dissent, Broad Church, Independents, Arminianism, Predestination, Election, and Reprobation have been forgotten, that future will still be secure.

There is perhaps one requirement. It is a re-ordering of the estimation in which Mark Rutherford's individual books are held, and particularly an abandonment of the supposed pre-eminence of *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane*. Too often it is cited as his masterpiece. It is not. It is a broken-backed work; really two novels in one. Both are powerful and vividly written. The fortuitous overlap of some characters does not make the two parts one

whole.

Many years ago I elaborated on the idea that in each generation there is vital importance in the order in which a famous author's works are read. Often the most praised books are best left to the last. If the initiation of the next generation of readers is to depend on *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane*, or even more on *The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford* and *Mark Rutherford's Deliverance*, then in all too many cases these will fall on stony ground. Better would be the three volumes of his *Journal* (which contain many short tales); better still would be *Catharine Furze*; best of all, *Clara Hopgood*.

It is in *Clara Hopgood* and *Catharine Furze* and, to a lesser extent, *Miriam's Schooling*, that Hale White's gifts as a novelist are at their best. The first of these gifts is his ability to tell a story that holds the reader. Much present day fiction gives little weight to this. Its importance to ordinary readers, as distinct from literary critics, is still great. Even when we least care about Mark Rutherford's doubts and mental discomforts we are still anxious to know whom he will marry, how he will manage to support himself, and what will become of his friend, Mardon, and Mardon's daughter, Mary. When Miss Arbour passionately reveals to Rutherford the secret of her own married life in order to persuade him not to make a mistake himself, it does not seem—as some interpolated short stories in famous novels do—a digression to be skipped or at least got through as quickly as possible. For ten pages we become as absorbed in her fortunes as we have been in Rutherford's own. Very occasionally the tale Hale White has to tell, or an episode in it, may seem melodramatic. The coincidence of the two savings from drowning in *Michael Trevanion* make it a contrived religious anecdote. Hale White himself must have felt the sudden conversion and confession of Orkid Jim (also after being saved from drowning) was likely not to win belief, for he appeals to 'John Bunyan's account of the strange behaviour of Mr. Tod' at Hertford Assizes to show that his story is not impossible. Be that as it may, his ability to hold the reader's interest survives.

The reason we care what happens to Hale White's characters (he denied he had ever created one; they were all, he said, the fruits of observation) is that we see them so clearly from the outset. Hale White had Tolstoy's gift of introducing each person in his tale simply and directly, in a few matter-of-fact strokes. The man or woman's character is quickly set. Thereafter he or she acts according to it. One of the fascinations of *Clara Hopgood* is the way one becomes aware, despite apparent surprises, of Hale White's consistency in this novel also.

It must be said that Hale White's range of characters is limited. The world he peoples is a relatively narrow one. He is no Balzac or Tolstoy, and while he has been compared to George Eliot, in some respects appropriately, not in the sum total of all his works does he encompass the range of *Middlemarch*.

Considering wherein his strength as a novelist lay and his purpose—for Hale White was always a writer with a purpose—the fact he limited his

scene to his experience was not a disadvantage. He depicts it minutely and accurately. His picture of the delicately separated social strata of a provincial town in early Victorian England is exact, and amusing. He gives it a quiet, ironical humour. Whether the daughters of an auctioneer, a bank clerk, a druggist, a bootmaker could or could not be taken as pupils by the Misses Pratt depended on hairlines of social distinction. Mrs. Furze, as the daughter of a Cambridge draper, had been a cut above what she became as the wife of an Eastthorpe ironmonger. Bank managers, merchants, shopkeepers, clergymen, farmers, all had stations into which Providence had called them and out of which those above and below them were watchful they should not stray. The caste system embraced locality as well as occupation. Mrs. Furze was clear that only if she could bully or bamboozle her poor, ineffectual mouse of a husband into moving the family's home away from the shop into The Terrace would it be even remotely possible for Mrs. Colston, the brewer's wife, to condescend to call on her. (When Mrs. Colston does call, the chapter of accidents that turns what should have been a triumph into a disaster shows Hale White's gift for comedy. So does the chat of the three farmers in the parlour behind Mr. Furze's shop on market day.) Mrs. Furze was also sure that if the move from the High Street to The Terrace was to be socially successful, there must at the same time be a transfer of attendance from the chapel to the church. Here, too, she was disappointed. Instead of bringing them respectability it was one cause of their ruin.

The social comedy of the Victorian middle-class in the provinces was no more Hale White's aim in *Catharine Furze* and *Clara Hopgood* than the depiction of London squalor was in *Mark Rutherford's Deliverance* and *Miriam's Schooling*. Every one of Hale White's novels has at its core the problem of a personal relationship. That relationship is often affected by the relationship of one or both participants to God, but this is not always decisive.

Catharine Furze is the story of two such relationships: the girl Catharine's controlled love for the clergyman, Mr. Cardew and, growing directly out of it, Mr. Cardew's late-flowering love for his wife. Of the two the latter is the more moving. Hale White had a tender insight into certain kinds of marriage. Because of the beautiful love between himself and Dorothy Vernon that gave a radiance to his last years—*The Groombridge Diary* is the record of it—and because little is so generally known about his first wife, this at first surprises. The fictional Mark Rutherford—and it must always be remembered that in his factual *Early Life* Hale White said that *The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford* and *Mark Rutherford's Deliverance* had contained much that was entirely fictitious—stays in the mind as an essentially lonely and isolated man coming into a matrimonial refuge only towards his life's end. Professor Basil Willey has provided the key to what might seem a mystery by pointing out that early in Hale White's first marriage his wife became a victim of disseminated sclerosis. 'Both he and she' Professor Willey quotes their eldest son, Sir William Hale-White, as saying, 'bore this 30 year long tragedy without wincing, devoted in

their affection for one another.'

The disparity between Mr. Cardew and his wife is not between health and sickness, however. He is an eager talker; she can never find words at all. There is a touching scene in which Mrs. Cardew tries to take lessons from Catharine in being articulate, using *Paradise Lost* as a 'set book'. The trouble between M'Kay and his wife in *Mark Rutherford's Deliverance* is that her uncritical admiration of him makes her not a companion but a maddening echo of all he says. In *Miriam's Schooling*, her husband, Didymus is too prosaic. Where Hale White is distinctive as a novelist is that in all these cases there is an abundance of love. It is communication that is lacking. Eventually the Cardews are brought to understand each other through Catharine's death. Miriam has an altogether new awareness of her husband when he constructs an orrery for Mr. Armstrong, the vicar of a neighbouring village, and Didymus educates her in the movements of the planets.

The relationships in *Clara Hopgood* are numerous. There is more criss-crossing than in any other of his novels. *Clara Hopgood* is a relatively short book. (Hale White had an ability to pace and proportion his tales; each is given what it needs, without padding or compression.) In some 50,000 words we have the relations of Clara with her sister, Madge; Madge's with Frank Palmer, who seduces her; Clara's renunciation of Baruch Cohen; Baruch's bitter awakening to his son Benjamin's feelings about him (involving another escape from drowning); Baruch's marriage to Madge; Clara's enchantment by Mazzini; and Mrs. Caffyn's motherly care of almost everyone. With all this Hale White still leaves himself room to fix his characters firmly in their settings.

Madge and Clara Hopgood are, I think, Hale White's diploma pieces as a novelist. The amount of Hale White himself in Mark Rutherford disqualifies that character. At first it seems as if the contrast between the two sisters is to be one of lightness and strength. Then Madge surprises us by her steadfastness in refusing to marry Frank who, weak though he is, does, albeit with diminishing determination, try to make the mother of his child his wife. Clara's strength is of a different kind, leading her finally to death in Italy as one of Mazzini's martyrs. The shape the novel takes in our memory justifies Clara's monopoly of its title.

Mention of seduction and sea rescues must not be allowed to give a false impression. Violence plays little part in Hale White's stories. Often it is the slight pressure of a hand, a word left unspoken, a look, that decides a lifetime's future. The most powerful and ubiquitous of all Hale White's characters is what, in *The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford*, he calls the silent monitor. This force 'gentle and incomprehensible, but nevertheless unmistakable . . . none the less the peremptory, although its voice was so soft and low that it might easily have been overlooked' is felt by many of his characters. It restrains Mark from declaring his love to Theresa. It forbids Clara to allow Baruch to propose to her. It impels Catharine to dismiss Mr. Cardew. It can be positive as well as negative. By those with conscience and sensibility it is never to be denied. Much has been written

about Hale White's 'black moments', those occasions when he found himself looking into the abyss. Undoubtedly they were real. They were comparatively rare. They came and went. 'The silent monitor' was always at his side.

It gives him his abiding relevance. Mark Rutherford tells M'Kay that 'with the departure of a belief in the supernatural departs once and for ever the chance of regenerating the race except by the school and by science.' In a footnote Hale White asks his readers to bear in mind the difference between the early Victorian days he is depicting and the time he is writing (1884) 'when socialism, nationalisation of the land, and other projects have renewed in men the hope of regeneration by political processes'. That hope—or delusion—is still with us. So is the still, small voice. Because of it Mark Rutherford's observation that 'As we get older we find that all life is given to us on conditions of uncertainty, and yet we walk courageously on' is still true. It is seen in this light that Hale White's writings meet the demands of today.

TRUDEAU IN AFRICA?

by Thomas Land

QUIETLY, carefully avoiding the spotlights of international politics, Canada has decided to widen her role in assisting independent Africa's search for meaningful economic independence. Ottawa's new policies are already felt in Botswana and Tanzania in terms of considerably increased development aid. And a Canadian White Paper promises more assistance to come.

Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's new Africa policies have been outlined to Canadians in a White Paper promising 'to assist economically the independent African states'. And the administration's promise is already backed up by an interest-free $18 million loan to Botswana for electricity generating equipment to serve the country's new mining industry and by a recent agreement doubling Canada's development aid to Tanzania to about $5 million this year. Similar developments are confidently expected elsewhere in Africa.

Canada has decided to accept a new economic role in Africa following a painfully frank examination of her involvement in the continent's racial conflicts. For Canada's moral revulsion against what the White Paper calls the 'cancer' of *apartheid* is balanced against the economic advantage of trading with South Africa.

Thus Canada sold $78.5 million in exports to South Africa last year, according to the authoritative *Financial Post* of Toronto, taking almost $46 million in imports. In addition, Canadians have some £100 million invested in South Africa's business and industry.

With a degree of frankness seldom expressed in official documents, the Trudeau administration set out in the White Paper the alternative policies considered: 'Taken to the extreme, these would have involved either pursuit of economic benefit without regard for the consequences for Canada's reputation with the black African states and her position at the United Nations; or, furthering Canada's support of the aspirations of Africans and the fundamental human rights involved, without regard to the bleak prospects of early practical results and without regard to the substantial economic cost of the severance of Canadian economic and political relations with the white regimes of Southern Africa.'

In fact, the Trudeau government has rejected both alternatives in favour of a compromise which includes increased economic assistance for independent African states to encourage the development of their own resources.

The White Paper states explicitly that, 'within this stance, there are measures which can be adopted and which would further demonstrate Canada's support for human rights and her abhorrence of apartheid in South Africa and of Portuguese colonialism, and her willingness to assist economically the independent African states in the area.'

Perhaps the best of the various projects is Canada's latest and largest

development assistance programme in Africa, which is helping Botswana towards a true measure of economic independence.

The former British High Commission territory of Botswana is one of the poorest countries in the world. Her only industry is agriculture, which suffers from periodic droughts. A large section of her 550,000 population is dependent on emergency food relief fromm abroad and vital features of her external affairs are directed by neighbouring South Africa.

But 'rags-to-riches' Botswana has discovered immense resources of copper, nickel, diamonds, coal, manganese, gypsum and antimony. And Canada has made a 50-year loan to Botswana for equipment to provide the electric power essential for the new mines.

A Canadian external aid official explains that: 'Our contribution is a vital part of a project developed in co-operation with the World Bank and other bilateral donors. Construction of road and rail communications, a mining town, medical facilities and water supply system are also envisaged. Initial investments in the infrastructure and mines are expected to total $94.6 million.'

Before the announcement of the Botswana project, the recipient of Canada's biggest economic assistance programme in Africa was Tanzania. During the eight years since the country's independence, Canada's aid in local projects totalled roughly $14 million. Maurice Strong, president of Canada's International Development Agency, recently concluded lengthy discussions with Dr. Julius Nyerere, the Tanzanian President, with an agreement on considerably increased Canadian aid during Tanzania's second five-year development plan, ending in 1974.

Canada's military mission in Tanzania has been withdrawn on the conclusion of a five-year contract but, as political and diplomatic observers comment, the end of her contribution to the training of local ground forces and the small air force signifies no chill in the relations between Dar-es-Salaam and Ottawa. The number of Canadian volunteers in Tanzania is to be doubled, it is believed; there will be more technical specialists, although fewer teachers than in the past.

Prime Minister Trudeau has expressed a desire to visit Africa on many occasions and reliable sources in his close confidence believe that he may soon find an opportunity to call on several of his African colleagues in their own capitals.

[Thomas Land is a Canadian political journalist whose articles appear regularly in North American, African and Asian journals and newspapers.]

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

QUARTERLY FICTION REVIEW

by Rosalind Wade

Last Things. C. P. Snow. Macmillan. £1.75; *Rich Man, Poor Man*. Irwin Shaw. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 40s.; *The Backward Shadow*. Lynne Reid-Banks. Chatto and Windus. 30s.; *Yokeham*. Josephine Poole. John Murray. 35s.; *The Hopeful Traveller*. Mary Hocking. Chatto and Windus. 30s.; *The Butterflies of the Province*. Honor Tracey. Methuen. 28s.; *The Driver's Seat*. Muriel Spark. Macmillan. 30s.; *The Wrong People*. Robin Maugham. Heinemann. 30s.; *Two Sisters*. Gore Vidal. Heinemann. 30s.; *Fire From Heaven*. Mary Renault. Longman. 35s.

A noticeable change of mood dominates the late autumn fiction, as though by unspoken consent writers have abandoned the technique of maximum impact and minimum explanation in favour of a return to subtle characterisation and the leisurely unfolding of situation and plot. Many of the current novels might have been 'thirties vintage and are none the worse for that. True, they embrace the fashionable frankness when discussing adult problems, but more objectively and creatively, and so make a more lasting impression. Often, the novels are longer and thus have less in common with the *novella* or *conte*. Some writers have turned to the countryside and activities of the local squire and ladies of the village for inspiration; others to an urbane and unsensational portrait of city life. It would appear that the more experienced and talented writers have extracted the best from recent trends, letting the rest go overboard.

Among the most impressive examples is a new novel by C. P. Snow, *Last Things* (Macmillan £1.75), a conclusion to the sequence of eleven books published under the general title of *Strangers and Brothers*. The closely documented progress of Lewis Eliot has been presented in a highly individual manner which seems to have no immediate rival or counterpart. As a young man, Lewis Eliot came from the provinces with much to learn.

He has always accepted the process of self-education in a thoroughly civilised manner despite acute provocation to do otherwise. He might once have despised the mature, tolerant man he himself was destined to become. That there is no impression of a too abrupt change is accounted for by the brilliantly precise and orderly manner in which his development has been displayed throughout the course of the sequence. Sir Lewis Eliot in his 'sixties is as interesting a person as at the outset of his career. He narrates his own story unselfconsciously and in his own idiom. And what is revealed is a mind packed with relevant detail and furnished with understanding of every conceivable human predicament. But that is only a beginning. *Last Things* provides unerring comment not only on how things are at this moment but how they have become so. At once restful and compulsive, the reader is placed at the centre of history while it is being lived.

Very different is the sprawling complex cross-section of life presented by Irwin Shaw in his six hundred page novel *Rich Man, Poor Man* (Weidenfeld and Nicolson 45s.). His background is a small American township during and immediately after the Second World War. Irwin Shaw's attitude to life is tough and often crude—rightly, for he is portraying men and women forced

to adopt far from kid-glove methods when dealing with the various problems which beset them. The fountain-head of it all is Axel Jordache, a German-born baker who by excessive hard work has made his modest bakery business just adequate to support his 'teen-age family. He is insensitive and cruel: obsessed with love-hate for the once beautiful and naïve foundling who became his wife and the unwitting object of his thwarted attempts at personal adjustment. Not a trace remains of whatever mutual regard once drew this ill-assorted pair together. Inevitably, the main body of the novel is concerned with the development of the three children, Rudolph, Tom and Gretchen. Of the boys, one is charming yet ineffectual; the other displays the makings of a petty crook. Their dawning awareness of life outside the boundaries of home and school form the most interesting sections; Gretchen's seduction by her employer, while there is nothing intrinsically new about it, is treated in a new way. A fight picked in a cinema is cunning and unusual. But the object of this panoramic novel is the progress rather than the analysis of the characters. During a period of twenty-five years they move towards an uneasy maturity and travel all over the world before Gretchen, at any rate, finds happiness—assuming that such a static state is really attainable for her disturbed, nomadic spirit. *Rich Man, Poor Man* is written in a straightforward, almost old-fashioned style. The minutest happenings are recounted with unfailing energy and verve, even though stridency and over-emphasis sometimes diminish the effect.

By contrast, the tone of four talented women novelists seems strangely muted. All are concerned with saying the same thing although in different ways. The outstanding *motif* is a discussion on what constitutes failure or success and all agree that it is almost impossible to draw any hard and fast conclusions. *The Backward Shadow* by Lynne Reid-Banks (Chatto and Windus 30s.) is the story of a young unmarried woman's attempt to rear her illegitimate son in a remote country cottage without adequate financial support. An earlier novel, the highly-successful *L-Shaped Room*, described the months of her pregnancy passed in an unsavoury Fulham lodging house in company with a strange crowd of 'drop-outs'. Thus, to a great extent, the present book is 'backward-looking'—and not to its advantage, for the *L-Shaped Room* was infinitely more vivid and relevant. The use of the personal narrative has the effect of making 'Jane's' musings and soliloquisings sound rather coy. Revelations and confidences to a woman-friend are off-putting, and somehow the very real social problem of the unmarried mother becomes over-laid. Perhaps the real weakness lies in the trivia so faithfully described of Jane's daily mundane routine. Yet every now and then the real brilliance of Lynne Reid-Banks' intuition and descriptive powers break through.

Another accomplished writer whose work suffers from paleness and limitation of background is Josephine Poole. Her new novel, *Yokeham* (John Murray 35s.) presents a beautifully observed English interior. The arthritic chatelaine of a once handsome mansion presides over a strangely assorted family group, oblivious of the semi-squalor of their impoverished existence. The frowsty kitchen, redolent of fowl-food and rubber boots; the eternal sawing up of fire-wood and trapesing to the shops combine to arouse in the reader immediate understanding and sympathy. Modest though the scope might seem to be, it could have been worked like a tapestry, placing on permanent record the tribulations of a not very lovable class of Society in process of being snuffed out of existence by the Welfare State. Instead, Miss Poole introduces a phoney 'relative' who appears to have descended

upon Yokeham for sinister reasons never made wholly clear. Some of the inmates of the house would surely have exposed him? That they do not do so can only be attributable to the novelist's desire to demonstrate human behaviour according to some kind of psychological blue-print. All the Yokeham residents are engaged in discovering 'the truth' about themselves and each other; during which process their instinctive and probable reactions are set aside.

Much the same could be said for *The Hopeful Traveller* by Mary Hocking. (Chatto and Windus 30s.). Like *The Backward Shadow, The Hopeful Traveller* is a sequel to an earlier novel which was more vital and arresting than the current offering. The characters first came together during the 1939-1945 war. The present story sees them take up the threads again in a dreary post-war aftermath of rationing and coupon shortages. The young widow, Kerren, is painfully at odds with her solitary state during a transition period of general austerity. She is also desperately poor. Her re-emergence and that of the world to a normal state is slow-drawn. The events through which her recovery is conveyed—café meals, the search for a bed-sitting room, modest social occasions—seem too small and ordinary to fit the importance of the theme, heightened though it is from time to time by vivid flashes of observation and intuition.

But that a 'closed society' in which people appear not to be motivated by any particular purpose may nonetheless be used to state overall truths is seen to much better advantage in *The Butterflies of the Province* by Honor Tracey (Methuen 28s.). Here is an anachronistic group of people living in Malaga in order to escape from the English climate and social conditions, just as, long ago, impoverished Britishers clung like barnacles to the French Riviera. The straightforward comedy centres around an arch-snob who determines to bring his insignificant privately published book to the notice of a famous visiting writer. Such a theme readily lends itself to humour and Honor Tracey is a fine comic writer, concise and witty yet never at the expense of probability. Scents, scenes and sounds of the Spanish town in all its moods and aspects are excellently conveyed.

Turning to Muriel Spark's new novel *The Driver's Seat* (Macmillan 30s.) after the pastel tints of these four novels is like stepping out into brilliant sunshine. Muriel Spark's amazingly concentrated narrative style, combined with Pinter-like dialogue, are well known and justly acclaimed. Her achievement lies in an unfailing ability to convey essentials by means of rambling conversation and the recording of apparently irrelevant occurrences. This very brief *novella* is in the same tradition, even if the result is less satisfying than the celebrated *Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* or *The Girls of Slender Means.* Muriel Spark does not feel obliged to remain strictly within the norm of reality and keeps skidding into fantasy and back to ordinary mundane life so adroitly that it is almost impossible to keep track of her intentions. In *The Driver's Seat* a slight variation of this process is introduced. The novelist from time to time turns aside from the crazy, goon-like account of a frustrated typist's holiday in Italy to inform us, from the all-knowing pinnacle which is the writer's prerogative, that the typist will be found stabbed at such-and-such a place and that her movements have been noted by this-or-that unwitting observer. That the doomed young secretary early on recognises the man who is to be her murderer, before he himself is aware of the fact, could be neurotic intuition rather than that sense of 'other-worldliness' which patterns the novel like a gold thread. Either way, the frequent hints at what may be

expected robs the denouement of its ultimate twist. Yet the inimitable sprightliness dispels any misgivings over what might be considered a basic error of technique.

No such doubt assails the reader of Robin Maugham's *The Wrong People* (Heinemann 30s.). This novel is not new although it has only recently been published in England. When the novelist's uncle, W. Somerset Maugham, first read this outrageously funny story of a group of homosexuals concentrated in a suburb near Tangier, he prophesied that it would never appear in this country. Now, the climate of opinion has changed. In a specially written preface Cyril Connolly sets the scene with nostalgic references to Tangier in the hey-day of British patronage—'an Arab beauty spot enhanced by the proximity of the Mediterranean and Atlantic seas'. Arnold Turner, an 'ambidextrous' teacher at an English Approved School, arrives in the vice-ridden city to spend a modest holiday solus. An elderly 'queen' befriends him and by a skilful combination of bribery and emotional blackmail forces Arnold to 'procure' one of the convicted boys. Step by step, he is propelled towards the fantastic objective and the final means by which this is achieved reads as excitingly as any thriller or suspense story. Somerset Maugham also said of *The Wrong People* that it was one of the few novels he had felt compelled to read at a sitting. An acute sense of humour coupled with a profound understanding of the causes of personality disorder combine to make this one of the outstanding publications of the season.

Still in the bright light of accomplished style and narrative skill is Gore Vidal's latest novel *Two Sisters* (Heinemann 30s.). It is correctly described as 'a novel in the form of a memoir' and includes the mention of real people, living and dead. This together with reference to important national events, provides a useful sense of immediacy. There are also fine descriptive passages. 'The sun has set behind St. Peter's. The low swarming birds are gone. In the west, cobalt blue has become neon rose. The moon's dead face reflects the now hidden sun . . .' Equally, Gore Vidal can be cruelly perceptive. 'Marietta often has that effect on men. It is no accident that her favourite adjective is "ensorcelled". She is sixty-eight not fifty-two; yet in her way she is still beautiful, preserved by an insatiable appetite for glory and sex . . .'

Finally, *Fire From Heaven* by Mary Renault (Longmans 35s.), which must be placed in a class of its own. The central character in this story of ancient Greece is Alexander, already introduced in an earlier novel, *The Mask of Apollo*. *Fire From Heaven* covers Alexander's childhood and young manhood until his twentieth year; woven in and around the political intrigues and military battles of the time, traced through a wealth of detail in which such figure-heads as Aristotle and Demosthenes play a prominent part. The whole is closely and accurately documented so far as this is possible from the limited records available and where the author has been obliged to improvise, her suppositions are wholly credible. The brilliance and excitement, along with a curious blend of mythological brutality and hero-worship, make the reading of *Fire From Heaven* a memorable experience.

Also received

But We Didn't Get the Fox by Richard Llewellyn (Michael Joseph 35s.). It is strange to find the author of the original and sensitive early novel *How Green Was My Valley* in the realm of international intrigue. It is slick, absorbing but lacking in almost everything we expect from Richard Llewellyn.

The Case of Kitty Ogilvie by Jean Stubbs (Macmillan 28s.). The late Theodora Benson undertook research into a notorious eighteenth-century crime and Jean Stubbs has used this as the basis for her novel. The grim household in Northern Scotland makes an impressive background but the dividing line between a coarse kind of tolerance and primitive prudery confuses the judgement of a society that hounded Kitty and her lover to the gallows. However, the book contains much authentic historical information.

The Rector by Anthony Storey (Calder Boyars 30s.). An arresting if almost totally incomprehensible story of a virgin birth by a girl who is pathologically attached to her father. The outcome is not clear, although the intention of the author in this, the first of a trilogy, is to envisage the probable reception at the present time of a new Christ. Anthony Storey is a talented young author worth studying for his ability to isolate the visual images. He is less successful with character and dialogue.

ROSALIND WADE

THE SECOND WORLD WAR BY LIDDELL HART

History of the Second World War. Sir Basil Liddell Hart. Cassell, 105s.

When, last January, Sir Basil Liddell Hart died, there was not only sorrow at the passing of a great mind; there was also the fear that we had not heard his last word on the Second World War of which we had seen the stimulating preliminaries in *The Rommel Papers, The Other Side of the Hill,* and *The Tanks.* We now have this noble volume to which Lady Liddell Hart has added a graceful preface of thanks to his many helpers, friends and admirers, themselves in his debt for a lifetime of generously unstinted help.

To say that the wheel has come full circle is just. There was that period in the early 'forties when Sir Basil and his friends lay under a cloud, and some were relegated to unimportant functions. All that has passed. Sir Basil has resumed his place as the most authoritative military thinker of our day.

He was a teacher who saw his lessons succeed, if not quite in the way he expected. It was the German generals who put themselves to school under him, and the Germans who ought to have won the war. That in the end they did not do so was partly because extraneous matters intervened—in particular the arrival of the overwhelming American strength, without which the Allies would not have had the strength, physical and military, to recover effectively from their initial errors.

But to the book. It runs to 700 pages in eight parts and an epilogue. Parts I-IV cover the years of 1939-42. Part V deals with those twelve months in which the Russians held the enemy, Rommel was defeated and Africa entered from the west, the battle of the Atlantic was being won, and in the Pacific the Japanese were being held. Parts VI-VIII, 1943-1945, deal with the liberation. Finally in Part IX Sir Basil brilliantly epitomises the whole six terrible years.

The narrative is on a wider scale than that in his history of the First World War. The area covered is much larger, the numbers involved are bigger, while, on the other hand, communications, the relations between politicians, commanders in the field, the ministries at home, and the heads of state, are much closer. Although the ease and frequency with which they could talk to one another must sometimes have been almost unbearable, history gains. Not all the conversations were for the good of the cause. Sir Basil obviously considers that Churchill interfered too much and that his direction of policy

was faulty. He very rarely agrees with the inspired and exasperating amateur who directed the British through the six years. In particular, in his first chapter, where he quotes Churchill's verdict on Chamberlain's guarantee of Poland in 1939, 'a decision taken at the worst possible moment and on the least satisfactory grounds'—a decision which Churchill himself supported.

Indeed it is clear that errors of a catastrophic nature were made on both sides, German and Allied, cancelling each other out but leaving the situation different from what either side expected. They begin with what Sir Basil, speaking of Norway, calls 'the dream-castles raised by Churchill', and are repeated almost to the end. True, in some cases, the Allies profited. For example, the reinforcement of North Africa by the Axis in 1943 led to the surrender of a huge body of battle-tested troops 'which could otherwise have been used to block the Allied invasion of Sicily'. In more than one passage the reader comes on some such phrase as 'this mistaken assumption turned out fortunately as things were, but they would have been badly caught if . . .' 'But almost as much was owed to a conflict of ideas on the German side between Hitler and his generals and among the generals themselves.' Not every error carried a benefit in its tail. 'The price that the Allied Armies paid for the missed opportunity was very heavy. Out of three-quarters of a million casualties . . . half a million were after their September check.' One watches with alarm the explosions of a Patton or a Montgomery, observing that though general, admiral, or marshal, was able to justify his decisions, chance not seldom played a major part in the finally successful outcome. It is worth studying closely the pages from the top of p.563 to the end of the chapter to see what happened in September 1944 after the capture of Antwerp.

When Sir Basil published *The Rommel Papers* it was remarked that it was rather as if a headmaster were commending a favourite pupil. But it must be admitted that at least three German generals, his students, come through in the top class. They are Rommel, Guderian, and Manstein. Manstein in particular has to his credit not only the brilliant planning of the Meuse crossings but also the remarkable defence and counter-offensive after Stalingrad. No other country appears to have produced a *genius belli*, except perhaps Great Britain in Sir Richard O'Connor, the victor of Beda Fomm. Field-Marshal Montgomery, a remarkable soldier, succeeds by his readiness to change his course in mid-stream. 'His readiness to vary his aim according to circumstances was a better tonic to the troops and a greater tribute to his generalship than his habit of talking in retrospect as if everything had gone according to plan'.

In the end, the Allies won in spite of unforgivable initial errors and disasters. The British, having deserted their friends before 1939, guaranteed the Poles. And failed to implement the guarantee. Their single ally capitulated. The Japanese should be thanked for bouncing the Americans into the war. Casablanca registered the determination of the Allies to have done with Hitler. It also registered the Allies' distrust of each other. 'Unconditional surrender' not only encouraged Hitler, 'it was the greatest help to Hitler in preserving his grip on the German people and the war party in Japan'. Again: 'Three years earlier envoys of the wide-spread anti-Nazi movement made known to the Allied leaders their plans . . . provided they were given some assurance about the Allied peace terms. No indication was given them'. The 'unnecessary' war was prolonged and millions of lives needlessly sacrificed. In fact, as Sir Basil makes clear, 'unconditional surrender' opened the way for Communist domination of central Europe. It opened the way for the atomic

bomb. He quotes Admiral Leahy. 'The scientists and others wanted to make the test because of the vast sums that had been spent on the project'. 'A generation later', Sir Basil writes, 'it is all too clear that the atomic bomb has not been a relief to the rest of mankind'.

This splendid volume, the last words of one to whom all soldiers and military historians owe a debt must long remain a monument to his intelligence, his foresight, and his profound sense of responsibility to his fellow human beings.

GUY CHAPMAN

GUEVARA

Ché Guevara: A Biography. Daniel James. George Allen & Unwin, 60s.

There is, about the character of Ernesto Guevara de la Serna, something of the enigma of the ancient Maya and Inca civilisations whose archaeological remains constantly fascinated him. The closer one gets to the temples, palaces, and implements of these ancient peoples the less, in a sense, one is able to understand what made them tick. A similar bafflement remains after one has read Daniel James's careful and workmanlike accumulation of data about Guevara's many persona and experiences. Though Mr. James has no startling revelations, and despite an occasional omission of substantiating sources, this book does contain a very full and well-informed collection of information for the English reader. There is a careful biographical reconstruction of the ground already familiar to students of Latin American revolution; Guevara's middle-class education and medical training, the extraordinary influence of his mother, Celia, upon the development of his radicalism, his antagonism towards the U.S.A., his literary interests, the constant recurrence of chronic asthma attacks, the picaresque American travels, the major part he played in the Cuban Revolution, the defeat of his revolutionary *foco* in Bolivia, followed by his summary execution in October 1967, on the instructions of the Bolivian Army High Command.

Yet the puzzling contradictions remain. How was it that a man so severely physically handicapped, voluntarily submitted to the agonising deprivations of tropical guerilla warfare, and yet managed to achieve not only physical survival, but also the accolade of star performance at Alberto Bayo's Santa Rosa guerilla training school for Castro's Cuban revolutionaries, and the status of Commander in the revolutionary war (which he earned on military merit)? Why did Guevara, an Argentine by upbringing and citizenship, never devote his energies to supporting the efforts of Jorge Masetti and his guerillas when he knew that the long tradition of authoritarian government, military interventions, and exploitation of the rural and urban poor were by no means unconducive to revolutionary movement in his own country? Most baffling of all, perhaps, why did Guevara commit himself and his tiny force of middle-class or 'classless' adventurers to the final disastrous Bolivian adventure? Why did he not study the political conditions and popular bases of the Barrientos regime? Did he not realise that without the active cooperation and support of the *campesinos* or of the urban proletariat, or of the mine-workers and the Bolivian Communist Party, they were doomed to political isolation and military disaster? Ché's romantic charisma and all the Castroite publicity in the world (and, as Mr. James shows, this was often unaccountably withheld by Havana), could not overcome these overwhelming handicaps.

Mr. James's suggestion of immolation and a romantic will to self-destruction is nothing more than a desperate guess, and his somewhat overstretched

analogies between Guevara and Don Quixote, or between Ché and Trotsky, do not carry us much further. Guevara has become a legend precisely because he was a larger than life figure, a romantic revolutionist capable of great courage, yet also evincing fierce hatred of his enemies and a cruel ruthlessness in the instigation and direction of nihilistic revolutionary violence. Projecting himself as a 'soldier for America' and a champion of international revolutionary solidarity, he was nevertheless unable to win the popular support and confidence of a Simon Bolivar or a Zapata in any of the nations of mainland Latin America. It is, therefore, primarily in Castro's Cuba and among the internationalist New Left that his ideas, methods, and legend still have a potent appeal.

PAUL WILKINSON

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND ANTHOLOGY

Sometimes Into England. James Turner. Cassell, 36s.
Love Letters: An Anthology from the British Isles, 975-1944. James Turner. Cassell, 75s.

Sometimes Into England, the second volume of the autobiography begun so auspiciously with 'Seven Gardens for Catherine' in 1968, continues the candid story of poet-novelist James Turner and the difficulties he experienced trying to combine writing with market-gardening. In 1947 he and his wife drove through the January snow to view what remained of the notorious Borley Rectory after a mysterious fire 'that had nothing to do with ghosts at all'. What attracted them, apart from the much-publicised hauntings investigated by Harry Price and others, was the roomy cottage attached to what had once been the rectory stables. This they made their home, in the setting of an old neglected garden with four acres of meadow-land, with ruined barns and pigsties which appeared to be suitable for mushroom cultivation. Mr. Turner obviously worked hard on his small-holding, but found time to exercise his imagination on 'The Nun's Walk' and other apparitional aspects of the old Rectory. He drew a blank there, despite the local Misses Bull who had seen the ghost walk many years ago and from different angles. Not surprisingly, he soon found himself entertaining mixed groups of friends and undergraduates who went ghost-walking at night while he constructed 3,000 square feet of mushroom beds by day. His recollections of the period are suffused with charm and lambent humour. The mushroom venture became productive, though his visiting friends were inclined to confuse his estimates of pounds weight with pounds sterling; but when a surge of low-flying jet planes sent his oncoming crop crashing to the ground he decided that he must seek a living elsewhere.

It took a year to sell the place, four years after coming there; and in a dilapidated seventeenth century Suffolk cottage life began anew. 'I could now begin to be a writer and a gardener'.

One of the attractive features in both instalments of Mr. Turner's life-story is his disclosure of friendships—in East Anglia or wherever he goes. Desmond Flower (his old schoolfellow and his publisher), Sir Alfred Munnings ('an antique, Peacockian figure' who entertained him with cream cakes and meringues while reading aloud his own verse and animadverting against 'that old scoundrel T. S. Eliot'), and other writers and artists. After yet another removal in East Anglia, he came to Cornwall, where he still is, with a list of thirty published books to his credit, much broadcasting and two well-designed gardens. He no longer attempts market-gardening.

One of his thirty published books and his latest is the anthology of *Love Letters (975-1944)*. He interprets the word 'love' widely and properly, not offering a cloying feast of eroticism and violent passion but ranging over the whole field of emotion between the sexes, 'surprise, interest, attachment and jealousy; affection, folly, suspicion and despair; faith, loyalty, self-sacrifice, devotion' and what has been called the hour of sisterly sweet hand-in-hand. Mr. Turner quotes Rousseau as saying that to write a good love letter we must begin without knowing what we mean to say and finish without knowing what we have written. But that was before the age of the typewriter and the tape recorder. The 267 items in this treasurable collection open with 'The Husband's Message' (from the tenth-century 'Exeter Book') and end with the poignant farewell poem by Alun Lewis to his sweetheart. He died in the Far Eastern campaign, on March 5, 1944, and there is a terrible sadness in the last verse of his poem:

> Yet when all's done you'll keep the emerald
> I placed upon your finger in the street;
> And I will keep the patches that you sewed
> On my old battledress tonight, my sweet.

Included are two of the Paston Letters, Henry VIII's letters to Anne Boleyn and to Jane Seymour, Sir Walter Raleigh's last letter to his wife, five of Dorothy Osborne's to Sir William Temple, one from Swift to Jane Waring ('Varina'), two of his to 'Vanessa' and six to him from that unhappy woman (who took care to keep copies which were published after her death!). We are left to conjecture what became of the letters which 'Stella' must have written to the Dean both before and after his long sojourn in London. Other letter-writers quoted in this well-chosen anthology include Hazlitt, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Nelson and Lady Hamilton, the Brownings, Ruskin, Stevenson, George Moore, Chesterton, Katherine Mansfield, V. Sackville West and Dylan Thomas—and several passionately obsessive ones exchanged between Edith Thompson and Frederick Bywaters which helped to send them to the gallows. The whole collection will be welcome in the winter fireside chair or as a bed-book.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

PURPOSE IN ART

The Confusion of Realms. Richard Gilman. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 50s.

Richard Gilman is Professor of Playwriting and Criticism at the Yale Drama School, and a practising critic of some standing in the United States. The fourteen essays of which this book consists are concerned mainly with modern writing in the fields of fiction and drama. Of particular interest are the long critical biography of Norman Mailer and a lengthy essay on Ibsen and Strindberg, which between them, occupy nearly half of the book.

The confusion of which Mr. Gilman complains is that of Art with the purpose to which it is put. He comes out strongly for the autonomy of the work of art; its entitlement to aesthetic consideration within its own right. He is concerned to see that criticism of individual works is tending to become more and more a process of placing that work within a category, an assessment of what it *accomplishes*, and less and less an evaluative judgement of what it *is*. He believes that Art should hold up a mirror to life—but not a distorting mirror. Of course, he argues, Art has reason and life of its own, and to some extent must be what life is not, but it must at least be true to life—and not com-

pacted of illusion. It may re-invent, but must never be allowed to mislead. It is wrong to put Art to work as a life-substitute—as teacher, as political instrument, propagandist artefact, or mere diversionary tactic. The realm of Art is aesthetic, and to draft Art into other realms is to create confusion and abnegate its true purpose. This plea for the aesthetic concept, in contradiction to the utilitarian imperative, and its consistent reiteration provides a synthetic key to the whole book. The validity of Mr. Gilman's aesthetic is the subject of demonstration time and time again throughout this most stimulating volume.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

BEHAVIOUR UNDER COLLECTIVE STRESS

Communities In Disaster. Allen H. Barton. Ward Lock Educational Ltd. 65s.

As a product of the sociological approach, this study achieves the threefold criterion of interest, relevance and utility. It is quite evident that this is an age morbidly expectant of total catastrophe—of the finger on the button, the engine from the sky, the poisonous mushroom—and, as such, preoccupied with the prophylaxis and treatment of disasters. These are, though, as old as man; the Bible reeks with the imminence of death and destruction. Acts of God—fire, flood, tornado, plague-like epidemics, and acts of man—wars and invasions such as the Spanish extermination of the Inca, Aztec and Maya cultures, all offer material for the examination of society under stress. Thetis, Aberfan and Hiroshima are all names which evoke a hive of desperate, scrabbling activity, some purposive, some not. The study of the behaviour of man (and animals) under *individual* catastrophe—deprivation, bereavement, isolation, illness, material-loss—belongs, of course, to another discipline.

Mr. Barton, who has a special interest in the application of quantitative research methods to the study of social problems, examines, particularly, a well-documented tornado in Arkansas, secondly, in great contrast, the Irish potato famine of the 1840s, and the bombing of Hiroshima. Much of his material is new to those whose reading is not encyclopaedic: he writes of 'the high school girls trapped under a fallen wall who sang the national anthem as the fire overwhelmed them, the men without faces bowing wordless thanks for a sip of water, the quietness and good behaviour of those who lay in and around the hospitals', (Hiroshima). He seeks to develop a *general* theory of social behaviour under collective stress, and finds that the 'best' disaster is one of moderate size and sudden, random impact—i.e. one in which the 'helping' response, unhindered by variables such as 'vested interests', is the most widespread and effective.

MOLLY TIMMS

INSIDE RUSSIA

The Great Illusion. J. Bernard Hutton. David Bruce & Watson, 63s.

Thirty-six years ago, a young and idealistic Czechoslovakian journalist presented himself and his sheaf of duly approved and meticulously franked documents at the gates of paradise, the 'Worker's Paradise' of the Soviet Union. He came, a convinced Bolshevik, with the blessings of the Central Committee of the Czech Communist Party, to work in Moscow, where he secured the position of foreign editor on the Russian newspaper, *Vechernaya Moskva*.

Thirty-two years ago, the same young man, no longer a communist, gratefully boarded a train for the degenerate West. During the four years spanning arrival and departure, the ideological scales had fallen from his eyes, and this book is that young man of yesterday's personal testimony—

the sorry chronicle of his sojourn among the tortured people of the paradise that turned out to be a 'hell upon earth'.

Mr. Hutton lived through the terrible period of Stalin's purges. He came to know many of the leading Soviet communists of the time, including Lenin's widow, Nadiezhda Krupskaya, Stalin, Stalin's third wife, Rosa Kaganovich, and Molotov, and provides some extremely interesting portraits of them. The Russia of three decades ago was an uncomfortable and an alarming place, and it has not, Mr. Hutton avers, changed much in the intervening years. Many of the old terrorists are dead, but the terror lives on. This stage by stage account of his rapid awakening to the true state of Soviet affairs, the, to him, shattering revelation of the great illusion, is a sad and salutary piece of documentary reportage.

'To watch one's fellow human beings go through the whole gamut of degradation was in itself a searing experience', he writes. 'But to know that the currency of human life had been cheapened beyond belief (and at the dictates of a warped egomaniac) was much more than I could stand. Textbook Communism went out of the window. Ideals were exploded into smithereens. Unhappiness and fear, and an over-burdening desire to get free, to be clean of, to forget the nightmare were the emotions that ruled my existence'.

He stood by, appalled and helpless, as he saw old friends—people of prominence, people of humble station, alike—whisked away, to vanish to death . . . or worse. He saw suspicion sour, fear clutch and transform, on every hand. He was the unwilling witness of the awful suffocation of new-born optimism. By the first months of 1938, it was estimated that between 800,000 and a million people had been liquidated since December 1934, and another five million were working, and dying, in the slave-labour camps. The Red banner, once symbolic of the glow of the rising sun of hope, became the symbol of the setting of that sun in a pool of blood.

Finally, he himself was brought to the very edge of disaster. He was warned that the N.K.V.D., the universally dreaded Secret Police, were after him. Apparently, he had been named in an arrested victim's deposition. The account, which closes the book, of how, by a subterfuge, he managed to escape from Russia, reads like a Kafka-esque nightmare. But Mr. Hutton was lucky—he awoke in time.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES

The Government and Politics of Britain (Hutchinson, 35s.). The justification for another short study of British government is the specialised knowledge and experience of the author, John P. Mackintosh, who has been Labour M.P. for Berwick and East Lothian since 1966. He has, of course, also written other books on constitutional subjects. In this volume he describes in its historical context the main characteristics of government at work. Like so many M.P.s he experiences the frustration of the backbencher. He discusses usefully the attempts since 1966 to restore the influence of the Commons over the Executive through the creation of standing Select Committees to watch over the activities of various government departments. The resulting tensions and clashes, themselves to some extent inevitable and indeed healthy, embarrassed the Government which is now reconsidering the whole experiment. This, of course, is just another example of Parliament being under the control of the executive. As the author stresses, the solution is in the hands of politicians and the public. 'The chief

restriction on British politicians is imposed by their own and the community's view of what is proper and desirable and if they are convinced that changes are necessary, there is every reason to think they can be carried through'. This is a useful book although his treatment of the constitutional functions and behaviour of the courts and judiciary is quite inadequate.

The Cambridge Mind (Jonathan Cape, 80s.). Eric Homberger, William Janeway and Simon Schama have edited an interesting anthology of contributions to the *Cambridge Review*, which was founded in 1879. The Editors point out that for the last seventy years the Review has reflected the thought and work of scholars and writers belonging to the university. The subjects in over seventy articles cover many fields in Cambridge studies during a particularly fertile period intellectually. Contributors also include a great variety of eminent figures, such as T. S. Eliot, F. R. Leavis, I. A. Richards, William Empson, F. W. Aston, G. E. Moore, Bertrand Russell, F. W. Maitland, G M. Trevelyan, Sir Herbert Butterfield, Sir Denis Brogan, J. J. Thomson, Max Perutz, Fred Hoyle, Thom Gunn and many others. The Editor maintains that nearly all the contributors 'exhibit common qualities which might be collectively identified with *The Cambridge Mind*: a rigour of logical analysis; an uncompromising exercise of sceptical inquiry; a commitment to verification rather imaginative construction'.

In her deft verses collected in **Twelve Burnt Saucepans** (Femina Books, 21s.), Charlotte Mitchell — well-known actress of stage, film and television, broadcaster and sketch-writer — runs through the months and seasons with wit and humour varied with pathos and sentiment and shrewd commonsense. She expresses every facet of the artist - cum - housewife in rippling rhymes that make an easy impact on the ear of such radio programmes as 'Woman's Hour' and 'Roundabout'.

Wordsworth and the Great System (Cambridge University Press, 35s.). Professor Geoffrey Durrant draws on his tireless research into the complex world of Wordsworth's poetry to reach a conclusion that the poet 'was less hostile to physical science than criticism has usually supposed, and that on the contrary his poetic vision is deeply influenced by his scientific interests and his mathematical habit of mind'. Against this can be quoted his sister Dorothy's reference to him giving way 'to a natural dislike of studies so dry as many parts of the mathematics, consequently could not succeed at Cambridge'. The universal System, which Newton and other scientists and philosophers contemplated, prompted the poet's imagination to its finest flights, and it is in the delineation of these that Professor Durrant's study excels.

Diary of a Decade (Allen & Unwin, 60s.). 'More memoirs of a bishop's wife' is the rather misleading title of Cecily Williams' latest book. She has a great deal to say about her activities and life during the 'sixties as wife of Dr. Ronald Williams, Bishop of Leicester since 1953. Much of her story falls within the anglican church world of ecclesiastical functions, visits and travels abroad. But equally she has long sought to establish herself in her own right as a writer and journalist. All this is reflected in her lightly written and intimate volume. She has an easy informal style, although she tends to be over self-centred, rather precious and inclined to inject moralising into her narrative. There are, perhaps inevitably, some inaccuracies. For example, the English Auberge in Rhodes was not sited in the Street of the Knights. The book should attract a wide readership, particularly within the anglican church community.

LIBERAL POLICY AND LIBERAL PERFORMANCE

are reported fully in the

LIBERAL NEWS

Fortnightly · One Shilling

Ask your newsagent to order a copy for you now, or in case of difficulty, write for specimen copy to LIBERAL NEWS, 2-6 High Street, Haverhill, Suffolk.

BACK ISSUES

For sale and wanted to buy

We receive continual demands for back issues of **CONTEMPORARY REVIEW** from individuals and libraries wanting to complete their collections. Since we cannot always satisfy these demands without diminishing our own archives we will pay good prices for single copies and complete volumes offered to us. Copies 1866-1900 are in special demand.

Please send full details to:
Back Issue Dept., Contemporary Review,
38 Farringdon St., London E.C.4.

ORDER FORM

To THE SUBSCRIPTION MANAGER,
CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, 38 FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

I enclose herewith my cheque for 66s., for a year's subscription.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

THE WORLD TODAY

STUDENTS OF CURRENT AFFAIRS, to be well informed, need the facts. In THE WORLD TODAY, the monthly journal of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, experts bring to the general reader up-to-date and reliable information on world affairs. Authoritative and objective, THE WORLD TODAY not only deals with international problems but also includes articles on internal political and economic conditions in individual countries, written by authors with first-hand knowledge. Short comment in 'Notes of the Month' puts current developments in perspective and provides a background to events of international significance.

MONTHLY

Price 28p (5s. 6d.) per copy; £3.25 (£3 5s.) per year post free
(In USA and Canada $10.)

Published under the auspices of the
ROYAL INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS, LONDON
by the Oxford University Press, Press Road, Neasden, London, N.W.10.

MIDDLE EAST FORUM

A quarterly journal published by the Alumni Association of the American University of Beirut. The only independent periodical in English from the Middle East, about the contemporary Middle East, written by leaders of Middle East public life and thought.

Single copies: LL.4.00, $1.75. Annual subscription: LL.15.00, $5.00. Back copies for the past 5 years also available. P.O. Box A.U.B. 1751, Beirut, Lebanon.

Printed by H. G. LEATES LTD., 45-47 Alexandra Street, Southend-on-Sea, Essex, and published by the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW CO. LTD., 38 Farringdon Street, London, E C 4 Tel.: 01-455 3638 All business matters should be addressed to the publishers

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

106th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

FEBRUARY 1971

TWO TYPES OF APARTHEID
Vernon Bartlett

REFLECTIONS ON THE PASSING OF RESIDENT DOMESTIC SERVICE
Lady Stocks

POPULATION CHALLENGES THE U.N.
James Avery Joyce

A HAND OF CARDUS
John Arlott

and many other articles together with an eight-page Literary Supplement.

5s.

★ Full Contents Inside Cover

Contemporary Review

Incorporating The Fortnightly

February 1971 Vol. 218 No. 1261 Founded 1866

Contents

		Page
The Greek Horizon Grows Brighter	THOMAS ANTHEM	57
Popular Poetry: A New Renaissance?	NORMAN HIDDEN	62
Two Types of Apartheid	VERNON BARTLETT	66
Reflections on the Passing of Resident Domestic Service	LADY STOCKS	71
Population Challenges the U.N.	JAMES AVERY JOYCE	74
Family Planning and Professional Advice	ANN CARTWRIGHT	80
A Hand of Cardus	JOHN ARLOTT	84
Classical Studies: Have They a Future?	D. W. T. C. VESSEY	87
The Germination of Bolshevism in Russia	TEMPLE WILLCOX	92
The Sea Becomes Mankind's Reservoir	SAM NAPIER	97
Little Women: The Making of a Classic	MARGARET CROMPTON	99
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT Ernle Money, James Morton, Trevor Allen, William Kean Seymour, Richard Whittington-Egan		105
SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES		111

Editor:
ROSALIND WADE

Associate Editor:
BETTY ABEL

Editorial Advisers:
PROFESSOR SIR HERBERT BUTTERFIELD
PROFESSOR SIR DENIS BROGAN

Fine Arts Correspondent:
ERNLE MONEY, M.P.

We much regret that we are obliged, as a result of heavy increasing costs over the last four years, to raise the price of the *Contemporary Review* to 30p as from the March issue.

Existing subscribers will not, of course, be affected during the current period of their subscriptions.

Annual subscription: U.K £4 15 U.S A. and Canada $13 50 Rest of World £4 30

© 1971 Contemporary Review Co Ltd

Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 Incorporating The Fortnightly

February 1971 Vol. 218 No. 1261

THE GREEK HORIZON GROWS BRIGHTER

by Thomas Anthem

WITH the visit of President Nixon to London and certain European countries in October of last year and by an inspection of the U.S.A. Sixth Fleet 'somewhere around Greek waters,' the United States again demonstrated the importance Washington attaches to South-eastern Europe in the defensive scheme. The Pentagon has made no secret of the strategical value of Greece, whose harbours are the only bases willingly placed at the disposal of the Sixth Fleet in an area of the Mediterranean in which Russian warships have become increasingly active. Restoration of full military aid to Greece, in spite of the continued rule of the junta dictatorship, is evidence of U.S. anxiety about the southern flank of NATO; but the remarks of the State Department spokesman, Robert J. McCluskey, announcing this on September 22, 1970, will do nothing to reassure the democratic nations of the West, least of all Congress, apprehensive of American policy since the outset. Naïvely, and contrary to the facts, McCluskey declared that 'a partial restoration of civil rights has been accomplished,' and the Government ('the Colonels') had expressed its intention of establishing 'parliamentary democracy.'

Every considered statement by the junta leaders so far has indicated an absolutely contrary intention, and the Nazi-style trials which are held in the Athens courts provide further confirmation. The decision to resume full military aid to Greece is certain to lead to an outcry in the American Senate as well as in Western Europe. The denunciation, in fact, is already in full swing, and Denmark has let it be known in no ambiguous terms that she is 'not in agreement' with Washington. The other Scandinavian countries are solidly behind Denmark.

The State Department, as justification for the resumption of the supply of heavy arms, including tanks, planes and heavy artillery, to Greece emphasises that Russia had between 40 and 60 warships in the Mediterranean, 'and has influence with the Arab countries, particularly Syria and Egypt.' No attempt was made to explain how the NATO position is strengthened by the continued suppression of Greek basic freedoms, nor

how the Greek armed forces can be expected to be a source of great defensive resistance by remaining in a state of serfdom until the moment of crisis. The State Department and the Pentagon are well aware that President Nixon could change the whole political position in Athens overnight by a stroke of his pen, and the Colonels would not dare to utter a whisper of protest. Why, then, the hesitation? The Greek situation presents one of the most enigmatic spectacles in recent political history, but even the most powerful nation in the world today will not take steps to change the tide of Hellenism.

Yet, with commendable courage, Mr. Evangelos Averoff, former Greek Foreign Minister under Mr. Constantine Karamanlis, whose Radical Union Government gave Greece nine years of prosperous rule and economic stability, has publicly denounced the 'travesty of democracy' which has marked the 'Colonels' ' tenure of power. Whilst he welcomed the American action in resuming full military aid, as this was 'a prerequisite for the very survival of Greece, independent of the present régime', he profoundly regretted the State Department's mis-leading assurances that conditions were being established for a return to normal democratic life. He added: 'The truth is that the situation in Greece has indeed improved, and that we now live under a rather lenient dictatorship, but civil liberties have not been restored. Human dignity has been trampled on, and the climate for a return to democracy has not been created. On the contrary, what appears to have been created is the condition for a major prolongation of the dictatorship under comical "democratic" disguise.'

The Averoff statement should go a long way to shatter the illusions that linger in Britain and elsewhere that the 'Colonels' intend to 'evolve' into a genuine democracy. Meanwhile, in the United States itself, important events have recently taken place which spell the eventual doom of Papadopoulos and his usurping government. First, there is the crucial and vital battle of the Senate over the supply of heavy arms to Greece. I quote Section 15 of the legislation dealing with Restrictions on Assistance to Greece: 'Unless specifically authorised by the law hereafter enacted, no defence article or defence service may be furnished to Greece under this Act or any other law, except that this section shall not prevent the expenditure of funds obligated prior to the enactment of this section.' This text is of great importance, being the amendment moved by American Senator Vance Hartke in the Senate on June 29, 1970. It was not adopted. Forty-two Senators voted in favour, but 51 declined again to adopt a genuinely democratic policy towards Greece. But the difference between the two opposing trends within America's high legislative body is now obviously narrowed. Despite the negative attitudes of the Pentagon and the State Department, the voice of freedom-loving men in the Senate has been heard in all its inspiring clarity. As the more responsible sections of the U.S. Press have been frank to admit, despite its seeming victory, the Administration suffered a humiliating reverse. It is now widely expected that at the third showdown the division will result in a triumph for freedom and democracy.

What is happening in the Senate, however, is not the only factor which

illumines the Greek horizon. Outside Washington, at Macallister College, St. Paul, Minnesota, on August 17, six million students attending the American Congress of Students, and representing three hundred and fifty universities and colleges, adopted by an overwhelming majority a resolution calling for the freeing of Greece from the dictatorship of the 'Colonels'. 'Under the inhumanly repressive acts of the junta,' says the resolution *inter alia*, 'Greek students and the Greek people have lost their academic freedoms, their human rights and their civil liberties. Hundreds are wasting away in concentration camps, and many more have been expelled from Greek universities for refusing to submit to the military rulers. Generals have been appointed as super-presidents at the universities by special Government decree. Greece, the birthplace of many of the foundations of our civilisation, is now gasping in a suffocating cloud of medieval darkness and oppression. *We also know that the advancement of barbarism in Greece is being carried out with the support of our Government, and with American arms costing millions of dollars to the American taxpayer.*' The resolution called for the stopping of all material aid to the Greek régime, the boycotting of Greek tourism and Olympic Airlines, the suspension of all cultural and educational exchanges, and the discouragement of all business and investment agreements with the present Athens government.

The immense importance of the American students' condemnation of the Greek régime is to be discerned in the fears manifested by President Nixon before he set out on his tour of Europe, significantly omitting Greece, although he kept a date with the Sixth Fleet. Clearly he did not attempt to belittle the influence of the American students on his foreign policies, or for that matter on any of his policies. The powerful challenge from this direction will inevitably determine the fate of Greece, as the student voice everywhere in Europe will undoubtedly lend its support. Even before the American students had come down so impressively on the side of freedom in Greece, there were powerful overtones in the U.S. Congress which gave proof of the genuine American trend towards justice and decency. One of the most outspoken of the Administration's critics was Congressman Young, of Ohio, who voiced the thoughts of countless Americans in the following forthright terms: 'Mr. President, it is unconscionable, almost beyond belief, that the United States continues to supply military assistance to the brutal Fascist junta which tyrannises the people of Greece. Our continued support for the Fascist Colonels now ruling in Athens, the cradle of democracy, clearly shows that we have failed to learn that there is no difference at all between a right-wing repressive régime and a Communist dictatorship. In both cases the people suffer while a self-serving élite remains in power by terror and force of arms. Since a clique of Army officials overthrew the constitutional Government of Greece in a midnight coup more than three years ago, the United States has given 234 million dollars of taxpayers' money in military aid to help maintain that junta in power. Much of the military aid has gone to Greece through the loophole in the Foreign Assistance Act that has allowed the Defence Department to thwart the will of Congress, and conduct its own foreign aid programme from the corridor

of power in the Pentagon. The saddest part of the tragedy in Greece is that in the minds of free people everywhere we have been the accomplices of the Fascist Colonels, subsidising their sadistic régime with our arms assistance. The fact is that the junta has conducted an intensive campaign to convince the Greek people that the American Government supports their rule. *Estia*, an Athens puppet newspaper which prints the régime's policy, referred to the Pentagon as "one of the real friends of Greece." The Greek people, however, are well aware that American guns back the junta. At present nearly 7,000 American Servicemen and their dependents live outside Athens in a golden ghetto — a transplanted suburb of Middle America, complete with bridge clubs, servants, and supermarkets. U.S. military officers visiting Greece never miss a chance to be photographed with members of the dictatorship. And, outrageous as it may seem, during the Christmas holiday last year, members of the American community sent their children to serenade Premier Papadopoulos with carols. Since Papadopoulos seized power, the secret police force has been more than doubled in size.'

After reading the revealing statement of Congressman Young, British people with a sincere love of democracy and freedom need no longer be puzzled or amazed at the seeming indifference and near contempt which the 'world's greatest democracy' has for Greece and her incomparable traditions and history. It may be, of course, that America's official attitude to the usurping and tyrannical junta at Athens is due to nothing more than political stupidity, but such a charitable view does not lessen the positive danger to Greece and the peace of the world as a whole. Mr. Young's revelations go a considerable way towards showing why Mr. Nixon chose not to visit Greece in his tour of Europe, even if people everywhere are left wondering why he had the audacity to visit the Pope. It will be a sad day for the world if political morals are ever completely divorced from religious belief. Mr. Nixon must be perfectly well aware, as Congressman Young has asserted, that 'without our continued extensive support the "Colonels" could not remain in power for more than a few months. Perhaps, indeed, for only a few weeks — or days!'

There is no doubt that the recent Middle East convulsions and the death of President Nasser have made the Greek situation and its solution more difficult. But as Mr. Constantine Mitsotakis, former Greek Minister of Co-ordination, stated in an interview in the Greek programme of 'Deutsche Welle': 'Towards the end of the year the Greek question will no doubt be raised, and with greater force, within NATO.' That will be the moment of truth and the acid test for the United States, which is the dominating power behind the international organization. If America fails NATO, then NATO might as well fold up. It is as simple as that. Besides the Atlantic alliance, there is the European Economic Commission, at whose forthcoming meeting Parliamentarians count on taking the initiative in forcing an official demand for the suspension of the association with Greece. As regards the moral importance of NATO support for freedom and democracy, one need go no farther than the letter which Brigadier-General Orestes Vidalis, former Chief of Staff of the Greek Third Army Corps, addressed to Con-

gressman Robert Sikes, who had used strategical arguments to persuade his colleagues to remain idle on the Greek issue. Said General Vidalis: 'The real purpose of NATO is the defence of a form of civilization. Your statement is a dangerous over-simplification of the meaning and substance of our great alliance.' He quotes President Nixon, thus: 'NATO means more than arms, troops' levels, treaty commitments. What makes these things relevant to the future is what they stand for. To discover what the Western Alliance means today we have to reach back not across two decades, but through the centuries to the very roots of Western experience.' Fine, idealistic words, but in strange contrast to Mr. Nixon's own performance in relation to the 'Colonels' and Greece!

General Vidalis's views made a deep impact inside America, especially among Greek Americans. The horror and tragedy of the Greek situation is that officially the United States looks on unconcernedly whilst the very heart and soul is being torn out of what the world has come to understand by Hellenism. As Senator Hartke told Congress: 'Purges in the Greek Armed Forces have been paralleled by purges in all fields of Greek life, and most ominously in the field of education. Many professional and technical centres have been closed and hundreds of university professors and teachers dismissed for their opposition to the régime. Textbooks have been completely re-written to accord with ideology of the dictatorship. The judiciary, whose independence is the hallmark of any independent State, is now under political control.' As one might expect, anti-Semitism has reared its ugly head among the many evils espoused by the present régime, whereas during the Nazi war the Greeks were among the best friends of the helpless Jewish people, feeding and sheltering them despite their meagre resources at the risk of their own lives. A vehemently anti-Semitic pamphlet, written by a Greek Armed Forces chaplain, and printed by the military Press, was recently distributed to all units. No true Greek would accept its poisonous diatribe.

Meanwhile, the Resistance movement is steadily gathering strength and the downfall of the 'Colonels' can only be a matter of time. True, there are people who feel doubtful about the early restoration of Greek freedom and parliamentary democracy, yet at the very moment when the Greek sky seems darkened by the American decision, the not so distant horizon grows brighter with the prospect of a return to political normality and the recent release of political prisoners. Nor are these hopes based entirely on the gathering influence and pressures of the Resistance groups outside and inside Greece. The Greek Junta, a totally alien growth in a fair and beautiful land whose very atmosphere breathes the spirit of freedom, is sitting on top of a volcano. It is doomed.

POPULAR POETRY: A NEW RENAISSANCE?

by Norman Hidden

MANY observers of the present poetry scene who have had the opportunity of comparing it with those of previous decades are willing to agree that today there exists a creative outburst, particularly among young people, on a scale more popular and more widespread than at any previous time within their memory. Indeed, some go as far as to make a historical comparison with that idealised Elizabethan age when lutes hung in barbers' shops, monarchs composed lyrics, and splendidly dandyfied young gentlemen wrote sonnets to their mistress' eyebrow.

Today's renaissance became apparent with the 7,000 attendance and resultant publicity at the Albert Hall rally of 1965, a hastily got together programme that featured the American 'beat' poets Allen Ginsberg, Laurence Ferlinghetti, and Gregory Corso, as well as their English 'protest' counterparts, Adrian Mitchell, Christopher Logue, Mike Horowitz and others. Further evidence of the newfound 'fashionable' quality of poetry derives from the popularity of poetry and jazz, the alliance of poetry and the contemporary folk movement, the emergence of a 'poetic' element in the words of the more gifted pop song writers such as the Beatles, the development of interest in concrete and phonic poetry, the new Liverpool 'sound' in the spoken word, the Poetry International concerts, the Poetry Society's 'sell-out' of 3,000 seats at its Diamond Jubilee celebrations at the Royal Festival Hall in 1969, not to mention the less obvious 'grass-roots' activities, such as the Poets' Picnics at Jordans, Buckinghamshire, as well as regular 'pub' readings in central London.

These are some of the public manifestations of the new interest in literature now that it is no longer confined to books. Numbers of young people today are not only responding to, but are themselves creating, a worthwhile literature. Many of them do this without concern for monetary reward or even reputation, except perhaps amongst their immediate friends; that is to say, they are non-professional, taking artistic creativity in their stride as a natural worthwhile part of twentieth century living.

This is all so novel in terms of previous social and cultural history that one naturally seeks for causes of the social phenomenon. First, there has been the revolution in education. The U.K. Education Act of 1944 provided, in the latter part of adolescence at school, for a cultural background formerly non-existent for the majority, and a continuation of these opportunities at University or other places of higher education. Within the schools, emphasis has been removed from the old formal type of essay and placed upon the imaginative approach involved in 'creative writing'—a form of free verse (or intensive prose!) deriving from close sensory perceptions which act as stimulators to the imagination and encourage the child, even in the lowest forms of junior schools, to express himself both freely and intensively. Secondly, after formal education has ceased, there is no doubt

that the new 'affluent society' offers more leisure for most people; and with leisure there has developed both an opportunity to create and an audience for the creator. At the same time, the Welfare State has assisted the artist (along with the rest of society) by providing an economic cushion which enables him to devote much of his time to his art, if he so wishes, with only an occasional need to find some other more financially rewarding employment. Compare in the past the number of writers who were either of independent means or who worked full time as teachers, lecturers, civil servants, or in banking, insurance, accountancy and other 'respectable' but artistically uncongenial professions. Moreover, while the educational and financial climate has altered in favour of the potential artist, there has also been a shift in the social climate, equally favourable. Thus the decline in imperial and world responsibilities formerly carried by the United Kingdom allows for a more permissive society, with less restrictive codes of 'duty' than those of the pre-war days, when the artistic or bohemian life was felt to be something parasitic. This changed social attitude is especially applicable to the British Isles, but there are also general world factors which have made some contribution to the artistic outburst. First, the threat of the H-bomb may act as a spur to creative instincts (even though often in the form of protest of some kind) and secondly the accelerating pace of change in a technologically-developing society results in discrediting the 'old' and in the consequent social and cultural dominance of youth, since youth is the creative period which can best adapt itself to, and help to create, change.

Accompanying the new outburst of poets is an equivalent audience — again mostly of young people. This new audience for poetry is not so much a book-reading audience as a listening audience: the microphone, the tape-recorder, the record-player may have something to do with this. It is not a passive but a participating audience. Creative writing does not stop in the schools. It spills over into after life; it seeks and finds its own outlets, whether these are duplicated sheets handed out free to passers-by in the streets or a poetry-reading group that encourages its audience to take part in the proceedings.

In a sense, the whole history of English literature might be seen as a struggle between those wishing to make poetry the concern of an élite and those wishing to extend its appeal to the widest possible audience. It should be remembered that there is one stage — a sort of primitive golden age of poetry — in the individual's development in early childhood, when every child becomes familiar with nursery rhymes, and it is interesting that as the age-old manifestations of the poetic spirit are handed down from mother to child the 'gap' between the generations magically closes. The surrealist elements in nursery rhymes are surprisingly 'modern'. Much popular poetry of today is more concerned with securing a response (like nursery rhymes) at levels that are other than purely intellectual. The unconscious, the symbolic and the irrational provide much of the material from which it operates. It aims, through its physically present, listening audience, at making an immediate impact. Likewise, it considers itself expendable, as the poetry of the Here and Now (though not without some hope of its becoming also

at some future stage the poetry of the There and Then). It does not reject Universality so much as regard Universality as a desirable by-product of a truthful devotion to the immediate. The comparison one would like to make, of course, is with those traditional ballads of an era before the printing press had destroyed the old oral tradition of poetry. This oral tradition one tends to associate with popular as distinct from sophisticated poetry; it goes back to Anglo-Saxon epics and elegiacs and interestingly, though often overlooked, its riddles, which demanded audience participation in 'solving' them; and continues through the popular ballads, often with the audience joining in the refrain. This oral tradition appeared almost for the last time in the mainstream of literature in the form of drama in much of the blank verse of the Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists who wrote for a listening cross-section of the community, groundlings as well as aristocratic patrons.

The next three centuries saw the triumph of poetry written for the page virtually unchallenged. Our whole notion of what poetry is tends to become fixed by this vast and great period of a particular kind of writing which could be read alone and silently in the study. Poetry became more and more a *solitary* activity for the reader and the reader's presence became ever more shadowy to the writer, enabling him to move further and further into the realm of abstraction and experimentation of a purely technical kind.

It is interesting, in this shift from popular to élite and perhaps now from élite back again to popular art, to take a look at some of the origins of today's manifestations in the work of the *avant garde* arising at the end of the First World War: T. S. Eliot, and his great mentor and catalyst Ezra Pound, Edith Sitwell, E. E. Cummings, and the French writer Guillaume Apollinaire. These were all experimental writers who introduced into modern poetry important technical changes. Eliot used a sequence of images, cut and montaged, in *The Waste Land* in accordance with Ezra Pound's advice, in a manner resembling that of the cinema, which replaced the old sequence of logic and chronological order. Edith Sitwell, in *Facade* especially, introduced to an astounded audience the recitation of her verse to a musical and jazz background. Cummings experimented with using the mechanics of punctuation and the syllabic break-up of words to arrange his poems so that the spatial relationship of a word or a syllable on the printed page had a significance which reinforced the semantic tenor of their meaning. Apollinaire had gone further than Cummings in shaping his poems into recognisable graphic design. In these various ways the leading spirits in the great poetic technical revolution during or just after the First World War endeavoured to extend the bounds of poetry, relating it to and taking in areas of other art forms.

In one sense this was a broadening process. But in another sense these early post-war experimentalists appealed to an extremely narrow audience, an educated but progressive-minded élite. Eliot is a typical case; his erudition, added to a revolution in technique, made a double obscurity. Even today, more than fifty years after *Prufrock*, he is a 'difficult' author;

and this is because he saw his audience as a small group of highly intellectual readers. The tendency in academic poetry is to put the accent on cerebral qualities; poetry of the heart beloved by the populace embarrasses academics by its lack of cerebrality. This academic quality with its steadily developing emphasis on cerebrality was the dominating feature of English poetry until the new poetic revolution. Even in the thirties when poets like Auden and his fellow-travelling colleagues wished to establish contact with a mass audience they were unable to do so effectively because their poetry was too intellectualised, too rooted in a centuries-old intellectual tradition connected with the printed page.

It is still unfashionable for a poet to wear his heart too obviously on his sleeve: wit, one of the prime cerebral qualities, is still rated above pathos. Nevertheless there is today a significant shift away from exclusively cerebral writing. This is because the audience for poetry has grown, and poets for the first time for many hundreds of years find themselves able to appeal to a wide cross-section of the community. Because they meet many of their readers in the form of audience at public readings they are forced into a style of writing that places less emphasis on erudition, complex thought, meditative quality, solipsism, etc., but requires a simpler and more commonly shared subject matter. Certain distinctive features of style also emerge which involve use of the more obvious rhetorical devices such as repetition, parallelism and isocolon. The themes of such 'public' poetry tend to fall into certain clear categories — humour, shock, narrative or anecdote. At the same time there is an attempt to explore the borderlands of art and entertainment.

There is no doubt that these developments will continue and that contemporary poetry will find in them a source of energy and inspiration. In addition, the establishment of a direct relationship between author and audience should lead to a greater outward-turning on the part of poets and perhaps ultimately to a sense of commitment to social themes rather than to the idea of 'pure' poetry. To suggest this is not to decry the élitist movements of the past, but to prepare ourselves for what in fact would seem to be occurring, so that we may be ready with a set of possibly different criteria with which to assess this new type of popular poetry.

[Norman Hidden is Senior Lecturer in English at the College of All Saints, London, N.17. He is Chairman of the General Council of the Poetry Society and editor of *Workshop Poetry Magazine*. A collection of his poems, *These Images Claw*, was published in 1966.]

TWO TYPES OF APARTHEID

by Vernon Bartlett

'SCAPEGOAT: one who is blamed or punished for the sins of others' (Webster). It would be incorrect to call South Africa the world's scapegoat, for its sins in the matter of race relations are certainly worse than the sins of others, but less so than the others like to claim. A great deal of the excessive criticism of the white South Africans is due to hypocrisy, which is worse. (Your conscience is ever so slightly stirred because you have been rude to a Jamaican in a bus? Go out and protest against the behaviour of the government in Pretoria.) And ignorance and hypocrisy combined have made things very easy for those who, for motives of their own, want to misdirect the idealism of that large and amorphous mass of human beings, the 'do-gooders' (now, alas, a term of contempt and reproach). I would suggest that this deliberate misdirection has been more successful in the case of our attitude towards South Africa than in any other case in this century.

That first paragraph is provocative? I intended it to be so, and precisely because I am so strong an opponent of *apartheid* as it is understood by most critics outside South Africa. World hostility is aroused mainly by what the South Africans themselves call 'petty *apartheid*', and God knows that in this case 'petty' denotes 'mean' as well as 'small'. This mean harassing of helpless individuals just because they have the wrong colour of skin is, in my opinion, abominable, disgusting, deserving of any derogatory adjective you care to use. But what dangerously few people outside South Africa realise is that this opinion is shared by thousands upon thousands of Whites in the Republic, and that the newspapers there criticise it far more vehemently than the newspapers would dare to criticise government policy in more than half the Member States of the United Nations.

Why, then, does this petty persecution continue? Why do ordinary, reasonable South African citizens very similar to ourselves behave so badly? One needs always to bear in mind the fact that the early Dutch settlers differed from the emigrants who have gone overseas at different times to find the religious or political freedom that had been denied them in the land of their birth. The Dutch had left Europe before the flood of angry and humane opinion that produced, for example, the French Revolution and the British campaign to abolish slavery. In the Europe they had known, everybody who could so do exploited the poor — remember the child labour in English coal mines even at a much later date — and in South Africa the poor talked a different language, had different religions and taboos, and had skins of a different colour. They were therefore even more exploitable. The Dutch colonisers readily accepted the assurances of their *predikants* that the Bible had condemned the Blacks always to be hewers of wood and drawers of water. So today the Bantu are still, politically, non-persons, and their exploitation often takes beastly forms because ill-educated

policemen are given too much power by abominable laws and have so little difficulty in deciding whom they can bully — almost everybody with a black skin!

All of which might seem to justify international pressure of the strongest kind against the South Africans, even though so many United Nations delegates who vote in favour of that pressure permit racial discrimination in their own countries. (Is there no caste prejudice in India? Is there no longer segregation in American schools? Does the Soviet Union never imprison citizens who dare to criticise the government? Can President Nyerere be complacent about events in the Zanzibar half of his republic? Are we sure that British policemen always treat coloured British citizens with the same tolerance they show towards white ones?) The main, and largely justifiable, argument in favour of throwing stones at South Africa even by those who live in glass houses is that laws there are passed to enforce discrimination, whereas in almost every other country they are passed to remove it. I believe that, unless this discrimination *is* removed, there must, sooner or later, be an appalling war, not confined to the African continent alone, but between Whites and Non-Whites. But I also believe that, unless more patience and wisdom are shown in international pressure to remove it, the same appalling war will follow. Whatever the white South Africans ought to do, what they will not do is surrender their privileged position under threats of force from outside.

I can imagine no surer way of making a stubborn people yet more stubborn than that of subsidising the training of terrorists to stir up disorder inside the Republic, which is just what the World Council of Churches did quite recently, however sincerely it hoped the money would be used only for the benefit of the terrorists' families. I am not competent to express an opinion on the religious aspects of this decision, but politically it looks like an encouragement to violence in a region where it is of the greatest possible importance that violence should be avoided.

Put yourself, for the length of two paragraphs, in the place of ordinary white South Africans. They know that the policy of enforcing discrimination must ultimately lead to bloodshed, but they also know that there are three and a half million Whites in a country with a total population of eighteen and a half million. They remind themselves that no people readily accepts rule by a majority whose standard of living and education is far lower than its own. They know, too, that there is still very little thought of revolt among the two-thirds of the Bantu who live away from the cities, whereas the police have the urban third well under control. And therefore many of these Whites plan to stay in power for as long as they can and by any means available. This may be very reprehensible and very short-sighted. It may be the fault of their own forebears that the standards of the Black majority are so low. But the past is past and today is today. The Whites are very reluctant today — as possibly you, too, would be reluctant — to surrender their pleasant way of life.

But, despite the efforts of so many well-meaning people outside the Republic to isolate it, many of the South African Whites know how the

rest of the world feels about them, and are not prepared to accept this defeatest doctrine. They want to find a way out of their appalling dilemma. Most of them, perhaps, have inherited British traditions (although the number of younger Afrikaners who no longer have the *'laager'* mentality is one of the few encouraging features of a grim situation). These English-speakers had looked up to Rhodesia because it had at least a few Blacks in its parliament, but Mr. Wilson's policy showed such an incomprehension of the genuine difficulties confronting all Southern Africans that very many English-speaking South Africans now support their own government, however much they hate its policy, against a hostile world that apparently does not even want to understand. This is one consequence of the world's sweeping condemnation.

A much graver consequence is that *apartheid* has become such a dirty word that one can no longer persuade people to ask themselves what it is all about or to realise that it is not necessarily the cruel and repressive doctrine so many critics believe it to be and that it is not entirely the invention of *'verkramp'* Afrikaners. In 1905, a Native Commission appointed by Lord Milner, in which nine of the eleven members were of British stock, recommended the 'separation of Black and White by limiting native purchase of land to certain defined areas'. In 1950, Arthur Keppel-Jones, a very liberal-minded professor at Witwatersrand University, produced a scheme for *apartheid* or separate development which bears a strong resemblance to the present scheme to establish a series of Bantustans. And it is noteworthy that the chief objection to this scheme put forward by the Opposition United Party, generally thought outside South Africa to be more moderate and enlightened than the Nationalists, is that it might give the Bantu too much independence.

It is right that the *apartheid* experiment should be made, even if, as is probable, it is doomed to fail, for it will compel every South African at last to face realities. World pressure has been useful in one respect — it has put an end to the pretence that the Bantu problem can be postponed indefinitely by sending superfluous Blacks away from the cities to starve in inadequate and overcrowded reserves, miscalled 'homelands'. But this necessity to face realities was in any event becoming obvious, and by the much healthier process of economic evolution. The country can maintain its fantastic growth of prosperity only if Bantu workers are encouraged to become skilled workers. (As it is, more and more of them are registered as messengers or tea-boys, but are put on to semi-skilled jobs when the government is not looking.) A continuing refusal by the government to allow the Bantu to acquire skills, and thereby something approaching economic equality with the Whites, could justify itself in world opinion only if the alternative of *apartheid*, or 'separate development' as the officials prefer to call it, were so obviously successful that it showed the way to the solution of the colour problem.

I, for one, doubt whether this experiment will succeed, but it is essential that it should be tried, for it seems now to be the only way in which the Bantu might just possibly achieve independence without bloodshed.

Economic evolution — by which the workers escape from exploitation because they have acquired skills that are essential to national progress and are sufficiently organised to get a fair return for their labour — is too slow a process to succeed in South Africa, especially now that agitation outside the Republic calls for revolutionary action. And — I think it useful to repeat this — white South Africans would fight, and fight like hell, against any attempt from outside to impose a racial equality which would, in fact, result in their complete subjection to the black majority. Public opinion is very volatile, and it is just conceivable that some such equality would become acceptable within a few decades, but not now. Most certainly not now.

So the *apartheid* experiment must be tried, since it seems to be the only possible way of avoiding bloodshed. But also it will have been valuable even if it fails, and for two reasons. The first — as I have already suggested — is that the Whites are being compelled to face facts, one of which is that much more money and much more land must be provided, and provided quickly, if the world outside the Republic and the Bantu inside the 'homelands' are to be convinced that *apartheid* is not just a sham. The second reason is that, once the Bantu acquire a little power, they very soon demand more and the government cannot easily reject these demands.

In this respect, the Transkei, the first of the Bantustans, is interesting. When I was there two years ago, I found that the Chief Minister, Matanzima, and his colleagues in government had to live in a compound outside 'their' capital, and that only some 33,000 people had found work inside the territory while almost 280,000 still had to seek employment outside it. The Transkei was still a long way from anything like genuine independence. But I also found that Matanzima, who had been carefully selected by Pretoria in the first place, was showing much more independence than the Republican government had anticipated or desired. Pretoria, for example, had decided that the Bantu throughout the Republic, if they learnt a European language, must learn Afrikaans (and continuing expansion of Afrikaans is a matter of very great importance to the Nationalists). But Matanzima decreed that, in the Transkei, they should learn English. Whatever the future of the Bantustans, the Transkei experiment shows that they will give the Bantu some experience of administration they most certainly would not get if *apartheid* had not been tried.

The Bantustans will play a great part in Mr. Vorster's 'outward-looking' policy. He is busily trying to lessen the hostility of the Black Republics north of the Zambesi, confident that many of them need South African aid and experience and that some of them are loud in their denunciation of Southern Africa mainly because it gives them an importance in the United Nations they would not otherwise have. The surest way of reducing that hostility would be to make an obvious success of separate development. (It should not be too difficult to assure more prosperity to the Transkei, the first of the Bantustans, than has so far been achieved by its immediate neighbour, Lesotho, now an independent Member of the United Nations.) In fact, the Whites in South Africa would not be greatly endangered even

if the Transkei were to become politically independent: like Lesotho, it would still be economically dependent on the Republic, but its ministers could meet South African ministers in Pretoria or New York on a footing of equality. They could even sit down together to lunch without causing an uproar inside the Nationalist Party.

Admittedly, all this is unlikely to happen unless we allow ourselves to be guided by our brains rather than by our emotions. The defeat of Dr. Hertzog and his *Verkramptes* in last year's elections was one of the most promising events of the last two decades in South Africa, but Mr. Vorster is still dependent upon the votes of the *Platteland* farmers, who are even slower to learn than were the Bourbons. The time *might* come when he will be as anxious to rid himself of the responsibility for those parts of the Republic that are overwhelmingly Black as the British were at the end of the war to rid themselves of the accusation of 'colonialism'. Stranger things have happened since the war. To what extent it is wise for the United Nations to have so many small, weak and inexperienced Members with the same voting power as the United States or the Soviet Union is another question, but one for which the white South Africans are not to blame. In any case, Mr. Vorster would first need to control his own die-hards and world public opinion would have to distinguish the two types of *apartheid*. That being so, optimism would be rash, but despair, I think, would be cowardly.

[Vernon Bartlett, author of *The Colour of their Skin* (Chatto and Windus) and of *Struggle for Africa* which won the Ennisfield Wolff Award in the U.S.A. as the best book of the year on race relations, has recently visited South Africa on four occasions.]

REFLECTIONS ON THE PASSING OF RESIDENT DOMESTIC SERVICE

by Lady Stocks

IT has been argued elsewhere (and incidentally by me in *The Times* of October 3, 1969) that professional class women have borne the main brunt of the twentieth century social revolution, as a result of the almost total withdrawal from their homes of resident domestic service. It might, at the same time, be added that as a result of this and other notable social developments, professional class women have been the principal architects of the social equalitarianism which some of our younger contemporaries say does not yet exist, and which we, who are old enough to record change, know has in fact come to pass.

The withdrawal of resident domestic service has not only affected professional class women; it has also affected the wives of tycoons in the highest income bracket. They have to be prepared to cook: especially at week-ends, when their husbands return to their well-equipped labour-saving country houses on days when day-workers are ministering to their own family dinners. It is doubtful whether, today, money can buy a resident cook in a rural area — at any rate, an English, Scottish or Welsh resident cook.

But on two counts the women of the tycoon classes can — to some extent do — buy themselves out of the general picture of social equalitarianism. They command more leisurely medical attention at home, and more agreeable accommodation in private wards, by relying on the ministrations of the private sector of the medical profession for which they are able to pay. Thus they do not experience the inconvenience of waiting in a crowded surgery with the uncomfortable knowledge that when they do get an audience with the doctor, a crowd of expectant fellow-patients is on the other side of the door and the doctor is all too well aware of their presence.

In the matter of education too, the higher-income group is independent of the state system of education and those who are desirous of taking advantage of it can do so without risk to upper-class standards, by acquiring a house in a neighbourhood largely populated by their own class. It is thus, I am told, that a non-class-segregated system of education in America can co-exist with a large degree of class segregation.

In fact, it is probable that a much larger proportion of the professional classes takes advantage of the national health service than of the state system of education. But even here they are beginning to claim the benefits available to the mass of their fellow countrymen; and their readiness to do so will be enhanced by the reprieve which the present government has given to our selective grammar schools.

What it comes to is that the professional class woman is no longer in a relatively privileged position as compared with her working class sisters. The working class woman has greatly benefited by the expansion of the welfare state. She is healthier, able to control her pregnancies and to secure

adequate medical attention for the pregnancies she chooses to have. The spread of purchasing power can ensure a well equipped home. Better educational and commercial opportunities enable her to enjoy life in her own home without the necessity of residing in somebody else's for the purpose of devoting herself to those tedious and repetitive domestic duties which nearly all women dislike and most men succeed in avoiding.

These labours now devolve upon the professional class woman who has, apart from the national health service, had less to gain and more to lose from the equalization of spending-power resulting from expanding social services and progressive taxation. But this at any rate she has gained: *an immensely expanded area of shared experience with her fellow women;* and in her better moments she may regard this as a vital contribution to the equalitarian society which we all — in our better moments — regard as good Christianity, or good Humanism, or good Marx-Leninism, according to taste. The conversation between an employing housewife and her daily cleaner is, as regards range and content, wholly different from that between a pre-war lady and her resident domestic servant — however benevolent, however much interested in the servant's home and family, the employing lady may have been. The area of shared experience now covers prices in the supermarket, treatment at the local hospital, the merits of the ante-natal service and experience in the general practitioner's surgery; possibly the pros and cons of local primary schools. And of course entertainment plays its part. Not perhaps the live theatre which is an upper class relaxation, or bingo which does not seem yet to have touched the professional class woman, but possibly the cinema, and certainly radio and television.

And it is the women rather than the men who enjoy this vastly expanded area of shared experience.

Let us, however, be fair to this old and much denigrated institution of resident domestic service. It did in fact give something worth having to both mistress and maid. It is fashionable to decry what is sometimes called bourgeois conventional behaviour but was formerly ladylike or gentlemanly manners. Nevertheless, it is agreeable to associate with those who observe such bourgeois standards, especially when they are expressed in table-manners. Female domestic servants made good wives and mothers. They had learned how meals should be served and eaten, rooms kept clean and tidy, and a certain well-ordered existence achieved — though doubtless they learned it the hard way.

On the other hand their presence was a bulwark of order and altruism in the homes of their employers. It may be that here I am drawing excessively on my own experience of Edwardian childhood in a professional class household where resident domestic servants conditioned the tenor of our lives. It is doubtless true that my mother would have kept order without their aid; and I do not think that an orderly domestic life, if it is taken for granted, is necessarily oppressive to the young. On the contrary, it provides a sort of accepted pattern of daily life which is conducive to the sense of stability which the young of today miss, more perhaps than they know. Bed-time was at a certain hour and at that hour to bed we went. There

was no perpetual argument about it; though I suspect that the advent of television has intensified the heat of such argument as prevails in most homes today. Meals were at a certain time, and at that time the children were round the table with clean hands ready to eat, or politely decline, what was put before them, and prepared to rise when other people rose to leave the table. 'You must not ask for anything that is not on the table' was an order which in my own young days avoided the restlessness of getting up and down from one's chair and calling for something one might prefer to eat, which happened to be elsewhere.

For the maintenance of such order the domestic servants were a valuable if not an essential aid. Mothers are naturally unselfish and the domestic servants could enable them to be vicariously selfish. I can well remember my mother saying, during holidays by the sea when certain relaxations were allowed — 'You must come down to breakfast in time because the servants want to get on with their work'. Or — 'If you want to stay out in the boat at suppertime you must get something for yourself when you come in; the servants want a little peace in the evening'. I cannot imagine the servantless young mother of today saying—'*I* want a little peace in the evening', or — '*I* want to get on with my own affairs after breakfast'. Or even — 'If you don't like what is on the table I am not going to get up and cook something you may like better'. It is possible that some mothers can nerve themselves to speak in this way, but they do not come into my own field of experience. And yet I do not think that their children are happier for the new freedom which a servantless ménage confers on them.

The moral of which seems to be that the existence of resident domestic 'service' produced a cross-fertilization of good manners to the benefit of employers and employed alike. But, since it no longer exists, there seems little reason, apart from an excursion into sociological history, for attempting to analyse its nature. And it must be conceded that some employers set a bad example to their domestic servants by speaking rudely to them or affecting exaggerated and offensive airs of superiority. And that the bulwark of domestic order contributed by the servants could at times develop into dictatorship — as it seems to have done in the case of a lady who said regretfully that she could not invite her cousin to supper on a certain day because it was the under-parlourmaid's evening out. Those who stand for law and order in the modern state should take note of this tendency.

POPULATION CHALLENGES THE U.N.

by James Avery Joyce

A YEAR or two back, the first of the current spate of ecological books, *The Biological Time Bomb* by Gordon Rattray Taylor, went through several paperback editions, describing 'Test-tube babies,' 'The Genetic Engineers,' and 'Is Sex Necessary?'—but offered not a shred of hope concerning (as the last chapter heads it) 'The Future—If Any'. A later paperback, *Population Control*, published in 1970 by Pelican, is a symposium written by a dozen physicists and social scientists with impressive credentials. Not one of the contributors offers a ghost of an answer as to what *to do*.

Yet the problem of world over-population has become — and so very recently — one of the major issues confronting the human race. Man has been on the face of the earth for perhaps two million years. It is not known exactly when *homo sapiens* first appeared and no historical census of mankind has ever been taken, of course; but it is estimated that, during the 600,000 years of the Old Stone Age, population increased at the rate of two per cent per 1,000 years. Today it is growing at the rate of two per cent *per year*. This means that in the course of man's habitation of this earth growth rates have increased a thousandfold. If this rate of increase continues, demographers claim that in about six and one-half centuries it would give each person only one square foot of land surface on the globe, including mountains, deserts and the arctic wastes. But we don't have to wait all that time for real trouble to begin.

According to one demographer, Professor Robert C. Cook, President of the Population Reference Bureau, the population of the earth amounted to some 250,000,000 human beings by the time of Christ. 'During the next sixteen centuries, however, the picture of population growth becomes very hazy,' he states. 'There appears to have been a gradual see-sawing upward in numbers, but the conditions of life for most of the human species ranged from deplorable to appalling . . . Still, population growth accelerated, albeit erratically, and by 1650 it had reached the 500,000,000 mark'. Professor Cook continues: 'This is the point where the curve of increase began to incline more steeply. Several factors appear to account for this phenomenon . . . but the fact remains that the increase in numbers steadily accelerated. World population doubled in about 250 years, passing the 1,000,000,000 mark about the middle of the nineteenth century.'

The growth rates of this century (notwithstanding its wasteful wars) have jumped so startlingly that no sensible person can ignore or deny their implications. The world total of *one* and a half billions (1,650 millions) in 1900 jumped to *two* and a half billions (2,517 millions) in 1950, and to over *three* and a half billions (3,632 millions) in 1970. The latest U.N. predictions on future trends show that during the present decade it will be *four* and a half billion (4,457 millions) by 1980, and at least *six* and a half billions

by the end of the century. In simple round figures, at the present growth rate, world population will *double* in less than 35 years.

How has the United Nations faced up to this new, in organisational terms, and startling challenge? The manner in which the U.N. system has responded to this world crisis is of considerable interest, but all too little understood even by groups directly concerned with population questions. A brief overall survey must serve as an historical framework. The question of population has, of course, been before the U.N. and its major agencies continuously since the signing of the Charter in 1945. (In fact the League of Nations before it had its Demographic Committee.) But this article will be mainly concerned with the decade that is just past and the decade that is beginning.

Looking back only six or seven years, only India and Pakistan had official government programmes. Thirty governments have since adopted substantial population policies or family-planning programmes. Soon after the Second World War, Japan realized that they had drastically to reduce the birth rate to help recover from the War; and, in a decade, growth rate was cut in half—from two per cent to one per cent. During the past ten years, both the United States and the Soviet Union have achieved roughly the same reduction from nearly two per cent to exactly one per cent. Among the developing countries, Korea, Taiwan, Malaysia, Singapore, Hong Kong and Puerto Rico reveal much the same trend. These eight countries, developed or less developed — with nearly 20 per cent of the world's population between them — have shown conclusively that population growth *can* be reduced by about one-tenth of one per cent a year.

The year 1962 can be regarded as the year of the 'break-through', when population control moved from the wings into the centre of the U.N. stage. The 1962 General Assembly debate triggered a dramatic change in both international attitudes and national policies. It culminated in a vote of 69 in favour, with none against, and 27 abstentions, calling for a broad programme of international co-operation, and the U.N. family began to lay the institutional foundation for direct support of national family planning.

The earlier years of accumulation of basic information by U.N. bodies had a feedback effect on Member Governments. So did the pioneering work of private agencies, such as the International Planned Parenthood Federation, with its affiliated organizations in many Member States. India, Pakistan, Tunisia, and Egypt, prompted by their own experiences with an exploding population, had pressed vigorously for U.N. action. And by 1962 developing countries had enough votes to override the Catholic opposition countries of Latin America and Western Europe.

It was becoming recognised that the United Nations system was the logical place for the international cooperative action needed to cope with the problem. One reason why multilateral aid would prove more effective than bilateral aid, however well intentioned, in a sensitive area like family planning, was that the U.N. agencies could help promote a broad consensus on what ought to be *done* about it. Thus, individual countries would share responsibility for taking those controversial steps that might be opposed by

certain domestic interests, and they could also help prevent family planning from becoming a subject of dispute between certain religious or racial groups.

But the 1962 resolution did not itself actually authorise the provision of *technical assistance* to governments prepared to undertake family planning schemes. Two years later, however, the Economic and Social Council (ECOSOC) took the matter further and brought a resolution before the 1966 General Assembly. Twelve countries had already adopted family planning policies and other states were giving support to private programmes. During the same period the U.N. Economic Commission for Latin America (ECLA) published a survey that showed that the people of the Latin American countries were ahead of their leaders in respect of population control. Chile, for example, was the first Latin American country to initiate family planning through its national health service, the principal motivation being the growing public concern over increasing resort to illegal abortions.

Similarly, an Asian Population Conference organised by the Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East (ECAFE) in 1963 recommended that the U.N. and its specialized agencies should expand the scope of technical assistance to be given at the request of governments on statistics, research, experimentation and action programmes.

In August 1965 the U.N.'s Second Population Conference was held in Belgrade. The first World Population Conference had been held in Rome in 1954. Arrangements for the Belgrade Conference were the responsibility of the U.N. and the International Union for the Scientific Study of Population, and the U.N. Agencies. I.L.O., F.A.O., W.H.O., U.N.E.S.C.O., and the World Bank. World conditions had changed a good deal since the Rome Conference, and this change was reflected in the proceedings. The Conference noted that the results of the First Development Decade had been disappointing. Problems had proved to be much deeper than had been suspected. Man's achievements in combating diseases meant that population in most areas increased much faster than heretofore. The desire for better living conditions had become general in all the developing countries, but was being frustrated in many areas because economic growth was slipping behind population growth.

The Conference was a gathering of scientific experts on population and related subjects, not a meeting of representatives of Member States. Specialists in demography and closely related technical subjects from Asia, Africa and Latin America were able to attend. Forming the background for practically all 23 technical sessions was the central issue of how best to control the unprecedented growth of population and the prospect that the total would more than double in less than 35 years. It was becoming apparent that population control reached far beyond the clinical and biological topics to which population studies were mainly confined before the U.N. emerged as the essential, if not inevitable, framework for both national and supranational action. For example, the shift of populations, estimated at one to two per cent of rural inhabitants, from the farm to the city posed

special problems of urban sprawl, with resulting crime and disease. The answer, it was suggested, is to make rural life more attractive, to bring city-type facilities and light industries to the country. But this was a substantial economic undertaking for a poor country.

On the specific problem of birth control, however, Philippe de Seynes, Under-Secretary-General for the Department of Economic and Social Affairs, declared that the U.N. was ready to respond to all requests for assistance from any country which had decided to embark on such a programme. Yet, diplomatically speaking, the U.N. would continue to maintain its traditionally neutral attitude on the question. 'Respect for all beliefs commits us to this course', he added. There could be no question of defining a 'United Nations doctrine' on the subject.

Then, in 1966 the General Assembly called for a united effort on population problems and technical aid to all those governments who asked for it. The Secretary-General urged a broader attack in these words:

> On the strength of a historic General Assembly resolution, the United Nations can now embark on a bolder and more effective programme of action in this field. With its Population Commission, Population Division, and its regional units, with the demographic centres closely linked to the Organization, and with the co-operation of the World Health Organization, U.N.I.C.E.F., and other interested agencies, the United Nations has now at its disposal an institutional infrastructure which, given some additional means, could be put to much more effective use in support of large-scale programmes.

He also announced his decision to establish a Trust Fund for voluntary contributions by governments and institutions. This Trust Fund, he stated, 'would help us to lay the ground for training centres, as well as pilot experiments' in individual countries seeking assistance from the Organisation.

An expanded role in family planning assistance was introduced by Paul G. Hoffman, (one-time Director of the Marshall Plan) Administrator of the U.N. Development Programme (U.N.D.P.) in his statement 'A Time to Plan, a Time to Work' in June 1969, when he announced: 'At the request of the Secretary-General, I have entered into an agreement under which the U.N.D.P. will be entrusted with the administration of the United Nations Fund for Population Activities. Under this important new programme, arrangements have been made to utilize the U.N.D.P. field establishment and the specific capacity and machinery of the U.N. and the specialized agencies concerned with various aspects of population programmes, including that of family planning.'

Let it be said that the rights of parents with regard to family size have, of course, always been emphasized by U.N. bodies engaged in this gathering world-campaign. And the General Assembly in its 1966 resolution had recognized the sovereignty of Member States in formulating and promoting *their own* population policies, 'with due regard to the principle that the size of the family should be the free choice of each individual family'. Again, in the Declaration of the Elimination of Discrimination against Women, adopted in November 1967, the General Assembly acknowledged the equal right of men and women to access to educational information 'to help in

ensuring the health and well-being of families.' Similarly, the International Conference on Human Rights in Teheran in 1968 considered that 'couples have a basic human right to decide freely and responsibly on the number and spacing of their children and a right to adequate education and information in this respect'.

Last Spring (1970) the Director of the Population Division, Mr. Milos Macura, spoke of the dramatic course of the 'demographic revolution' in the developing world and the attempt to penetrate the future in order to *anticipate* its economic and social implications. 'The situation is without precedent', he said, 'and very complex indeed, and as such it encourages different and sometimes conflicting opinions . . . Policy-makers at the national and the United Nations levels will have to face the realities of additional population problems, caused both by demographic trends and economic and social maladjustments. . . . Not many governments can extend educational facilities by one-third or more during a short period of ten years, let alone make the necessary improvements in their educational systems. Nor can they provide employment opportunities for a labour force which will increase by one-third or more, in addition to absorbing the backlog of unemployed and under-employed.'

Meantime, the U.N. Fund for Population Activities was transferred to the U.N. Development Program (U.N.D.P.) in January 1970 and put to work. The purpose of the Fund is to provide systematic assistance to countries desiring it to cope with their population problems, to enable the U.N. system as a whole to respond effectively to the needs of Member States; and to help in co-ordinating population programmes being pursued among the various organizations. The resources of the Fund will extend over the entire range of population activities, including advice in the formation of population policies, and material support for family planning projects, at the request of Governments.

The Secretary-General in inaugurating the Fund said: 'All of us are anxious to make use of our lives, and of our talents to help our fellow-men realize more fully the great potential that they have as human beings. I know of no field more important to this end, and in which I am sure a more real contribution can be made, than helping individuals and societies to understand the relationship between human numbers and human opportunity.'

Paradoxically, population control within the U.N. system is aimed not at the elimination of life, but the fulfilment of life. For the first time, population policies and programmes of family planning lie at the heart of the world-wide economic, social, technical, and educational effort that will mark the Second Development Decade as a turning point in human survival — or oblivion. The infra-structure of world population control is, in fact, so recent — much of it still in the planning stage — that many keen United Nations observers have not yet taken its measure. Behind the more newsworthy glamour of the 25th Anniversary activities, U.N. decisions have been translated into a global policy which may well come as a surprise to those

dispirited readers of the paperbacks who have written off the population riddle as insoluble.

First, the *Fund for Population Activities* has already accumulated a budget looking toward a target of $15 million for 1970 and, according to Paul Hoffman, its Administrator, expects to reach $25 million in 1971. Britain pledged a million dollar contribution last summer, and West Germany followed with an equivalent of more than $1.5 million. The United States has started with a matching target of $3 million; and smaller pledges are coming in. The list of current projects — education and training, research, technical services, equipment, material programme support — ran to nearly four million dollars in expenditure approved up to last summer. Among the range of technical assistance in increasing demands from the developing countries has been the appointment of Population Programme Officers assigned to governments who have made family planning part of their own development planning.

Secondly, a *World Population Institute* was initiated by the Secretary-General last December. It plans to begin its global activities this coming April, probably from London headquarters. The Institute will provide Governments and private organizations with training, research and techniques for curbing population growth without the political and financial restraints imposed on the U.N. by some Member States. The eight million dollar budget for the first five years will come from voluntary government and foundation contributions, most of which have already been pledged. This Institute will be the focus for all world population-control activities. Past progress has been slow because of the political and moral pressures posed by opposition to birth control on the part of the Vatican and Catholic-dominated nations, but Mr. David Morse, who has pioneered the new Institute, insists that plans for the new Institute had raised 'no opposition,' although Catholic Governments had been consulted and his planning committee had discussed the project with the Vatican's representative in Geneva. Thus, governments officially opposed to contraception may still accept U.N. assistance through private national groups. All this shows the great adaptability of the U.N. system.

One of the last acts of the recent 25th General Assembly in December was to designate 1974 as 'World Population Year'. This is not to be a one-shot affair, but a focus for the joint campaign of the intervening years. Thus, no government that decides to promote popular control over the quantity of its people, so as to increase the quality of their lives as one of their basic human rights, will lack the means or motivation to do so.

[James Avery Joyce, Ph.D., LL.D., a British barrister, Consultant at the U.N. and author of several books on world affairs, was recently appointed Senior Research Associate for the Law and Population Program of the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy (Tufts and Harvard Universities).]

FAMILY PLANNING AND PROFESSIONAL ADVICE

by Ann Cartwright

IN Britain there are several potential sources of professional advice about family planning. We have a general practitioner service whose main features are family, personal, domiciliary, preventive and front-line care. Local authorities in England and Wales are encouraged to provide a family planning service for all who want it. The Family Planning Association has over 1,000 clinics. In addition, health visitors — who are all women— visit mothers in their own homes, after they have had a baby, offering advice on health and welfare problems.

Yet about two-fifths of the legitimate births in England and Wales in recent years were probably unintended. Why does this happen? How could it be avoided? Some answers to these questions are suggested by a recent survey of mothers, fathers, general practitioners, health visitors and family planning clinics in twelve areas of England and Wales. Details of the survey and the results are published elsewhere.* This article discusses six reasons for the failures of existing family planning services.

The first is the narrow way in which both general practitioners and health visitors interpret their responsibility. Most general practitioners and health visitors believe they have some responsibility in relation to family planning but many tend to feel it is confined to helping people who ask for advice rather than ensuring that all those who might be interested have access to and knowledge of effective contraceptive techniques. At the same time, most women think it would be appropriate for doctors and health visitors to ask all the mothers among their patients if they require advice about family planning. There is no doubt that many women feel diffident and embarrassed about raising the subject themselves with professional people, but are quite happy to discuss it if the other person takes the initiative. At the moment it is likely that many women visit their general practitioner hoping he will offer them advice, while he would be happy to do so if asked but waits for the patient to make the first move.

The second failure stems from the limited advice offered by most professionals. General practitioners are apt to equate family planning with the pill. It is the method most often advised by the great majority. Their concentration on the pill arises partly because they regard it as more reliable and more acceptable to most patients than either the cap or the I.U.D. which is the alternative method they generally recommend. In 1967 and 1968 there was less unanimity in their assessment of relative health hazards. On average, they thought the cap best from this point of view and the I.U.D. worst. Women generally ranked the pill as the more dangerous to health. So the doctors were less inclined than the mothers to emphasize the health hazards of the contraceptive they most often advised. This may have made

*Cartwright, Ann (1970) *Parents and Family Planning Services* London, Routledge and Kegan Paul.

them less sensitive to, or less willing to discuss, the anxieties many women had about the pill.

One possible method of reassurance is to examine patients before prescribing the pill. Yet nearly two-thirds of the mothers who first obtained the pill through their general practitioner said they were not examined at the time. The efficacy of such examination is possibly demonstrated by the fact that a greater proportion of those women examined are still taking the pill, and only a minority reported some difficulties or symptoms which they associated with it.

Health visitors, too, discuss the pill much more often than any other method of contraception and again the cap and I.U.D. are the only others they discuss at all frequently. Probably because of their own discussions, over half the health visitors and a third of the general practitioners thought the pill was the most commonly used contraceptive by women and their husbands, whereas many more couples used the sheath; and withdrawal was used by as many as the pill. One implication of this overestimation of the pill's popularity is that both general practitioners and health visitors are probably underestimating the proportion not using effective contraception. This may make them less likely to offer advice or help.

But the main limitation of professional services is their concentration on women, and female methods of contraception, and almost total neglect of men and male methods. This is partly because of their preoccupation with contraceptive techniques that need professional prescription or fitting. In addition, the historical basis for family planning clinics was to protect women against importunate husbands. But many couples would apparently prefer a male method of birth control. Both mothers and fathers were asked whether 'other things being equal' they would prefer a method in the man's or the woman's control. This is obviously a difficult concept for people to grasp but both sexes were fairly evenly divided on this. Slightly higher proportions of each expressed a preference for methods in the man's rather than the woman's control. Doctors may feel that people do not need their advice about sheaths because these are readily available without prescription and easy to use. But some people may want professional sanction for a method. Others need advice about how to use it effectively. Eighty-five per cent of the mothers whose husbands used a sheath said they never used any jelly or paste with it.

It seems quite illogical that caps, I.U.D.s and pills can be obtained free of cost for people in medical need; but not the sheath, which is the contraceptive most commonly used. Because professional help is not needed for the sheath it seems to be regarded as not professionally respectable, but studies of the comparative effectiveness of different methods suggest that the sheath is probably as effective as the cap, if used with a spermicide.

The third reason for the relative failure of existing services is the dearth of clinic facilities. Present clinic arrangements are inadequate on at least four counts:

1. The small number of locations at which they are sited. It took a fifth of the clinic attenders half an hour or more to get to the clinic.

2. The infrequent times at which many of the existing clinics are open. For two-fifths of the mothers in our sample their only opportunity to go to their nearest clinic was one evening a week — or less often.
3. The long waits at many clinics. Over a third of the mothers attending clinics said they usually had to wait an hour or more when they got there; a tenth waited for at least two hours.
4. Lack of follow-up. There is no organization for contacting people who do not return to clinics. If a woman is put off by the atmosphere, the long wait or advice she is given and does not return, no attempt is made to find out why. A feed-back from clinic 'failures' might show the organizers some of the inadequacies of clinic arrangements as well as helping the particular clients.

In addition some of the mothers attending clinics were critical of the lack of privacy and of the inadequate time to talk to the doctors there.

These limitations are not surprising when it is recalled that nearly all clinics are organized by a voluntary organization, the Family Planning Association. Probably because it depends on local and individual initiative, the service has developed more effectively in better-off areas. There are fewer clinics in the less well-off areas and the clinics there are more rushed. The F.P.A. is providing a service for the privileged. A third of the middle-class mothers had been to a family planning clinic, less than a fifth of the working-class ones. What is less comprehensible is that such an important service should be left to a voluntary body. As Sir Theodore Fox put it in 1966 when he was director of the Association, '. . . if we are building an empire, it is one we shall be happy to relinquish. We see ourselves as filling a gap until someone else — presumably the National Health Service — fills it more satisfactorily'. The National Health Service (Family Planning) Act, 1967, was a tentative step in that direction. The majority of local authorities implementing the Act use the F.P.A. as their agent, drawing on the Association's experience and expertise. But as Edwin Brooks who sponsored the Act said: 'It was never my expectation that the Act would automatically eradicate the effects of forty years' delay, timidity and sheer obfuscation on the part of society in general, and many local authorities in particular, towards family planning. On the contrary, I anticipated that the very success of the long and devoted efforts by the pioneers of this voluntary association would have lulled many of those authorities into believing that the only change brought about by the Act was one of nomenclature and formal responsibility. In retrospect, it would seem from preliminary reports that this caution was soundly based'.

A fourth failure relates to the lack of advice and help given at hospitals. At the moment only one in eight mothers said they had had any discussion with a hospital doctor about family planning, and although this proportion was higher for mothers with several children it was still only two-fifths of mothers with six or more children. One important benefit of hospital-based help is that it can be offered to mothers in conjunction with other services. If mothers go to hospitals for their ante-natal care, family planning and possible methods of contraception can be discussed during pregnancy,

which may be a more appropriate time than when they are in hospital for the delivery. And if they attend hospital for their post-natal examination more concrete help and advice can be given at that stage.

The fifth failure is the almost total lack of integration and co-ordination between existing services. Health visitors could possibly play a key role here. If they were in close touch with clinics and general practitioners they could follow up people who did not come back for repeat prescriptions when expected and they could encourage and support those experiencing difficulties when starting a different method. But health visitors need to be kept constantly up-to-date. When the results of new studies are published, health visitors need seminars and discussions about the implications. They need expert guidance and help so they can distinguish the relevant research findings from the publicity in the popular press given to coroners' reports. One way in which health visitors might be helped to keep fully informed about relevant new developments and research in the family planning field is by closer liaison with doctors in family planning clinics. There is much goodwill between many such doctors and health visitors, but the goodwill has not generally been fully exploited.

The sixth reason for the present failures is that there is no method of contraception which is generally felt to be reliable, free from health risk and pleasant to use. Many people regard the pill as a health hazard, the safe period as unreliable, the cap and the sheath as distasteful. Most couples in deciding on a contraceptive have to make a compromise and accept some disadvantage. The importance they attach to the different attributes will vary. To help them make the most appropriate choice they need advice about different methods — not just about the one most easily prescribed.

To sum up, the overall need is for a proliferation of different sorts of services: more clinics, clinics open on more occasions, an increase in the help and advice given at hospitals, the development of a supportive and integrated service, care and time spent with people when the pill is prescribed and a widening of the range of advice and help afforded. General practitioners and health visitors should offer people help on family planning without waiting to be asked, and at the same time people should be encouraged to ask for advice. Only by improving services and at the same time overcoming people's anxieties and hesitations can we hope to stem the tide of Noah's new flood and ensure an effective freedom from unwanted fertility.

[Dr. Ann Cartwright is Director of the Institute for Social Studies in Medical Care.]

A HAND OF CARDUS

by John Arlott

SIR NEVILLE CARDUS has marked his eighty-first year with a book of personal, musical and cricketing reminiscences — all, of course, written by hand. With the quality of complete idea that characterizes all his work, he titled it *Full Score* (Cassell: 36s.) and, to round the concept, dedicated it to his publisher — 'David Ascoli who has conducted this book and maintained the right tempo'.

It is a book full of wonder, relish, experience, emotion and the warm streak of humanity which makes him incapable of pose. Sir Neville has become a legend in his own time but, unlike many of the few who achieve that minor miracle, he has avoided pomposity because of his essential humour. Of course, he lives in an understandable state of wonder that a poor boy from Manchester should now be a knight — which, he says with delight, makes it easier than formerly for him to get a table in the better-known London restaurants. He retains his relish for music, opera, books, cricket and, above all, human beings, for he is a responsive person upon whom the humanities burst almost by surprise. Of course he has experience, because he has been long on this earth and has spent his time observing all the aspects of life within his view. He is emotional because he has spent his time in those activities and in those spheres which engender emotion. So much is in his book. It is warm, human, readable, companionable and completely non-ponderous, thanks to his sense of humour. The other facets of character were all but certain; a sense of humour is the happiest and most uncertain of human accidents — and one which felicitously befell Sir Neville Cardus.

So we can travel by his side through this gathering of old and young memories, with no bar of knowledge, which he knows so well how to remove, but also without the bar of age which only few of the eminent elders can evade.

Wonder is the ingredient which brings complete palatability to the main flavour of all the best of Cardus. He has never ceased to be amazed — and grateful — that life should have brought him all that it has. There are many perceptive and fine writers who — perfectly reasonably — lack the quality of gratitude, if, indeed, it be a quality. One who shares perpetually that same happy surprise may have tended to rate it too highly. His first chapter is called ''Prentice Years' and in it, after quoting a notice of Karsavina dancing at the Palace Theatre, Manchester, 'written by the young reporter who was, inexplicably as it seems to me now, myself', he continues: 'All of this was written, I guess, at the end of a long day occupied in a report of some Council meeting in the Manchester Town Hall, or an investigation into post-war food prices in the Shudehill Market. "Karsavina at the Palace Theatre". And the notice was written not on a typewriter, but by hand; as Oscar Wilde said, after carefully inspecting Frith's huge canvas called

Derby Day — "all done by hand, I suppose". Bliss was it in that *Manchester Guardian* meridian for a young journalist to be alive, to have space to breathe as a writer; to have the company, deep down in the cellars of Manchester's cafés, of Langford, Howard Spring, Wadsworth (later a great "M.G." editor, but in those days, like myself, a day-by-day reporter). No University, Oxford, Cambridge, Harvard or any other, has given a growing impressionist mind and temperament an education so full, real, humane, as that given by the old "M.G." ' He truly, not as a cliché, loved his work.

Sir Neville, as a young journalist, had, and still has, an immense admiration for Samuel Langford, music critic of the *Manchester Guardian* from 1906 to his death in 1926, a man from Withington whose understudy Sir Neville was happy to be, and whom he eventually succeeded. There is, surely, a key to his future in — 'When I began to write cricket reports for the *Manchester Guardian*, I followed the conventional press box procedure; I made notes of the number of fours a batsman hit, the time he stayed at the wicket, the amount of overs bowled in a given period, and so on'. He continues 'One day at Old Trafford, Langford saw me writing down this factual data. "Throw your notebook away," he said. "Watch the players and get the hang of their characters".' There probably — even if digested by time — was one of the most influential single comments in twentieth century British journalism.

Sir Neville, for understandable if not supportable reasons, has always regarded cricket writing as the slightly declassé section of his activities. Yet, while among writers on the theatre, music and literary topics he is good among the good, he alone dominated, invented and shaped post-1919 cricket reporting and, through it, influenced the most literate sports journalists of our country and times.

There are some splendid passages about music and others equally fine, though warmer, about musicians. The fact is that he can write well about music without paying major attention to the performers. When he writes of cricket, he must always write mainly of cricketers. This is justifiable on the ground that music is an art, while cricket is a sport, at best a craft. On the other hand, what he has written about cricket is art—the art of literature. For him, undoubtedly, the source-difference between art and craft is ultimate; and no one is in a better position than he to make that decision, on either an objective or a subjective basis.

He can spare only thirty-seven of his 217 pages for cricket but he spills into them much enjoyment and many of the best anecdotes of more than fifty years about the game. He was once assistant cricket coach at Shrewsbury School under the old Yorkshire player Ted Wainwright and he has always had a quick sympathy for the northern players. So he is a splendid presenter of the comment and humour of Roy Kilner, Dick Tyldesley, George Gunn, Bill Bowes, Harry Makepeace and Arthur Wood; but he is essentially universal, not parochial — 'The most fascinating cricketer I have ever known was the Australian Arthur Mailey, an artist in every part of his nature'. To read these few pages of cricket memory — and he prefers them from the distant side of the Second World War — is to realize that

he did, indeed, follow Samuel Langford's advice; he did 'get the hang of their characters'. There he put cricket, cricketers and those who read of the game and those who write about it irretrievably but contentedly in his debt.

The chapter 'Milady' and the dedication of the one on 'Australian Years' to Paula, for reasons which Sir Neville's generation would find conclusive, though the present age might not, could never have been written during his wife's lifetime. At times he can be almost too literate; but his writing has always a sense of occasion and he does not fear to reveal himself as in such a passage of pain and warmth as: '"What's wrong with you, Neville," observed my wife, "is that you are getting too particular about your girl friends". All, of course, spoken in downright Lancashire vowels. She was a great spirit and character, born for sisterhood, not marriage. I bow to her, as I write of her here, a year following her death. When she died, I arranged for a London firm to carry out all the funeral arrangements. The bill of expenses was paid immediately. But a few months later, another bill came to me for the same funeral costs. A reply to the firm stated the date on which the bill had been promptly paid. And yet another similar invoice was posted to me. This time I personally attended to the matter thus: "The bill of costs for the funeral of my wife was paid on May 6. You sent me the bill again on June 15. Today another bill for the same costs has come to me from your excellent establishment. Am I to assume that this latest bill is for Resurrection charges?" My wife would have loved this retort, courteous and inquiring. I can hear her saying: "You ma-ade it all oop." And perhaps she would have been seventy-five per cent speaking the truth'.

Again: 'A few months after my wife had settled in a charming flat, a mile from my own, a scurrilous Sydney journalist in a gossip column wrote questioningly: "I wonder if Mrs. Neville Cardus, wife of the English music-critic and broadcaster, is aware that her husband is frequently seen in the Prince's Restaurant in company of an attractive blond?" My wife at once wrote to the editor of the paper: "Your gossip columnist appears to be limited, not to say short-sighted, in his muck-raking researches. If he would direct his investigations further, and to the Normandie Restaurant in particular, he would find my husband frequently there with an equally attractive brunette".'

Even after knowing him for years and reading him for more, one reaches for fresh clues to the man's character. 'It was my good luck to emerge from a youth of casual labour and self-education to a job on the *Manchester Guardian* in C. P. Scott's reign. He had little use for the specialist worker, the one-track mind.' Some dozen or more facets flash brightly here in a book which, beyond the length and depth of recollection, bears no sign of age. Call it, if you will, a 'simple' book; and at once you recognize its complexity; contemplate the complexity and the fundamental innocence shines through. Perhaps it is best described as the vista of a wide experience seen with the enduringly clear vision of a child.

CLASSICAL STUDIES: HAVE THEY A FUTURE?

by D. W. T. C. Vessey

UNTIL relatively recently classical studies were unquestionably the queen of academic disciplines. In the nineteenth century, Thucydides was still quoted in the House of Commons, and it was expected that the honourable Members would not only have heard of him but would appreciate the precise allusion. Gladstone took time off from politics to write on Homer. But the decline of the classics was beginning even then. In literature, it was symbolised by the transformation of the Faust figure into a scientist who spent his time in a laboratory rather than the magus culling his lore from grimoires and grimy texts. The rise of technology with its deification of abstract progress and the beginnings of what is now unhappily termed 'industrial democracy' were bound to break down the distinction between Tully and Tom Tooly and ultimately to make the Toolies downright suspicious of the Tullies. War in its modern form, stressing the *utile* to the exclusion of the *dulce* and inuring whole generations to a stressful austerity, hastened the trend and R. M. Ogilvie is no doubt right to take 1918 as the year in which 'the monopoly of classical education' was finally ended.[1] In days when 'relevance' has become a popular and misused slogan, it is not surprising that the classics are regarded with suspicion in some circles, for it is commonly assumed and occasionally maintained that the limit of irrelevancy is reached in the study of 'dead' languages. But the word relevance is a dangerous and ambiguous one when introduced into education, if it implies that the educative process must be utilitarian to attune to an age in which productivity is interpreted solely in material terms.

Indeed, Soviet Russia in its early days went so far as to eliminate classical studies altogether from its schools and universities because they were associated with bourgeois cultural values. Since then the communists have found it necessary to reinstate them, a point which rabid anti-classicists might well ponder. For, amazing as it may seem, there are still some who think that the teaching of classics is socially divisive and élitist. This is mere tilting at windmills, a *reductio ad absurdum* of the egalitarian dogma. There is no-one today (if ever there were such) who supposes that 'a classical education' is the hallmark of an élite. R. M. Ogilvie may have traced the distant origin of this social suspicion in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries: 'Much of the subsequent bitterness of class feeling [in the Victorian age] stems from the failure of the Grammar Schools to keep pace with the Public Schools . . . and the failure was largely caused by their reluctance to revise their approach to the classics.' In this way, the classics came to be associated in the minds of some with the Public Schools, which they regard as shameful symbols of a class-ridden society. It is certainly true that the increasing restriction of the classics to the Public Schools, which is still continuing, is a matter for profound regret; and, in this respect,

the possible results of further comprehensivisation of the school system will require careful consideration. Mr. R. R. Pedley, Headmaster of St. Dunstan's College, has recently written that 'the comprehensive school has many other things to do than cater exclusively for the academic and unless it is very much bigger than any school so far envisaged in this country cannot and does not offer the variety of academic sixth form courses made available in the properly organised selective schools. He feels, therefore, that there is a danger that '"smaller" subjects' may be forced out of the comprehensives. It would, for example, be uneconomic to maintain classics departments in all the 'locality' comprehensives if the demand for Latin (not to mention Greek) was small. We may add that some Grammar Schools with a fine reputation in this field would opt for independence and become academies for the affluent.

It would be wrong to imply that classical studies are in any sense moribund. A glance, for instance, at the *Handbook of Commonwealth Universities* will soon reveal that departments of Greek and Latin continue to flourish throughout the world. In the United States, there has been in recent years something akin to a revival, so much so that one American scholar has recently commenced a discerning article with the sentence 'the flourishing of classical literature in our time and place is something of a phenomenon.' Books and journals abound; research of every kind continues and proliferates. But perhaps in some of this activity it would not be wrong to see the signs that portend the final transformation of classics into simply another specialist discipline with a shrinking audience. There is widespread concern among professional classicists about the future of their discipline. This anxiety is reflected in the changes that have been introduced — slowly and often unwillingly — in the structure of many university courses.

It would be foolish to deny that there are now fewer students who feel specifically motivated towards reading for a classics degree than in years past (I leave aside those who drift into it because they cannot think of anything better, a group that will fade away as classics are downgraded in the schools) and there is no reason to suppose that numbers will increase by some divine intervention. Furthermore, those who decide to devote three years to the study of classical antiquity are in the main (outside Oxford and Cambridge, at any rate) arriving with a much reduced background for the task compared with their predecessors of a decade or so ago. In many universities today, Greek has to be taught from the alphabet onward at the commencement of the course, a fact which poses (I speak from personal experience) many problems to staff and students. A similar fate must eventually overtake Latin (it already has in the U.S.A.), especially if universities begin to look for potential classicists among those who have their sole acquaintance with the ancient world from 'introductions to Greco-Roman antiquity' as part of a course in 'liberal studies' in the schools. Such students will have little, if any, linguistic knowledge, as much of their work will have been done through translations. These introductory courses may, nonetheless, act as an incentive to some to read for a classics degree at university. Even as things stand at present, two or three years of Latin,

rigorously directed towards a pass at Advanced Level, are a common foundation for a classics course at university. Such considerations must produce in academics something of a crisis of conscience. It would be only too easy for Latin and Greek to atrophy and wither over the years, finishing as a backwater far outside the main stream of university studies. For this to happen would be to abandon the notion, once universally held, that classics provide a unique educative experience. Time has come for a closer analysis of the reasons why the classics deserve to be maintained and, if they do, how this may be effected. Facile assumptions, based on scanty evidence, will have to be abandoned.

Not so long ago, it was blandly assumed that the classics fitted a man for almost any task in life and that 'Bradley's Arnold' and 'Goodwin' imbibed at an early age possessed quasi-magical properties. This view is of course untenable, for there is no evidence that a more or less superficial acquaintance with Latin and Greek fits a man for anything in particular. In this we see a dim and tarnished reflection of the noble ideal of *humanitas*. There is in any case a justifiable suspicion nowadays of formative educational ideals as being unattainable or undesirable, or, at best, difficult to define. The assertion, still sometimes encountered, that 'employers are impressed by a classics degree' is equally suspect, for no statistical evidence is available to justify it. In an age which regards management and administration as susceptible to a technological approach and requiring special 'skills', any lingering regard for the talented amateur, however produced, is likely to evaporate.

In 1954, the following sentence appeared in a book on the teaching of classics in schools: 'Primarily we study the Classics because the works written in those languages are beautiful and good, and the contemplation of the beautiful and good is a noble exercise of the highest faculties.' The words have a charmingly archaic ring in 1970, when the concept of Platonic contemplation inevitably smacks of escapism and the Ivory Tower. In reality, classical antiquity does not present only what is beautiful and good (unless bowdlerised) but also what is ugly and bad — in fact a remarkable conspectus of the whole of human activity and aspiration. One justification for the study of Greco-Roman culture rests in the fact that it presents this universality. Classics courses should be directed towards investigation and analysis of this total picture in all its aspects, without undue emphasis on the 'beautiful and good' or their opposites. The humanities are concerned with man and society as they have existed and do exist, not with hypostatic moral concepts.

There are, as we all know, some theorists who wish to discard all such studies and who find Chaucer and Shakespeare just as 'irrelevant' as Homer and Virgil. This group, with its politically based interpretation of relevance, I shall not attempt to answer. It is my own belief that the study of great literature needs no justification, if we place any value on the achievements of man and if we regard education as a civilising force. But classical studies ought to involve more than literature alone: contained within them are the essentials of many other disciplines — linguistic, historical, legal, philo-

sophical, sociological — for they are concerned with complete human communities. These aspects have, in many course structures, been unduly fragmented, and a new integration of them needs to be found. The classicist, if he is to do his job properly, will need to be equipped with far more than just the Greek and Latin languages.

Within the Greco-Roman civilisation we find the roots of our own culture. This applies not only to literature and art, but to the whole tenor and movement of European thought and history. The classics provide a point of unity within the diverse national cultures that have sprung from them. To be acquainted with Latin and Greek is to share a common experience with the whole of the West. At the same time, the classical tradition has shown through the ages a remarkable adaptability and potentiality for evolution. It would be a tragedy if in the twentieth century it were to be wantonly discarded.

It follows from this that classicists must eschew academic isolationism and be prepared to collaborate with other linguistic, literary and historical disciplines. The benefits of this dialogue would extend to all participants. A number of writers — I may mention in particular E. R. Curtius and Erich Auerbach — have seen the pressing need for the demolition of restrictive barriers within the study of European culture. Fragmentation of such an essentially organic whole is paralysing and disastrous, but it has not come about solely through over-specialisation, a bugbear that has been ritually denounced for many years. There is nothing inherently wrong with specialisation, in fact it is an essential adjunct of scholarship. It becomes dangerous when it is used to restrict rather than to expand the frontiers of knowledge. A shedding of academic chauvinism would in itself have a salutary effect on the classics, for the day of splendid isolation is past, although the Promethean hybris involved in it still lingers. The introduction of joint and multilateral degrees and the like is a step in the right direction. Only time will tell if the co-operation necessary to them will lead further.

I do not wish to imply that the classical discipline should be absorbed in some wider and less well-defined super-discipline. Far from it. The identity of the classics should be preserved, but they should seek to act, as in the past, as a germinating and creative force, not as a mausoleum. Rigidity will certainly kill languages which, though technically 'dead', have remained for many centuries living and coercive powers in the imagination of man. The ancient tongues are thought of as 'dead' because they are no longer spoken; the idea is fallacious, for in that sense the language of Chaucer and Spenser is also dead.' But it is undeniably true that the teaching of Latin and Greek presents peculiar pedagogic difficulties. A child learns his native tongue more or less instinctually; any theoretical knowledge of its grammar and syntax is acquired only later, if at all — the real grammar is already there. Those who teach modern languages aim to reproduce this instinctual method of assimilation and modern technical aids greatly assist the process. The moment of truth for a child who has taken Ordinary Level French occurs when he first visits France. Latin and Greek fall into a different category, for no-one has learned them instinctually or

has an 'intuitive grammar' on which to rely. All teaching must, therefore, be to a great extent artificial. There are no time machines to transport professor or tiro back to classical Athens or Rome. In addition, the classical languages are predominantly literary not vernacular, and so essentially unnatural — which is especially true if we consider the central position which rhetoric occupied in Greco-Roman education and which is now not a subject of formal study.

To learn Latin and Greek, then, requires reason; to teach it, system. The form which this system should take is the cause of dispute. The old methods (originating ultimately in linguistic codifications made in late antiquity) were based on learning by rote, abstract schemata and a complex jargon. They are fitted only for a long and arduous process such as was until recently feasible in schools. This will not do today. The planning of new instructional methods is a matter of urgency. There are signs — such as the Nuffield Project on the teaching of Latin and various articles in journals like *Didaskalos* — that this truth has sunk home. But remedies must not be kept too long in the laboratory. One conclusion seems clear — classics departments in universities will before long require staff members with special linguistic skills, and a great deal more time will have to be allocated to intensive courses on fundamental linguistics than is allowed for in most syllabuses at present. It is no longer satisfactory to adhere to curricula which were devised in days when schools had done all the chores. Some time-honoured exercises (e.g., prose composition) may well disappear. It is possible that, in Latin at least, conversational practice may be useful. (This idea is commonly associated with the work of W. H. D. Rouse, but Erasmus in his *Colloquies*, for long a basic textbook in schools, had shown the way three centuries before.) We may hope that new linguistic theories may present helpful material. But it is equally vital that methods must be devised whereby this basic learning can be integrated with broader cultural horizons in such fields as history, philosophy and literary criticism. For the aim of classics is to widen not to narrow the vision of its students. It should be above all an intellectually liberating discipline.

Some writers have drawn comfort in citing the popularity of translations of the classical authors in recent years as evidence that interest in Greece and Rome is by no means fading. There is truth in this. But if classical studies are to have a future in the fullest sense then it is time now for academic classicists to give a lead in re-planning their courses and examining their aims. The task may be to some extent a painful one — but it will not be the first time that such adaptation has been necessary. Indeed, change and movement are essential parts of the humanist ideal.

Bibliography

[1] R. M. Ogilvie, *Latin and Greek* (London, 1964), p. xii.

[2] Cf. the remarks of Gilbert Highet, *The Classical Tradition* (Oxford, 1949), p. 544.

[Dr. D. W. T. C. Vessey is a lecturer in classics at Queen Mary College, University of London.]

THE GERMINATION OF BOLSHEVISM IN RUSSIA

by Temple Willcox

AT the end of July 1903 a group of 43 Russians arrived in Brussels. There, and later in London, during furtive meetings in warehouses and trades union halls, another attempt was made at creating a united Social Democratic Party from the scattered Marxist groups in the vast sprawling empire of the Czars. In particular, the persuasive force and vigour of one delegate intensified the heated debates and, as a result of the voting during the later stages, the term Bolshevik (or majority) first came to be used to distinguish the supporters of Lenin from his opponents the Mensheviks (minority). At these inauspicious gatherings and through personal association with one man, the party which took power in Russia after October 1917 is reputed to have been born.

Yet it is often forgotten that Lenin never founded a distinct breakaway group in 1903 because within a year he had lost the allegiance of many who had briefly supported him. Indeed, the records of the three subsequent party Congresses show that by 1907 the Bolshevik faction had disintegrated faster than the Mensheviks. Moreover, as the avowed purpose of the Second Congress was to weld the mosaic pattern of Marxist factions into one organisation, there could never be any question of a split occurring within a party in any sense united.

The roots of Russian Social Democracy existed in autonomous Marxist groups which sprang up in industrial centres during the economic upsurge before 1900. Understandably, therefore, the issues which rent a party élite in exile did not have swift repercussions in the localities. Mensheviks and Bolsheviks often worked together on the same committees, whilst many regional organisations remained completely unaffected by the dispute. In general, the rank and file of Social Democratic support would scarcely have understood the implications of the Congress discussions. Even in the capital cities, committees reacted very slowly to the division. Distinct Bolshevik and Menshevik groups did not appear in St. Petersburg until late in 1904, and in Moscow not before May 1905. However, after the great disturbances of 1905 these labels did assume a significance for the less sophisticated party sympathisers. Thus the intricate arguments of an intellectual hierarchy do not of themselves explain the widespread support and antipathy which the views of Lenin came to evoke.

The famous arguments in 1903 arose from attempts to define party membership, yet in essence the disagreement was more fundamental. The Mensheviks envisaged political revolution occurring with a minimum of violence, and only after social changes had rendered the existing régime redundant. Hence they held that a party composed of varied, semi-autonomous groups should concentrate its efforts on preparing workers for the outbreak of revolution, by developing their political consciousness through propaganda and trades union activity. By contrast, the Leninist thesis

insisted that the deliberate overthrow of the existing order was an essential preliminary to the imposition of a socialist society from above. The Bolsheviks, therefore, contended that an all-Russian Social Democratic Party must be developed as an instrument of effective political action. To this end a centralised organisation was essential and violent activity might be necessary.

These opposing concepts of revolution, organisation and tactics had potential significance for a wide following in the party outside the leadership. In the years preceding the 1905 revolution, an economic crisis induced considerable social unrest in town and country. With the resultant swelling of potential support for Social Democracy, local committees could hardly avoid discussing how a revolutionary party should be organised and what kinds of activities its members should engage in. The decisions which local revolutionaries made over the kind of party they wanted and their preference for either Bolshevik or Menshevik versions of organisation and activity seem to have been influenced by such factors as geographical location, their national origin, the wages they earned and even by age and social class as much as by any choice made through intellectual conviction.

An analysis of the geographical origins of the congress delegates of 1903, combined with an examination of the ideological colouring of local committees during 1905, show that those who supported Lenin's views tended to come from the central regions of Russia while Menshevism had a stronger basis of support in the South and West. The latter regions of the Empire contained a large number of enterprises owned by British and French firms. These were inclined to use advanced industrial techniques and hence needed to employ a high proportion of skilled better-paid workers. In foreign owned factories and mines, the relationships between labour and management tended to be more sophisticated and less strained than elsewhere, while the workers were less prone to violent acts of desperation. In the Central Region, where industries were mainly Russian owned and their techniques less progressive, factory labour tended to consist of poorly paid unskilled workers. Many of these were former peasants who still had close links with the countryside and found it difficult to adjust from the habits of rural life to the work routine and living conditions of an industrial community. From their restlessness sprang a tendency to inarticulate protest which had much in common with the blind revolts of the peasantry. Like the former serfs they expected discipline from their employers and welcomed leadership in rebellion. It would seem, therefore, that Bolshevism with its emphasis on violent, politically orientated, upheaval and on the need for tight organisation and centralised control had a special appeal to semi-rural, backward labour forces.

The Central Region, where Bolshevism was strongest was also predominantly Russian in national composition. Menshevism, however, was more marked in areas where the population contained a large number of non-Russian nationals. Georgian, Jewish and Ukranian Social Democrats objected to attempts at centralised supervision either by the Czar or by

revolutionary committees. They expected a socialist programme to take their specific nationalist aspirations into account, and feared that any attempt at control by a central group in the party would ignore the problems of national minorities.

Again, a significant social composition in their respective followings distinguished the two sections of the party. Whereas the Mensheviks had a fairly wide basis of support from all classes and age groups, the Bolshevik ranks included a striking proportion of working class backing, especially of lower-paid workers in the larger enterprises. Furthermore, there are several indications that the Bolsheviks and their sympathisers were often younger than the Menshevik following. It is very likely that the older and more socially stable Social Democrats tended to be repelled by the extremism of the Bolsheviks whilst many youthful Marxists preferred their distinctly militant stress on the need for political action.

As the origins of Menshevism and Bolshevism can be discerned in the very nature of Russian society, it is hardly surprising that several essential issues dividing them had arisen before 1903. Discussions over the place of violence and uniquely political activity in revolution pre-occupied Marxists, several years before any creation of an all Russian party was attempted. For instance, in the wake of a series of strikes in 1896 and '97 arguments took place within Social Democratic groups at St. Petersburg, Kiev, Kharkov and Odessa over whether control of the strike funds should be in the hands of the committee leaders, or of rank and file members. In these early disagreements over the supervision of funds can be seen the shadowy outlines of the later Bolshevik notion of an intellectually led, centralised party as opposed to the concept of decentralised worker-based organisations which the Mensheviks were to uphold. So amongst the party élite the contentious debates during and after the Second Congress were hardly a new departure. The propositions then put forward by Lenin had already been outlined in March 1902 when his pamphlet *What Is To Be Done* first appeared. The main purpose of this document was an attack on the tactics of 'economism' or trades union type activity, yet it contained also an exhaustive discussion on how a Marxist revolution party could best be organised in Russia. The ideas projected in this work became the chief basis of the Bolshevik programme.

Lenin advocated that a small central committee of the party was to make rulings on all major questions of theory and revolutionary tactics. This committee was also to supervise the publication of a newspaper and to arrange for trained agents to be sent into the localities. The agents were to penetrate a variety of labour organisations and attempt to win their members over to the acceptance of party doctrine and guidance. At the same time, the agents would keep the centre informed about potential support for party activities. In this way the leadership could obtain a clear picture of changing tendencies of political feeling in Russia. The party should not have a broad membership; rather it should remain a small secret organisation of full time professional revolutionaries so that purity of doctrine could be preserved. Lenin further argued that a small organisa-

tion could evade the clutches of the Czarist police more successfully than a larger one. In addition, he insisted that when overall revolutionary activity passed through periods of decline, a small dedicated group of this kind could sustain the continued existence of the party.

What Is To Be Done is widely held to be Lenin's most important contribution to revolutionary theory. Yet his plan was not original. Very similar blueprints for the structure and function of a revolutionary party had been developed by the Populists Ogarev in the 1850's and Tkachev in the 1870's who were unlikely ever to have read the works of Marx and Engels, but had clearly given considerable thought to the peculiar practical problems facing a revolutionary party in Russia. The striking similarities between the programme of earlier revolutionaries and that of Lenin could suggest that the Bolsheviks sprang from a long tradition of violent revolution and that Lenin's followers had direct links with the terrorist wing of the old Populist movement. Yet within the Social Democratic hierarchy, more of the Menshevik persuasion had begun their revolutionary careers as Populists. Lenin himself was unique among the Bolsheviks in having such a link (he was known as the Old Man before he was 30), and through his much longer revolutionary experience. Although he had probably read the works of former revolutionaries, his own writings at the turn of the century deal with the immediacy of the party's problems and show scant acknowledgement to the views of earlier non-Marxist revolutionaries. There is therefore a further explanation for the similarities of Lenin's organisational plan with earlier writings. It seems likely that in a police-ridden empire of vast area and uncertain communications the organisational proposals he put forward provided the *only* means of building up a party united in ideology and able to co-ordinate its activities in destroying the existing political order. In contemplating the enormous difficulties of organising revolutionary upheaval in Russia it is very probable that Lenin's predecessors came naturally to conclusions very similar to those outlined in *What Is To Be Done.*

Thus, the already present split in the hierarchy was revealed and further intensified as the discussions over party function, structure and tactics got under way. At the local level, the factional differences began to emerge and to crystallise at the moment when the committees themselves were directly confronted with the practical tasks of organisation and activity within the developing revolutionary situation during 1905.

For example, in Moscow the Bolsheviks played an important role in encouraging and leading the armed insurrection in September 1905 and much of their propaganda was directed towards troops stationed there. The Mensheviks, by contrast, gave more attention to trades union activity in the city. In Kharkov during December, the Bolsheviks wished to turn a general strike immediately into an armed uprising. The Mensheviks, however, preferred to wait until it was clearer how the strike could be most effectively used. The Nizhny Novgorod party committee helped to organise a violent uprising in the town: significantly the Bolsheviks here enjoyed a majority over the Mensheviks. In Siberia representatives of the two factions

in the Chita Soviet put forward two distinct programmes. Both accepted the need for armed action, but whereas the Bolsheviks discussed plans for this in great detail the Mensheviks were more pre-occupied with the problem of getting as many workers involved as possible.

Clearly, there was no distinct Bolshevik, as opposed to Menshevik, activity during 1905: members of both factions participated in armed uprisings, distribution of propaganda, strike agitation, public condemnation of Czarist rule and so on. Yet in many areas a difference of emphasis was fairly consistent. The Bolsheviks tended to be more militant and preferred to indulge in politically inspired demonstrations which sometimes culminated in violent insurrection. Their supporters were also more responsive to the notion of leadership. The Mensheviks, however, were more cautious in outlook and more prominent in trades union activity. In several centres they played a major role in setting up the Soviets, or workers' councils, even where they did not always manage to control them later on.

Social Democracy was not the only Russian Revolutionary movement to develop a rift during its early stages. In 1879 a debate over revolutionary strategy had shattered the Populist ranks at a congress held at Voronezh. This occurred after a series of episodes known as the 'Going to the People' when several intellectuals had unsuccessfully attempted to encourage revolutionary enthusiasm amongst the peasantry. As a result of much argument the Populists split into two organisations: the terrorist group known as the Peoples' Will which rested on the basis of a programme not dissimilar to that later adopted by the Bolsheviks, and the less extreme Black Repartition of which two future opponents of Lenin, Plekhanov and Axelrod, were founder members. Then, in 1906, the peasant-based Social Revolutionary party likewise developed the Popular Socialist and the Maximalist wings. The outlook of the latter was not very different from that of Lenin's supporters.

In fact, the history of Marxist and non-Marxist revolutionary movements in Russia demonstrates that division within their ranks occurred when they ceased to be pre-occupied only with theoretical discussion, and were forced to consider the practical implications of a revolution under Russian conditions. When faced with the problems of organisation and activity either in Congress debates, or in the midst of actual insurrection, a revolutionary had to decide whether he or she envisaged the present régime as doomed to be engulfed through gradual social change or, alternatively, whether it was necessary to prepare for its immediate destruction through violent political upheaval. In many cases the outcome of this decision was influenced by the economic, social or geographical predicament of the person concerned. And so, rather than marking a new departure in the history of Russian Social Democracy, the Second Congress only revealed a latent division that was forcing apart the ranks of the maturing party.

[Temple Willcox is Lecturer in Russian and East European History at Newcastle-upon-Tyne Polytechnic. His article is based on researches into local organisations of the Russian Social Democratic Labour Party.]

THE SEA BECOMES MANKIND'S RESERVOIR

by Sam Napier

THE earth's oceans which have held terror for man almost since time began may, within the next decade, prove to be his greatest benefactor. Until now man has seen the sea as a way he may travel: or when it is angry, as a threat to flood the land. But as the densely populated urban areas of the world — as well as the deserts — face growing water shortages, scientists are turning to the sea to meet the world water shortage.

Rapidly expanding populations and demands for more and more water go hand in hand. But modern living standards too are pushing up the daily water consumption per person. Today in countries like America and Western Europe the need is for sixty gallons per person per day. Under the strain of this growing demand the conventional water supply sources are proving inadequate. And water is essential for life. In plants and animals as much as 40 per cent of their mass is water. And man himself will die if he loses one-tenth of his body water.

Formerly, in many countries, the sea that lapped upon the shore was looked upon merely as a place into which the rivers flowed or where sewage by the hundred million gallons was poured. Even more recently military and industrial waste was dumped in the oceans. But some countries, where water had always been in desperately short supply, had glanced enviously at the oceans and dreamed of the day when the sea, like a giant reservoir, would enable men to desalinate it. Thus a new source could be found to quench the thirst of both man and the parched land.

Towards the end of 1965, President Johnson called the first international conference on getting fresh water from the sea. As it met in Washington there was drought in New York and drought in Kenya. In many countries, including the United States, Britain, Russia and parts of the Middle East, research was forging ahead to find practical and economic methods of turning sea-water fresh.

In the Middle East, North Africa, the South West United States, Australia and other countries the water shortage has been acute for centuries. And the people of these areas have been particularly anxious to find ways of tapping the oceans' resources.

But there are problems. Dotted across the globe to-day are more than 200 distillation plants. And the source of their raw material — the waters of the seas — are inexhaustible. Just over 70 per cent of the earth's surface is water. In the seven oceans are 300 cubic miles of it. Yet in half the world there is not enough water. And in some areas it is so desperately scarce that both men and vegetation die.

Although in some areas of Britain the rapidly expanding urban development and the population growth create water shortages from time to time, the Water Resources Board has rejected five different methods of making sea water drinkable. Some methods it is claimed are not practicable or require further technical development. But others would mean that fresh-

water produced by them would be twice as expensive per 1,000 gallons as that obtained from the existing water supply systems. Yet, in other parts of the world where water shortages are acute, more and more plants to purify sea water are being brought into existence. The most common method in use involves boiling sea water and condensing the salt-free steam.

To-day a plant using this method in Israel gives 1 million gallons of pure water and 6,000 Kw of electricity each day. In Kuwait half a million people have no other source of supply. In Guernsey, particularly to ensure the success of its tomato crop, another distillation plant produces half a million gallons a day.

A United Nations report published in 1967 showed the progress being made with desalination plants. Thus, two years ago, in 27 countries sea water was being purified on varying scales. Technologists have been developing many types of plants, including the distillation process. For instance, in some types electric current is used to ionize the salts and screen them out. In another the water is frozen so that the ice crystals form separately from the brine. The crystals are then melted down to give pure water.

Experts are confident that by the mid-seventies the purification of sea water will be carried out in twice as many countries as to-day, at a cheaper rate and on a gigantic scale. Even now some of the developments are pressing ahead rapidly. Some of the existing plants are nuclear and some use solar energy. In New York one method is that of using heat from burning the city waste. In Peru, water is being distilled by the waste heat from a copper smelter.

In 1962 the total capacity of the plants throughout the world producing drinkable water from sea water was 20 million gallons a day. To-day the figure is ten times that per day and is growing.

So desperate is the increasing need for water that men are being driven to exploit every source. To-day the expense of turning the sea into pure water is a difficulty in some parts of the world but before long water engineers everywhere will be turning to the sea around their shores to keep water running in the taps and to meet the demands of industry.

LITTLE WOMEN: THE MAKING OF A CLASSIC

by Margaret Crompton

LITTLE Women was first published in 1868. The actual writing of it took exactly six weeks. Its success was immediate and astonishing. Though written primarily as a book for girls, it was received with excitement and acclaim by girls, boys, men and women—in fact, by the whole reading public of America. It was a best seller then and it has remained a best seller to this day. Translations of it have appeared all over the world, proving that this homely story of American girls learning to grow up has a human and universal appeal.

The first suggestion for 'a girls' book' had been made by Louisa Alcott's publisher in 1867 but she had ignored it. 'Never liked girls or knew many', she complained in her Journal, 'except my sisters'. When the publisher made the same request a year later she sent her father to offer them a fairy book instead. The offer was not welcomed and finally Louisa succumbed to pressure and a 'girls' book' it had to be. Once having made up her mind she went about it with her customary determination. 'Our queer plays and experiences may prove interesting', she wrote in the Journal. And again: 'Work away and mean to try the experiment: for lively, simple books are very much needed for girls, and perhaps I can supply the need'. Her idea of 'working away' was in many ways awe-inspiring: it entailed working herself into 'a vortex', writing sometimes for fourteen hours a day, few meals, and little sleep. In spite of a preliminary reluctance to start on the book, the theme she had chosen — the theme of her own family story — had on more than one occasion occupied her mind in the preceding years. She had even thought of a title, *The Pathetic Family*, but, with her inherent stoicism, this title was discarded almost at once as being misleading and false. There was, she decided, nothing pathetic about the Alcotts. If anything there was a saga of courage: sometimes of heartbreak, sometimes of good fortune, always of idealism.

The Alcotts came originally from Anglo-Saxon stock. In the sixteenth century their name had been Alcocke and they had then been living in England in the county of Leicestershire. One of the family is said to have been Chancellor of England. Later the family crossed the Atlantic and were some of the first settlers in New England. The spelling of their name fluctuated, ranging from Alcocke to Alcox, and eventually becoming Alcott. In the new continent the Alcotts worked as pioneers on the land; although their inclinations were intellectual, it was chiefly as farmers that they made their mark, the Massachusetts Honourable General Court even presenting John Alcott with a 1,000-acre farm near Boston as a reward for his services to the country. One of John's sons, a Yale graduate, took over 1,000 acres of Connecticut wilderness, twenty-five miles north of New Haven, and carved out another farm for himself. The grandson of this son John married Anna Bronson — daughter of another pioneering family from England — and this couple were the grandparents of Louisa.

For many of these settlers — educated people with a great love of books and learning — these early years in America entailed a life of considerable hardship. It trained them undoubtedly in the characteristics of fortitude, determination and courage, characteristics which were notable in so many of their descendants but, as they wrested a life from the land, beset by deprivations and difficulties, there were bound to be occasional breakings-away from a world of incessant manual labour into the world of books and things of the mind. It is certain that among those instinctive rebels one who suffered more than most in his escape from manual servitude into the pursuit of learning was Amos Bronson Alcott, the father of Louisa.

The character of Bronson Alcott is difficult to assess. To some he appeared as an idealistic dreamer, an impractical philosopher, devoid of common sense: 'A venerable Don Quixote', was Carlyle's sardonic comment, 'all bent on saving the world by a return to acorns and the golden age'. But others saw him as a genius, an intellectual giant, an outstanding educationist a century ahead of his age: 'He is', wrote the great Emerson, 'the most refined and advanced soul we have had in New England'. It was a difference of opinion which persists to this day. It is a fact however that, during the eighty years since his death, many of Alcott's ideas on the education of young children have been carried out and are now considered to be both sensible and enlightened, a very different attitude from that which prevailed — except among a chosen few — during his lifetime.

He married, fortunately, a woman of exceptional understanding and loyalty, Abba May, and their devotion to one another outlasted many shocks and trials. Theirs was, in fact, an extremely close and united family life. Abba gave birth to four daughters (the Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy of *Little Women*) and one son who died at birth. Louisa, the second daughter, born in 1832, took after her mother; she had the same quick temper, the same sharp tongue, the same warm heart, and the same tenacious loyalty. At birth she was strong and healthy and in childhood her ceaseless energy was a wonder to her elders; she roamed the woods, climbed the trees, leaped the fences, and revelled in the beauties of the Massachusetts countryside where so much of her life was spent. She was boyish, a tomboy, and yet always she kept a love of the intellectual side of life. Bronson Alcott fostered this love in all his children. He spent hours of his time planning their education, buying them books, reading to them, and instilling into them the habit of self-analysis through journal writing which he considered to be a sure method of acquiring wisdom.

His own career was increasingly checkered. The teaching of young children through the pioneering methods he believed in was an absorbing passion and it was to carry out his dreams and beliefs that he had at an early age broken away from his parents' farm and launched himself into the educational world. Having reached his goal he felt that this world was his oyster, but the awakening was a cruel one. In one town after another — Cheshire, Bristol, Philadelphia, Boston — school after school was opened in a rosy wave of optimism, but each in turn failed to prosper and had to close down. He was a handsome man, with golden hair and gentle manners,

a man of considerable charm, and one of the most impressive conversationalists America has ever known. But, though favourably disposed towards him at the beginning, before long the parents of his pupils began to resent his methods of teaching, his unorthodox innovations, even his easy affectionate relationship with their children. They rose in a body against him, on more than one occasion invading the schoolhouse during lesson hours to voice their displeasure. He met them with a stern dignity: Louisa — hotly defensive — at his side. Compromise was a word unknown in his vocabulary and he was determined to persist with the ideas and theories that he believed in — spiritual development, a cultivation of the affections, the encouragement of originality and creative effort, and, of great importance, an avoidance of the old mechanical learning by rote of strings of facts, figures and dates.

To the citizens of Bristol, Philadelphia, Boston, such obstinacy was not to be borne. They did not want such new-fangled ideas. What had been good enough for their ancestors was good enough for their own children. One by one, and then in faster numbers, their offspring were removed and sent to other more othodox schools, and Alcott's school — empty of pupils except for his own daughters — was forced to close.

For his wife, struggling to keep the home going, with little or no money coming in, and nothing but one disappointment after another to face, the strain became intense and wearing. She sympathised to a very large extent with her idealistic husband's philosophy of life — in more than one of his schools she too was a teacher — but at times she found his unrealistic attitude to the practical business of living completely baffling. How, with the school in decline, was she expected to feed the boarders? How, too, feed her own children? Alcott, himself a vegetarian, hardly noticed what he was eating and was quite content with a diet of bread, water and apples.

With the collapse of the famous Masonic Temple School in Boston it did seem that the end of the road had been reached. Sponsored by the influential Dr. Channing, and helped by such enlightened people as Elizabeth Peabody, Emerson, and the Nathaniel Hawthornes, it had been started with the highest of hopes. A fine house had been provided for the family, a beautiful building for the school. Here Bronson Alcott held sway for six years, the happiest years of his life, and the most rewarding. But the undercurrents of disapproval were each year gathering momentum. Pupils were leaving, debts were mounting. Boston was a pro-slavery town and the Alcotts were fierce abolitionists. When the anti-slave agitator, William Lloyd Garrison, was seized upon and dragged through the streets with a rope round his neck, Abba and Bronson Alcott were the first people to visit Garrison in prison. It was a black mark against them in the eyes of many Boston parents. And when a short time later Alcott insisted upon publishing a book, called *Conversations on the Gospels*, illustrating the methods of his teaching and his preoccupation with the spiritual development of his pupils, the book was condemned as blasphemous, the public was roused to fury, and the school was doomed.

For Alcott the experience was traumatic. It was his final failure as a

teacher and from that time onwards no school would employ him. Perhaps his eldest daughter, the gentle Anna, understood best the depths of her father's suffering. In Louisa a conflict was set up which was to last for many years to come: a conflict between admiration for her father — for his integrity, his single-mindedness, his devotion to his ideals — and anxiety for her much loved mother who had to bear the brunt of the disasters which such idealism entailed.

The tragedy of the Masonic Temple School collapse was followed not long after by the disastrous 'Fruitlands' experiment. Inspired by Alcott himself, with the help of an English philosopher, William Lane, whom he had met on a visit to England, this was an idealistic effort to establish a Utopian community in the New World. A farm was bought by Lane near the village of Harvard, in a beautiful country setting. Here the pioneers, oblivious of the farm's shortcomings — worn-out land, a ramshackle farmhouse, and dilapidated buildings — set out to establish their 'New Eden'. They planned to feed and clothe themselves — ploughing, spinning, sewing, harvesting. All, including the children, were pressed into service for the community; no money would change hands and they would live 'in purity of spirit and in harmony with all living creatures around them'.

The scheme lasted exactly seven months. The result of these spartan methods entailed too much work, too little food, no money for necessities. The harvest failed, disciples fell away, Alcott nearly killed himself with manual labour on the land, and Abba found herself doing the work of three women. The Alcott family, for the first and last time in its history, seemed to be on the verge of disintegration with William Lane insisting to Alcott that the secret of their failure lay in family ties: that, to foster the spiritual life, celibacy was essential and that he must realise the necessity of separating from his wife and children. In after years Louisa never forgot that December day, soon after her eleventh birthday, when — with Mr. Lane safely away in Boston — the Alcott family had a long talk and settled their future. 'I was very unhappy', she wrote in her Journal, 'and prayed God to keep us all together'. She made a vow with herself then that, as she grew up, it would be she who would take over the family cares; she would work, make a success of her life, and earn money. The family should become her responsibility, her sacred trust and, provided that they could all stay together, all might yet be well. It was a turning point. They parted from William Lane, the Fruitlands experiment was abandoned and, with Alcott ill, but with Emerson and other kind friends to help them, they moved to the village of Concord which was to be their home for a large part of the remainder of their lives.

The years that followed were years of privation and a struggle with poverty but, at the same time, years of much happiness. Though the girls' education was inadequate and spasmodic — sometimes attending the 'barn' private schools of their neighbours, sometimes taught by their father in their own home — the real bedrock business of fitting themselves to take their place as good and adult citizens was never lost sight of. Every talent was fostered — Anna's dramatic skill, Louisa's efforts at writing, Elizabeth's

music, and May's artistic leanings. The girls had within themselves many resources; the days were filled with a host of activities and there were few idle moments. There was a tacit acceptance in the family by this time that Bronson Alcott, so cruelly outlawed from the teaching which had been his life, could no longer be expected to fulfil his role effectually as father and provider. Not that Alcott was idle. He busied himself in various ways, doing odd jobs for local farmers, making gardens for the neighbours, improving and partly rebuilding the family home, besides engaging in various intellectual pursuits. But earnings, inevitably, were meagre. At one time Mrs. Alcott was forced to go out to work herself and the family's financial position continued to be critical.

Throughout this time Louisa never wavered in her determination to work to keep herself and, eventually, to keep the family; but the first years after growing up were, understandably, years of trial and error. Teacher, nurse, writer, actress — she tried them all, even domestic service. Strangely, although she has so often been presented in an aura of sentimentality, Louisa was in actual life a firm realist. She saw things exactly as they were with no illusions. It was this propensity — the habit of rejecting any rosy fantasies about herself as well as about other people — which prevented an entire sympathy between herself and her father, and which possibly prevented her from marrying. In appearance she was a fine, handsome-looking girl rather than a beautiful one: tall and well proportioned, with a free athletic walk, masses of rich chestnut-coloured hair, and large features. 'If I look in the glass', she confided to her Journal, 'I try to keep down vanity about my long hair, my well-shaped head, my good nose'. She could assess her own good points without conceit and, with an easy manner, keep a poise and dignity which disarmed any unwelcome attempt at familiarity. 'Liberty', she wrote, 'is a better husband than love to many of us'. She valued her independence and showed it.

The men who wanted to marry her are only shadowy in her life story and cannot arouse much feeling of regret on her account. One cannot escape the conclusion that the one intense emotional attachment of her life, outside her family, was her great devotion, necessarily sublimated, for Emerson. Emerson was the greatest friend and adviser she had, her beloved 'Master', a tower of strength. At fifteen, after reading Goethe's *Correspondence with a Child*, she modelled herself on Bettine, making Emerson her Goethe. 'I wrote letters to him', she confessed afterwards, 'but never sent them — left wild flowers on the doorstep of my "Master" and sang Mignon's song under his window in very bad German'. Later, at Anna's wedding, she looked on enviously while Emerson kissed the bride — 'and I thought that honour would make even matrimony endurable, for he is the god of my idolatry and has been for years'.

It was a comforting, if tormenting relationship: a mixture on her part of idealism, hero-worship and emotional longing. He was a married man with children, a poet and philosopher of genius, a man worshipped by many for his wisdom and integrity, giving much of himself to others, but beyond temptation. When he died she was heartbroken: 'Our best and greatest

American gone. The nearest and dearest friend father has ever had, and the man who has helped me most by his life, his books, his society. I can never tell all he has been to me. His essays have helped me to understand myself and life, and God and nature. Illustrious and beloved friend, good-bye'.

This was one of the sadnesses of her later life. There were others earlier, including the deaths of two of her sisters: Elizabeth — the Beth, whose last days are so movingly described in *Good Wives* — and the youngest sister, May. Louisa's own health deteriorated disastrously during the American Civil War when, determined to strike a blow for the cause of anti-slavery, she toiled in a Georgetown hospital and nearly died of typhoid fever. 'I was never ill before this time', she wrote, 'and never well afterwards'.

But these events enlarged her horizons and gave birth to the years of her triumphs. After a long period of writing sensational pot-boilers to make money, she published *Hospital Sketches*, based on the letters to her family from hospital, a book which brought her fame and prestige. An editor had told her: 'Stick to your teaching. You can't write'. But it was as a writer that she had determined to realise her dream of supporting the family. At the age of thirty-five she wrote *Little Women*, the book that is considered to be her masterpiece, and brought about the achievement of all that she had longed for — comfort and security for her family, and the payment of all the family debts.

The popularity of *Little Women* pleased her but she did not really care for fame. After the effort of writing her book — followed a few weeks later by *Good Wives* — she felt worn out. But she knew that she had put a great deal of herself into the work. Reading the proofs of *Little Women*, sent her by the publisher, she had been pleasurably surprised: 'It read better than I expected. Not a bit sensational, but simple and true, for we really lived most of it, and if it succeeds that will be the reason of it'.

Books consulted include:
Louisa May Alcott: *Her Life, Letters and Journals*
ed. by Ednah D. Cheney (Roberts Brothers. Boston. 1890)
The Father of Little Women
by Honoré Willsie Morrow (Little, Brown & Co. Boston, 1927)
Louisa M. Alcott and the American Family Story
by Cornelia Meigs (Bodley Head Monograph. 1970.)

[Margaret Crompton is the author of: *Passionate Search: A Life of Charlotte Brontë: George Eliot: The Woman*, and *Shelley's Dream Women*.]

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE PRERAPHAELITES IN PERSPECTIVE

PreRaphaelite Art and Design. Raymond Watkinson. Studio Vista. £4.20.

The PreRaphaelite painters have a complex but significant role in the history of English art. Although the actual existence of the Brotherhood was limited to only a few years after 1848, *The Germ* lasted for a mere four issues and the actual members (Hunt, Millais, the two Rossettis, Collinson, Woolner and Stephens) comprised only a handful, the influence of the movement was out of all proportion to its size.

Mr. Watkinson's book usefully deals with a number of subjects connected with this theme, the background of the P.R.B., its impact on the mid-Victorian scene and emergent middle-class taste, its connection with the traditions of realist, romantic and religious painting and, perhaps most important, its influence on subsequent decorative art and design. In doing so, it avoids the pitfalls of falling into either the *minutiae* of PreRaphaelite folklore (after all, four of the members were figures of only limited interest and there is not much more to be added now to the vast amount of published material on Elizabeth Siddal and Effie Grey) or into too detailed a study of the three leading but vastly divergent protagonists—Hunt, Millais and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Rightly, too, he gives full weight to the role of Ford Madox Brown as a leading influence on the development of his contemporaries within the Brotherhood and on the impact which they in turn had on Burne-Jones, Morris and a host of lesser painters whom they, in turn, influenced to a greater or a less degree. The result is to place the role of the PreRaphaelites in perspective and to deal with them in terms of the way in which they both reflected and stimulated the taste of their time.

Although the part which they played was highly individual, the Pre-Raphaelites drew heavily on existing developments. These included the influence of the Nazarenes, of the French Romantic school, in particular Delacroix, Gavarine and Delaroche, of the Scots painter William Dyce and of the realist school of Wilkie and Mulready. Perhaps one progenitor whose role has been underestimated is the German romantic artist Caspar David Friedrich (pace Ford Madox Brown's *Manfred on the Jungfrau* of 1840-41) and even Etty was not without his effect.

Equally, the selection of painters whose work they influenced was extremely wide, including such diverse figures as Augustus Egg, Simeon Solomon and Atkinson Grimshaw, and in terms of decorative art their influence was to be felt as late as Mackintosh and Sir Ninian Comper. It is instructive to follow, in Mr. Watkinson's clear and logical narrative of these events, the different strands involved in the realistic approach of pictures such as Ford Madox Brown's *Work* (1852-1865) or the same artist's wildly dramatic *The Coat of Many Colours* (1864-66) or, to take another example, the romantic quality of Millais' *Ophelia* (1851-52) as compared with the social accuracy of his illustrations to Trollope.

Only Rossetti, technically the least perfect probably of the school but the most imaginative and poetic, maintained an almost completely anti-realist atmosphere, though even he could turn to comment on his own time in *Found* (1853).

It was one of the most important characteristics of the PreRaphaelites as a group that they had overriding certainty in the rightness of their own aims,

though this could lead, on occasions, especially in the case of Rossetti himself, into moments of what today might be unkindly criticised as high and unrelieved camp.

In particular, they extended the palette of the English artist to a whole new concept of the juxtaposition of primary colours, thereby breaking with the tradition and pure prettiness of much eighteenth century art in this country and the darker tones favoured by Fuseli and many of the history painters.

It would be idle to pretend that in terms of either pure grandeur of conception or revolutionary quality of technique the work of any of them rose to the heights achieved by Turner; nonetheless, the actual impact which they made on the contemporary scene was probably far greater.

One of the difficulties in judging PreRaphaelite art as a whole is the fact that so many of the most important examples of it are widely spread throughout museums and private collections, both in this country and America. This in itself was an indirect result of the extent to which it appealed to a developing sector of middle class taste, enriched by the after-effects of the Industrial Revolution. The list of credits in Mr. Watkinson's book is a case in point, citing a roll-call of the major English museums such as the Cecil Higgins Museum, Bedford, the City Art Gallery, Birmingham, the City Art Gallery, Bradford, the National Museum of Wales, the City Art Gallery, Leeds, the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, the City Art Gallery, Manchester, the Laing Gallery, Newcastle, the Lady Lever Art Gallery, Port Sunlight, and many others.

In recent years, through the co-operation of the Walker Art Gallery and the Arts Council, major exhibitions of the work of Ford Madox Brown, Millais and Holman Hunt have been seen both in Liverpool and London, and have caused considerable interest. But the fact that many of the other pictures are known to even the informed public only by reproduction has caused a barrier in appreciation which has made the reappraisal of the school as a whole difficult to achieve.

Although I believe that the majority of the PreRaphaelite pictures are among the most difficult to appreciate in the world in terms of reproduction, the photographs in this volume are, on the whole, excellent and the text is admirably suited as a balanced introduction to the subject. It is certainly not hard to find the PreRaphaelites individually appealing. It is a great deal more difficult to fit them into context and this is what Mr. Watkinson manages to do with considerable skill, sympathy and insight.

The one major source which he does, unfortunately, overlook is the interesting material available to the scholar (of which excellent use was made in the very full catalogue to the 1969 Hunt exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum) in the earlier numbers of the *Contemporary Review*.

ERNLE MONEY.

JEAN COCTEAU

Cocteau. Francis Steegmuller. Macmillan. £4.50.

How does one write a biography of Cocteau, a man of such chameleon talents? How does one cover the paintings, the drawings, the art novean, the verse, the plays, the films, as well as the opium smoking, the pederasty, the cowardice, the malice, as well as the undoubted charm? Steegmuller takes from the start of this compelling biography the cipher 'the Poet as Fregoli'—an Italian quickchange artist who wrote scenarios in which he acted up to

60 different parts both male and female. Perhaps more than the angels and the mirrors of the previous biographies this is the key to Cocteau.

Cocteau was born, son of the bourgoisie, at Maisons-Laffitte in 1889 and even from the start of his life it is difficult to say what is real, what is fantasy and what is a pose. He appears to have run away from home in his middle teens, living in a brothel in Marseilles. Shortly afterwards he set himself up in a *garçonnière*. 'Adopted' by the actor Edouard de Max, who arranged readings of Cocteau's early verse, the pattern of his life was set. In his turn he 'adopted' young men, furthering their careers, sometimes abandoning them to their cost when he tired of them and when another 'son' had appeared on the scene. All the while he fluttered his exquisite hands which he contrived to have photographed whenever possible and once cast in bronze.

Mr. Steegmuller's book is perhaps at its most successful in the period of the twenties, shortly after Cocteau had completed his service as an ambulance attendant in the Great War. It was then he met Raymond Radiguet; and the biographer relates the fascinating account of Radiguet's relationship with Cocteau, his attempts to break away so that he would not be known as Mme. Cocteau and finally Cocteau's desertion of him as he died of typhoid. Between them they produced four of the finest pieces of French novels of the twenties, each showing a considerable degree of dependence on the other's writing. Cocteau is seen for once in a reasonably clear light trying to wean Radiguet from drink long enough to finish his book. Rather like the sad Malcolm Lowry.

In many ways the book declines with Cocteau through his long period of mourning for Radiguet and his increasing dependence on opium through the thirties; it revives with the emergence of the most famous of Cocteau's sons, the actor Jean Marais. It was Marais who weaned Cocteau from opium and who turned him to the cinema, the art form for which he will be ultimately remembered.

The book is fascinating in its periphery. The early chapters of the Salon; the pre-First World War of Diaghilev, Nijinsky, Proust; the long drawn out quarrel with Gide and the sad lives of so many of the 'sons'.

Reading the book one travels through a spectrum of reaction: interest, fascination, dislike, revulsion until one returns full circle through sadness to interest, and certainly in the closing pages, pity. Pity for 'the sons'; pity for Cocteau, sadness that instead he diversified his incredible talents so much that in the final analysis he will be regarded as a lightweight in many art forms instead of a major figure in one. Perhaps that is his charm, which even at his most tiresome shows through clearly. Perhaps he, like Fregoli, played at being a poet, a painter, a cinema director, when the only part to which he really put his overwhelming ability was to being Cocteau.

JAMES MORTON

CECIL ROBERTS' BONANZA YEARS

The Bright Twenties. Cecil Roberts. Hodder. £3.15.

Nottingham-lad-makes-good is the heartening theme of this third volume of Cecil Roberts' autobiography. He became the youngest editor of one of our oldest newspapers, the *Nottingham Journal*, retiring after five years to concentrate on novels. His first, *Scissors*, was a success that eventually ran into 22 reprints; so was his second, *Sails of Sunset*, inspired by a first visit to Venice. He surpassed a youthful aim: to have saved £10,000 by 1927. An

adventurous young man of drive, courage, resource, he rarely missed opportunities, excelling as a brilliant extempore speaker on three American lecture tours.

But what makes the book so engrossing are the strange happenings, unusual people, remarkable stories he encountered. Hailing a taxi in Regent Street one night, he was approached by a delicate-looking youth who said he was ill and begged to be given a lift to such an imposing Grosvenor Street house that Roberts thought he must be a footman, then discovered that he was the Hon. Evan Morgan, Lord Tredegar's heir. This led to a friendship that enables him to give an intimate account of that bizarre eccentric, 'a figure straight out of the Italian Renaissance'.

On a voyage to Quebec, Roberts met the young Count Armand de la Rochefoucauld, who invited him to the family's French chateaux—and nearly to an untimely death when Armand, driving him from Paris in a fast sports car, crashed through the Rambouillet gates and they survived unscathed by a miracle.

At a Paris dinner party Roberts met a Polish noble, Count Alfred Potocki, who invited him to his fabulously feudal Galician castle, Lançut. It had 308 rooms, eight dining salons, an orchestra of fifty musicians, sixty house servants, plus grooms, game-keepers, forest rangers, workers on a 40,000-acre estate.

But there is no snobbery in his dazzling accounts of visits to noble houses. He once told me: 'I'm only proud that I achieved this distinction by my skill as a writer'. And, I would add, by his being an ideally entertaining guest.

He had revealing contacts with famous contemporaries including Wells, Bennett, Barrie, Shaw, Yeats, Douglas, D. H. Lawrence and Lytton Strachey, 'the genius who threw a brick through the gothic windows of respectability'. Annoyed by an incessant *da-da-da-da-da* tapping below his Venice lodging, he discovered that the culprit was Ezra Pound. 'Oh, I'm sorry', said the poet. 'I'm testing metres . . . going over my verses—*da-da-da-da-da*.'

An account of helping Winston Churchill to contest West Leicester hardly needs a lengthy recap of his political career; we could dispense with detailed surveys of the decade's social changes; and 'any man who writes a book hoping to make money by it should have his head examined' comes strangely from a writer whose first few novels each netted over £1,000. But these are minor faults in a work, achieved in his late seventies, that ranks with the best in a notable career.

TREVOR ALLEN

CONCERN FOR LITERATURE

What Became of Jane Austen? And Other Questions. Kingsley Amis. Jonathan Cape. £2.40. *J. B. Priestley: Portrait of an Author.* Susan Cooper. Heinemann. £2.75. *Thomas Hardy: Distance and Desire.* J. Hillis Miller. Oxford U.P. for Harvard. £2.50. *The Truths of Fiction.* Allan Rodway. Chatto and Windus. £2.25.

The present quartet of books about books and writers is a welcome indication of the continuing concern felt for literature at a time when the mass media of radio, television and the popular press seem to be displacing serious reading in the community. Serious reading is an elastic term, however, and only Dr. Rodway's volume has an academic appeal among the four titles.

An attractive example of a book intended to stimulate critical interest in the writings of a top-rank contemporary author is Miss Susan Cooper's *J. B. Priestley: Portrait of an Author.* In it she paints a vivid canvas of this most widely known, variously gifted and productive English writer of the last half-century. She expresses not only her manifest liking for the man and his books but exercises her sharp critical talent on both the personality and the published product—novels, essays, plays and political, sociological and miscellaneous writings. With numerous illustrative quotations from Mr. Priestley's works, the reader is enabled to trace a truly remarkable progress from spare-time writing in his 'teens in Bradford before World War I to his completion of the two volume *The Image Men* at the age of seventy-five in 1969—and in between a hundred publications, any three of which could make and establish a reputation. All who have read 'J.B.'s' novels, been absorbed by his plays, his philosophical and critical essays, should welcome Miss Cooper's delineation of a great English writer of our times, 'a figure mysterious and unpredictable, as real and fallible as the rest of us but likely at any moment to swing round and produce some dark marvel from up his sleeve'.

In *What Became of Jane Austen?* Mr. Kingsley Amis, of a younger generation than Priestley but sharing some of his characteristics of cogent thinking, direct and humorous observation and scholarly control of language which never becomes pedantic, has selected thirty-one of the book reviews and articles which he has contributed to various periodicals from 1955 to about the present time; and in a number of cases he has added a Postscript indicating a change of view—usually to the Right of his former Leftish opinions. He has always been witty and often writes with something of the grace of Goldsmith and the trenchancy of Swift. And he is a master of impact, though tending to overdo it in the title-piece, *What Became of Jane Austen?* In a four-page notice of a 1957 reprint of *Mansfield Park* he refers to Mrs. Norris as 'the most hauntingly horrible of the author's horrible characters', and ends a decidedly intemperate indictment of Jane Austen by asking 'What became of that Jane Austen (if she ever existed) who set out bravely to correct conventional notions of the desirable and virtuous? From being their critic (if she ever was) she became their slave. That is another way of saying that her judgment and her moral sense were corrupted. *Mansfield Park* is the witness of that corruption.' Mark Twain, it will be remembered, said that Jane Austen inspired in him an 'animal repugnance', and Charlotte Brontë is on record as despising her social attitudes. Current modes of writing and readers' preferences prompt several of Mr. Amis's most lively articles—how he came to write a new 'James Bond', his examination of detective fiction in 'Unreal Policemen' and naming as the successors of Sherlock Holmes Chesterton's Father Brown, Rex Stout's Nero Wolfe and John Dickson Carr's Doctor Fell. He is less perceptive when dealing with Dickens; and D. H. Lawrence's *Selected Literary Criticism* is dismissed as 'the kind of tabloid garrulity that lies in wait for people who talk their prose . . . much prolixity, much incoherence, much clumsiness, much too much repetition . . .' All in all, this is a most diverting and stimulating book by the author of *Lucky Jim.*

An outstanding new book on Thomas Hardy's art and its motivating ideas and impulses is Professor J. Hillis Miller's *Thomas Hardy: Distance and Desire.* The author approaches Hardy's work as a totality: lyrics, novels and non-fictional prose, reading the novels in the context of poems and the poems in the context of novels, not joining in the familiar but tedious discussion as to how far his fiction excelled his poetry or vice-versa. Professor Miller's deep

study of works composed over six decades leads him to find two given themes dominating the whole of Hardy's writings as outlining threads: 'distance and desire—distance as the source of desire and desire as the energy behind attempts to turn distance into closeness'. This can be checked in the love theme treated in his novels and poems. Carrying the idea of 'distance' as a theme further, Professor Miller suggests that 'the horizons of time establish one important kind of distance—distance of one time from another time which makes up the temporal form of all those poems in which someone looks back at an earlier time in his own life; distance in the fiction between the narrator's retrospective view and the time of the character's as they live from moment to moment moving towards the future'. In Hardy's conception of the universe there is a force, a secret energy, which governs nature and history. This he calls the Immanent Will, and in letters written in the early 1900s he claims as original his idea 'of the Unconscious Will becoming conscious with flux of time . . .' It is a thought of limitless profundity; but, pending this development of Hardy's pet theory, we are led to agree with Professor Miller that 'The author seated at his desk composing *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* is as much a victim or instrument of the Immanent Will as Tess herself'. In that sentence the brilliance and subtlety of this important new study of Hardy is epitomised.

The title of Dr. Rodway's book, *The Truths of Fiction*, should not be taken to promise a study of the Novel, but, as he says, to cover 'any rationally supportable propositions about all kinds of creative literature'. It aims to benefit undergraduates 'taking what surely should long ago have been considered essential to any degree in English, a course in the basic theory of what they were doing'. No instructor could say fairer than that, and this close-packed and well-particularised volume amply fulfills the author's intentions.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

CHILD MURDER

The Child Killers. Norman Lucas. Arthur Barker. £2.

The affective response elicited in the normally adjusted person by the murder of a child is of so pronounced an order of repugnance that he is unable to conceive of the act as anything other than the horrifying expression of a grievously disturbed personality. There is indeed a self-protective element which impels the belief that the perpetrator of such an atrocity must, whatever the McNaghten Rules decree, be so mentally sick as to put him outside the common law of humanity. It is, for this reason, particularly shocking and distressing to civilised self-esteem to learn that of the 880 children murdered in this country between 1951 and 1967, rather more than three-quarters of them were not in fact the victims of the scapegoat sex maniac killer, but of parents or near relatives. Child murder is not the prerogative of the itinerant psychotic: it is predominantly a family affair. And that, to my mind, is the most alarming revelation of Mr. Lucas' book. Certainly the activities of such unhappy creatures as Frederick Nodder, Peter Griffiths, John Thomas Straffen, Arthur Albert Jones, Raymond Leslie Morris and Brady and Hindley make appalling reading, but these are the exceptions, the three-to-one outsiders of child murder. Having, however unwillingly, accepted that conclusion, it becomes possible to adopt a properly clinical attitude to the contents of this collection of unsavoury—and untypical—case histories.

Mr. Lucas is a journalist, Chief Crime Reporter of the *Sunday Mirror*, and not only does he bring the professional writer's expected competence to the objective recounting of the circumstances of these crimes, but he has been fortunate in securing the interpretative co-operation of Dr. Arthur Hyatt Williams, consultant psychiatrist at Oakwood Hospital, Maidstone, and at the Tavistock Clinic, and visiting psychotherapist to Wormwood Scrubs Prison. In consequence, this book does not confine itself to the simple retailing of a series of child murders; there is additionally some attempt at serious analysis and psychiatric evaluation of the murderers. This is not projected as an exercise in exoneration, but rather as an essay in elucidation and explanation. In some cases little elucidation is possible. The psychotic—query psychopathic—plexus is impenetrable. Of Brady and Hindley, the Moors murderers, for instance, he has nothing to say except that they 'shared . . . an urge to defy society, a hatred of other humans and a lust to kill'. A summation which can scarcely be described as penetrative. On the other hand, the assessment of the psychological impulses which drove Arthur Albert Jones, the killer of Brenda Nash, to rape and murder is both persuasive and illuminating.

One of the most puzzling and tragic figures in this sorry gallery of deviates is the eleven-year-old child, Mary Bell, who, in 1968, strangled two small boys. Killing by children is rather more common than is generally realised, but the motivation of Mary Bell presents the most experienced psychiatrists with an exceptionally complex problem.

In a prefatory note, Dr. Williams states that he regards this book as 'a notable contribution in the documentation of crime'. That is high praise and, on the whole, I would endorse it, adding that, in my view, it is Dr. Williams' psychiatric contribution which has set the seal of distinction upon Mr. Lucas' study of a subject which could so easily have deteriorated into mere sensationalism, but which has triumphantly avoided doing so.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES

The Secret Conferences of Dr. Goebbels 1939-43 (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £3.25). This volume contains a selection of minutes of daily conferences held by Dr. Goebbels at the Reich Ministry of Propaganda. Most of the minutes are believed to be with the Russians. However, for the period, October 26, 1939 to May 31, 1941, writes Dr. Willi A. Boelcke who has edited this volume, copies 'found their way into the Deutches Zentralarchiv Potsdam as early as 1952' and have been awaiting evaluation. For the months, June to November 1941, the minutes are supplemented from the records of the old Nazi Ministry of Propaganda; for the period to March 14, 1943, Dr. Boelcke discovered in 'three unassuming and dust covered folders' from the Political Archives of the German Foreign Ministry 'carbon copies and drafts of notes made by Krummer and Todenhofer on the Goebbels conferences' for this period. Accordingly we now have for the first time a running record of Dr. Goebbels' directives, his utterly ruthless, cynical, amoral methods and plans in conducting his propaganda campaigns. It is fascinating to watch his manipulations, distortions and lying against the backcloth of reality, slowly changing from exultant victory to the despair of ultimate defeat.

Documents on British Foreign Policy 1919-1939 (H.M. Stationery Office). The latest volume in this official but independently edited series is volume III in Series 1A (1925-1929), *European and Naval Questions 1927* (£6.75). It is edited by Professor W. N. Medlicott, Professor Douglas Dakin and M. E. Lambert. It covers precisely the period from February 2 to September 5, 1927. Chapters I and II include correspondence on 'the mere nuisance value' of the occupation of the Rhineland and the reduction in occupying forces, the tension between Italy and the Serb-Croat-Slovene State over Albania, and the breaking off relations with Soviet Russia following the London Arcos raid. Chapter III is concerned mainly with the naval disarmament conference at Geneva, and the strains between Britain and America over this issue of shipbuilding. Sir Austen Chamberlain thought it necessary to assure the British Ambassador in Washington that 'the thought of war does not enter into anyone's calculations'. In Britain, 'no one thinks of war with the United States as anything but a crime for which they would hang the government that were responsible'. As with the other volumes, the Editors have had 'access to all papers in the Foreign Office archives and freedom in the selection and arrangement of documents'.

An Encyclopaedia of the Modern World (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £6.00). Professor Richard B. Morris and Professor Graham W. Irwin, both of Columbia University, have edited this ambitious 'concise reference history from 1760 to the present', designed to provide 'the essential facts of world history'. The work is divided into two parts. The first, a 'Basic Chronology' consisting of 650 pages 'deals with political, military, and diplomatic history by state, region, and area'. The second, a 'Topical Chronology, covers 'on a world-wide basis, economic, social, and constitutional history, and the history of science, thought and culture', in 413 pages; nearly half of this section is devoted to economic development and technology. There is essentially a detailed index, in three columns, extending to more than two hundred pages. The Editors have been assisted by an international academic team of Consultant Editors covering particular regions or subjects. There are over forty contributors. Although 'the work is designed to be read as well as referred to', undoubtedly its main value will be as a very useful reference book over the vast fields covered. Inevitably no bibliography has been attempted and the student must look elsewhere.

Conscience and Politics (Oxford University Press, £3.50). This is an objective detached unemotional study of 'the British Government and the conscientious objector to military service 1916-1919' by Dr. John Rae. 'My aim', he writes, 'has been to produce the first historical study of these events that is based upon all the public and private documents that are now available.' David Boulton in his *Objection Overruled* published in 1967 'evidently did not obtain access to many official documents, including Cabinet Papers.' Dr. Rae defends the work in general of the Tribunals within the limited scope of their discretionary powers. In spite of general public dislike and prejudice against the objector, he concludes that 'the contemptuous approach was not typical of the tribunals at work'. The lessons of the First World War were so well learnt, that they contributed to the changed approach in the last war, when the conscientious objector could 'exercise freedom of conscience to a degree unequalled in any other country'.

THE WORLD TODAY

STUDENTS OF CURRENT AFFAIRS, to be well informed, need the facts. In THE WORLD TODAY, the monthly journal of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, experts bring to the general reader up-to-date and reliable information on world affairs. Authoritative and objective, THE WORLD TODAY not only deals with international problems but also includes articles on internal political and economic conditions in individual countries, written by authors with first-hand knowledge. Short comment in 'Notes of the Month' puts current developments in perspective and provides a background to events of international significance.

MONTHLY

Price 28p (5s. 6d.) per copy; £3.25 (£3 5s.) per year post free.
(In USA and Canada $10.)

Published under the auspices of the
ROYAL INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS
LONDON
by the Oxford University Press, Press Road, Neasden, London, N.W.10.

BACK ISSUES

For sale and wanted to buy

We receive continual demands for back issues of **CONTEMPORARY REVIEW** from individuals and libraries wanting to complete their collections. Since we cannot always satisfy these demands without diminishing our own archives we will pay good prices for single copies and complete volumes offered to us. Copies 1866-1900 are in special demand.

Please send full details to:
Back Issue Dept., Contemporary Review,
38 Farringdon St., London E.C.4.

ORDER FORM

To THE SUBSCRIPTION MANAGER,
CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, 38 FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

I enclose herewith my cheque for .... , for a year's subscription
[For rates, see inside front cover]

Name ....

Address ....

....

The Colour of their Skin

VERNON BARTLETT

"A short, well-reasoned, well-informed book on the colour problem from one of the most travelled international journalists of our time." CYRIL CONNOLLY, *Sunday Times*.

"Vernon Bartlett is not only a liberal: he is also manifestly liberal-minded. He has the gift of seeing things as they are, instead of through the distorting lens of fanatical ideology, and of understanding how they came to be as they are." *Illustrated London News*.

30 shillings (£1.50)

CHATTO & WINDUS

LIBERAL POLICY AND LIBERAL PERFORMANCE

are reported fully in the

Liberal News

•

Fortnightly
One Shilling

•

Ask your newsagent to order a copy for you now, or in case of difficulty, write for specimen copy to LIBERAL NEWS, 2-6 High Street, Haverhill, Suffolk.

Printed by H. G. LEATES LTD., 45-47 Alexandra Street, Southend-on-Sea, Essex, and published by the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW CO. LTD, 38 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Tel: 01-455 3638 All business matters should be addressed to the publishers

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

104th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

MARCH 1971

THE PLACE OF BRITISH DEFENCE
General Lord Bourne

TWO VIEWS FROM INSIDE RUSSIA
Paul Wilkinson

SUFFRAGE IN MEDICINE
Lady Summerskill

THE I.L.O. WORLD EMPLOYMENT PROGRAMME
Robert Plant

and many other articles together with an eight-page Literary Supplement.

30p

★ Full Contents Inside Cover

Contemporary Review

Incorporating The Fortnightly

March 1971 Vol. 218 No. 1262 Founded 1866

Contents

		Page
The Place of British Defence	GENERAL LORD BOURNE	113
A Long-Remembered Crime	ALETHEA HAYTER	119
Two Views from Inside Russia	PAUL WILKINSON	125
Suffrage in Medicine	LADY SUMMERSKILL	129
The Anatomy of Jane Austen (1775-1817)	ROSALIND WADE	132
An Outstanding Ambassador—Sir Benjamin Keene	SIR CHARLES PETRIE	137
The Essential European	F. CRONHEIM	144
Atkinson Grimshaw	RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN	149
The I.L.O. World Employment Programme	ROBERT PLANT	152
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT The Earl of Longford, Richard Whittington-Egan, William Kean Seymour, A. J. Daniell, Trevor Allen		161
SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES		167

Editor:
ROSALIND WADE

Associate Editor:
BETTY ABEL

Editorial Advisers:
PROFESSOR SIR HERBERT BUTTERFIELD
PROFESSOR SIR DENIS BROGAN

Fine Arts Correspondent:
ERNLE MONEY, M.P.

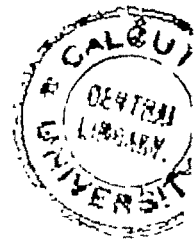
Annual subscription: U.K. £4 15 U.S.A. and Canada $13.50 Rest of World £4 30

© 1971 Contemporary Review Co. Ltd

Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 Incorporating The Fortnightly

March 1971 Vol. 218 No. 1262



THE PLACE OF BRITISH DEFENCE

by General Lord Bourne

IT is no good discussing British forces without first deciding our proper place and share in defence, and this in turn involves consideration of the threats we have to meet.

The world is changing fast. Commonwealth defence no longer means anything and we live in a world which from the defence point of view is divided roughly between East and West, which is governed by

(a) Nuclear armament of the two Super Powers,
(b) Alliances.

The first of these two has prevented the outbreak of a third World War; or to be more accurate war between the two Super Powers, but it has also produced an uninterrupted succession of limited or old-fashioned wars, the participants backed up by but the fighting not directly contested by the two Super Powers. The stakes in these limited wars were not sufficiently high for that, but they have been serious wars just the same. The system of alliances is a new feature in that it represents the Western stand against Communism. We have always relied on alliances so it is not new for Britain.

The nuclear position governs all strategic considerations and so affects the middle-range powers, indeed it concerns us all. It is not standing still but moving fast. From complete U.S. advantage twenty years ago we have gone through a stage of nuclear parity, when the Soviet Union achieved rough equality, to the present time when anti-ballistic missile systems are being built by both Super Powers. The colossal expense is hurting these two so much that they are now engaged in serious discussions on how to limit their weapons systems at the SALT talks in Helsinki and Vienna. Let us hope that some practical limitation of these weapons of destruction is agreed upon.

Britain, who played a vital role in the beginning of atomic weapons, cannot hope to keep pace with this effort and cost. Our nuclear strike force of four nuclear submarines is tiny compared with those of the Super Powers and although very destructive in itself is only marginal in the strategic balance. The same argument applies even more forcibly to the

French nuclear force and will apply to other middle powers which enter the nuclear field. It looks as though nuclear forces, which can now be built by all modern countries, will be a very costly form of defence. The case of China is different because, although it will before long add to the total communist nuclear strength, it may one day rival the Soviet Union and force the latter to face both ways in the nuclear sense.

Another point is the distinction which is often drawn between strategic and tactical nuclear weapons. This distinction should be between the targets, not the weapons. It is difficult to imagine that a so-called tactical nuclear weapon in Europe will not often kill a great many civilians. Once nuclear weapons are employed, even if only as so-called tactical weapons on the battlefield, it cannot be guaranteed that escalation to strategic nuclear war on a terrifying scale will not follow. The real distinction therefore is between nuclear and conventional war, and the recent history of Asia tells us how bad the latter can be. This distinction and the risk of escalation is probably the reason why Europe, in spite of the large forces facing each other across the Iron Curtain, because of the high stakes involved for the two Super Powers, has been peaceful since NATO and the Warsaw Pact alliances have been operating.

Lastly, before we leave the nuclear field, we should consider the proposals to organise an Anglo-French nuclear strike force. This is often linked with Britain's entry into the Common Market. There are three reasons why this is an unsound proposition. First France, to our regret, is an unreliable ally in NATO. Second, the veto inevitably remains with each nuclear country. Third is the crucial question of control, or who authorises the pressing of the trigger. We cannot have an Anglo-French nuclear force without an Anglo-French government to control it and that in itself would be dual. If Britain joins the E.E.C. the eventual political aim is to have a single government for ten nations and that is a long way off. I prefer the present system where the nuclear trigger is in the hands of the U.S. President. Indeed, without this NATO would disintegrate.

Every annual Government statement on defence estimates includes remarks about disarmament. For example, the Defence Review of February 1966 (over which the Labour Government took great trouble) said 'most great powers now realise that their own security can only be safeguarded in the long run by halting the international arms race. The trend of military technology suggests that the survival of humanity itself will soon depend on making progress towards general and complete disarmament. But this will not be brought about overnight.' Of course we all agree with these sentiments but the unfortunate fact remains that progress has been painfully slow. So far only the Non-Proliferation Treaty and the Test Ban Treaty have been achieved. The SALT talks may possibly produce nuclear agreement. In the meantime we cannot rely on disarmament and have to design and support defence forces in a world in which the arms race has not been halted and in which the threats are very real.

There are three distinct areas in which threats, usually Communist, have

to be met—Europe, the Middle East and the Far East. South America is a troubled continent but under the Monroe Doctrine it is chiefly the concern of the United States. Africa, except for the countries in the north bordering the Mediterranean which are dealt with below, is not at present a British defence liability though we may one day unexpectedly have to use military force there.

In each of the three main European troubled areas there is a western alliance designed to meet a Communist threat. NATO has kept the peace in Western Europe, where not a shot has been fired for 26 years. It should be remembered, however, that when NATO was set up in 1949 the Soviets were in a position to occupy Brussels and Paris in a matter of days. In spite of the defection of France, NATO continues to be strong enough to maintain peace because it is backed up by the nuclear power of the United States.

If it were only a matter of balancing conventional forces, in which the Soviet Union has an advantage of at least two-to-one (this proportion could be increased in a few weeks), the balance of power would be unstable and the prospects of peace by no means sure. It is certainly true, as the recent 'Supplementary Statement on Defence Policy 1970' says, 'The security of Britain rests on the strength of the North Atlantic Alliance . . . our military contribution to NATO remains the first priority of defence policy'. Let us be clear on the reality, however, that our ultimate security in Europe depends on the nuclear strength of the United States.

In the Middle East the Arabs have been quarrelling amongst themselves for thousands of years. Experience shows that the only way of stopping this is by the dominance of an outside power. In recent times the Turks, the French and the British have succeeded each other in this role. Since the British withdrawal of 80,000 Army and R.A.F. from the Suez Canal Zone in 1956 we have been powerless to prevent wars and their consequences. It could be said that our power to intervene on land really ended when finally fifty British tanks were withdrawn from Aqaba in 1957. Now, since the State of Israel was created in 1948, a superficial Arab unity has been created, but we see every day how superficial it is.

The only exception to this is in the Persian (or Arabian) Gulf where we have small British forces and where we are still the dominant power not only because of our historic responsibility for over a century but also because we have the power to protect the many small Arab States in that area. The problem of severing this connection and of withdrawing the bulk of British forces is being examined by the present Government in the light of the fact that 60 per cent of Western Europe's oil comes from the Gulf.

The naval situation in the Indian Ocean has been seriously affected by the British evacuation of Aden in 1967. Already the harbour can be used by the Soviet Navy instead of the Royal Navy. It will probably become a regular Soviet naval base when the Suez Canal is reopened and this in turn will aggravate the balance of naval power in the Persian Gulf.

Another matter which will seriously affect the balance of power in the

Middle East is the recent revolution in Libya and the consequent loss of western air bases at El Adem and Wheelus Field. These two airfields will automatically be available to the Russians whenever they want them and this will seriously threaten the U.S. 6th Fleet and the other western navies in the Mediterranean. It is unfortunately a fact that land-based aircraft are superior in performance to those flying from aircraft carriers, even assuming that these remain afloat and operational. The NATO southern flank is now seriously threatened.

In short the power situation has steadily worsened in recent years and is likely to continue to do so. The Arabs will not be easy partners for the Russians. Nevertheless by becoming the dominant power in the Middle East they have gained entry to the African continent and have also cut our direct air route to the East, in times of emergency.

The Far East is as trouble-ridden as the Middle East. Ever since the Korean War started in 1950 it has suffered war, and now the long war in South Vietnam has spread into the whole of Indo-China. Britain has for over a century been actively involved and the granting of independence to Malaysia and to Singapore has not lessened our obligations to our friends and allies, or our great economic interests in South East Asia.

The Labour Government in its Defence Review of 1966 said 'In recent years the threat to peace has been far greater outside Europe than within it'. The Conservative Government in November 1970 said 'There are also serious threats to stability outside the NATO area' and that Britain would be 'willing to play her part in countering them by continuing to honour her obligations . . .'. This applies especially strongly when friendly members of the Commonwealth ask us, as they have done, to retain British forces in their countries.

The noticeable feature of the wars between Asian countries has been the fact that, although arms and supplies and political support have been given to Communist countries by China and the Soviet Union, these two big powers have not themselves taken part. They have not directly confronted the United States. Indeed China has been definitely non-aggressive. When in 1962 she had crossed the Himalayan frontier, defeated the Indian Army and had Calcutta at her mercy, her army withdrew. Again, China could have defeated the Burma Army in a matter of weeks and occupied Rangoon at any time in the last 20 years. But she has not wanted a port on the Indian Ocean. Nor has China taken part in the Vietnam war though she could have taken Saigon easily. China prefers instead to have a periphery of friendly pro-Communist states whom she can support or not according to her foreign policy at the time. She has plenty of problems to tackle at home. She also has 4,000 miles of land frontier with her rival the Soviet Union.

The stability at which we aim in Asia is therefore primarily a problem of friendly relations between the countries of South East Asia, many of which are newly independent. We have firm friends and large interests in that area. Australia and New Zealand, because they are vitally interested in the peace of the area, have for years stationed forces there. The

presence of those forces in Malaysia and Singapore is far more likely to convince aggressive powers that they will have a modern war on their hands than the promise of returning after complete withdrawal, which was what we planned until very recently. The difference between keeping small forces in S.E. Asia and withdrawing altogether is the difference between a presence and a promise. Any alliance is an open-ended contract if it is to mean anything.

How long British forces are to remain in S.E. Asia is a matter for experience. We cannot do better than follow the 1965 Labour Government precept that British bases 'can be maintained only in agreement with the local governments and peoples'. Until the relatively weak Malaysia and Singapore feel they can stand on their own it is in their interest as well as in ours to keep small British forces there. Although there is no external threat at present, the war in Indo-China could go wrong with consequently serious repercussions throughout Asia. It must also not be forgotten that if Indonesian confrontation had not ended in 1966 the government would have been unable to reduce the 50,000 British forces engaged. What happened in the 1960s could well be repeated in another form in the 1970s. Similarly the military situation in Hong Kong, whether internal or external, could deteriorate.

In short, as always in defence, we must be ready for the worst. We have not yet, as in the Middle East, lost the power to influence events in S.E. Asia and we should not as a loyal Western ally give it up.

The problem is to decide, in the light of the commitments outlined above, how best to design our small British regular forces, in the pattern of Western defence, to meet the following obligations: —

(a) Defence of sea communications.
(b) Western Allied Defence.
(c) Protection of British interests.
(d) Nuclear strike force.

These parts of British defence have to be fitted into our annual expenditure of about £2,350 (at 1970 prices) and of a manpower ceiling of about 380,000. The detailed allocation of defence effort must be left to the Chiefs of Staff under the Secretary of State for Defence. General indications can, however, be given.

Defence of sea communications has not been mentioned in government defence White Papers in the past six years, in spite of our nearly losing two World Wars because of appalling losses of ships. The present argument over the supply of arms to South Africa is an example of this neglect. The Cape of Good Hope is a very important focal point in the sea lanes approaching western Europe. Of the 143 naval vessels in the Royal Navy only 57 are escort vessels. If a future war lasts beyond the nuclear escalation risk and is continued as a conventional war the threat to Western Europe sea supplies will be very serious, probably equal to the risk of losing the land battle. The threat of attack by 400 Soviet submarines is four times Hitler's 90 submarines in 1939. Yet two years later we were fighting for our lives. We should therefore increase our escort programme

steadily until it reaches 100 or more.

To build new aircraft carriers is too expensive in money and manpower. We should keep existing carriers in commission because they can give support when land based aircraft cannot; and we should go ahead with the development of STOL aircraft in ships as the basis of our navy.

The Army is still suffering from overstretch. The number of infantry battalions has been reduced to 47 which is too few to meet likely commitments. This is illustrated the moment there is an unexpected and continuing demand. For example, in Northern Ireland artillery units are being used in the infantry role. The keeping of five infantry companies instead of abolishing the battalions is a welcome reversal of reduction policy but as soon as the recruiting situation allows the number should be raised to 53 battalions. The reorganisation and reduction of the old Territorial Army not only severely damaged the voluntary spirit but also meant that this country, alone in NATO, had no uncommitted reserve available for unforeseen contingencies. The recent decision to raise 10,000 men initially is therefore doubly welcome. It should eventually be organised in brigade groups and given a Home Defence role as well as providing an extra contribution to the reserve forces of NATO.

The efficiency and morale of the Royal Air Force depends very much on having the latest aircraft. Otherwise, in war against a modern opponent it will be shot out of the sky. Ever since the cancellation of the TSR 2 (which we might now be exporting at considerable profit) this service has had to buy U.S. aircraft and to live on the hopes of a combined European Multi-Role Combat Aircraft. This is an anxious policy very different from that which won air superiority in World War II. It depends entirely on our allies.

A number of middle-range powers are in a position to have their own nuclear strike forces. France has already got her small one. Britain's forces must therefore include a nuclear element. But we must face the fact that, although a strong deterrent in itself, our four Polaris submarines, without an antiballistic layout, are a tiny nuclear force compared with those of the two Super Powers. It represents only 2 per cent of our defence cost and cannot at present be given up.

To sum up, Britain's defence forces must have the latest weapons and be highly trained. Otherwise they will be ignored by enemies and allies alike. It is far from easy, in a world full of unexpected risks, to design small regular forces we can afford in money and manpower. Although the two Super Powers have been engaged in support of opposing sides, the stakes have not yet been high enough to justify nuclear war. Conventional wars and emergencies have been continuous over the 26 years since World War II and they have taken place not in Europe but in Asia. This is the pattern we must expect to continue. Britain must maintain modern forces which entitle her to join in talks at the 'top table', though without her former influence. They must be capable both of defending our island home and of playing an honourable part with our allies in all parts of the world.

A LONG-REMEMBERED CRIME

by Alethea Hayter

SEVEN hundred years ago this month a man was murdered. Not, you would have thought, a very memorable event in an age when violent death, in war or riot or conspiracy, was almost the normal expected end for most men of note. And the victim of this particular murder was not particularly admirable or indispensable, nor did his murder have any important political consequences. Nevertheless, it sent a shock through Europe, and printed itself deeply on the memory of the age.

Even today the event echoes faintly in the consciousness of tourists in some of the little Papal strongholds of the thirteenth century, the hill towns of Central Italy. There one keeps coming across a name which jumps out from wall-inscriptions and guide-books, especially to English eyes, as an unexpected discovery so far from home: **'Enrico di Cornovaglia'.** What had this minor Plantagenet prince to do with Viterbo and Orvieto?

Henry of Cornwall was the nephew of King Henry III and the eldest son of Richard of Cornwall, King of the Romans. Because of his father's title as ruler of the German Empire he was generally called Henry of Almaine. His mother, daughter of the Earl of Pembroke, was a beauty, but older than his father—he was her second husband—and Richard of Cornwall was meditating divorcing her because of her failure to produce a male heir, when Henry was opportunely born in November 1235. His mother died when he was five, and for the next few years he was brought up at his uncle's court at Windsor, with his cousin, the future Edward I, as his companion, though Edward was four years younger. His father married again, and then in 1257 was elected and crowned King of the Romans.

By the time he was 21, Henry of Almaine was a man of influence, whose alliance and support were worth courting, and who was chosen for political negotiations between England and France. But he owed this more to his connections than to his personality. He was clever and attractive but impulsive, fickle, unscrupulous and not much trusted, even by his own father. His two greatest contemporaries, Edward I and Simon de Montfort, both felt his charm, but Simon was not deceived as to his true character. Henry's genuine loyalties, if he had any, were to the cause of royal supremacy; he sided briefly with the barons during their attack on Henry III's power, but soon ratted. He piously announced to Simon de Montfort, 'I can no longer fight against my father, against my uncle, against all my relations. That is why, Sir Earl, I shall leave you if you will allow me, but I shall never bear arms against you'. Simon de Montfort drily replied that he wasn't afraid of Henry's arms, but deplored his inconstancy. A year later, in spite of his promise, Henry was energetically though incompetently bearing arms against Simon; he took part in the wild cavalry charge which lost the Battle of Lewes to the royalist side, and was captured and kept as a hostage by the De Montfort family, who were not particularly hospitable to their turncoat cousin—for he was *their* cousin as well as

Edward's, Simon de Montfort having married the sister of Henry III and Richard of Cornwall.

But Henry of Almaine took no part in the last great battle between Simon de Montfort and the royalists. When Simon was slaughtered at the Battle of Evesham in August 1265, Henry, who had been released and sent off as an ambassador to the King of France, was still across the Channel. He was now well placed on the winning side, a close friend of the heir to the throne, enriched by grants of land forfeited by the losing side, and by marriage in 1269 to a Gascon heiress. A year later he set off to join Edward as a crusader; they followed Louis IX of France and his brother Charles of Anjou from Aigues Mortes to Sicily, and thence to Tunis; but when they arrived they found that King Louis had died and that the Crusade to the Holy Land had in effect been given up. Edward and Henry had to go back to Sicily, surviving a tremendous storm which sank half the Crusading fleet. Here Edward commissioned Henry to return to Gascony as his seneschal, while he himself carried on with the Crusade. Henry left Sicily with Philip III, the new King of France, and Charles of Anjou, King of Sicily, and in March 1271 they reached Viterbo on their way to France.

There Henry of Almaine was awaited. Three sons of Simon de Montfort had escaped to Italy after the defeat of their cause in England. They had lost everything; their lands were forfeited, their mother and sister were refugees, their eldest brother killed. But their greatest bitterness was for what had been done to their heroic father in the trap at Evesham, caught between superior forces with his back to the river, as Edward and Gloucester advanced with blaring trumpets through the orchards and fell on Simon's little force. Simon's horse was killed under him: fighting on foot, he was surrounded and wounded again and again, and went down among the spears, crying 'God's grace!' as he died. Before the battle, seeing the strength of the enemy, he had commended the souls of his army to God, 'for our bodies are theirs'; a prophecy grimly fulfilled, for as a wild thunderstorm crashed above the battlefield the Welshmen in the Royalist army mangled his body. The head, hands, feet and genitals were hacked off, and the most revolting of these trophies was sent to the wife of the Royalist leader, Roger Mortimer, as a pleasing gift. Simon's head was set on a pike, and his son Simon, on his way to his father's aid, saw it carried by. His trunk, in the hair shirt which he always wore, was thrown to the dogs. Late that night the monks of Evesham, stealing out to the battlefield, rescued what was left and, putting it on a broken ladder covered with an old coat, carried it into their abbey church.

These were the memories that Simon de Montfort's sons took with them into their Italian exile; these, and the knowledge that already their father was revered as a saint and martyr by many Englishmen, that miracles were said to have been performed at his tomb and a spring to have burst from the ground at the place where he fell dead and was mutilated, and to which pilgrimages were already being made. Legends of his holy life and his championship of the poor were spreading, in spite of royal edicts forbidding the veneration of one who died rebellious and excommunicate. The sons

—the younger Simon, Guy and Amaury—were now all in Italy. Guy had married the daughter of the red-haired Count Aldobrandini dell'Anguillare, lord of a castle in Maremma, and Charles of Anjou had appointed him as his deputy for Tuscany.

The convergence of kings and princes on Viterbo was because of an unique process which was going on there—the longest Conclave in the history of the Papacy. In 1268 Pope Clement IV had died and now, more than two years later, no successor to him had yet been elected. It is not known for certain why the cardinals could not reach a decision, though it is conjectured that the Italian party, fearful of domination by Charles of Anjou and patriotically determined on a candidate from Italy, held together to resist the powerful supporters of a French candidate. But it may have been internal intrigues, ambitions, jealousies or resentments and not external pressures, which kept the 15 cardinals from deciding for so long. When no decision had been reached for 17 months, they were shut up in the great hall of the Palazzo Papale at Viterbo till they should make up their minds.

The Hall of the Conclave is still there. It stands on the edge of a promontory separated from the main hill-top of Viterbo by a ravine. Solid, austere, its mole-grey stone walls strongly lit by two tiers of six windows on each side, the long hall is unadorned except for a dais at one end. The other opens onto an airy loggia through whose graceful Gothic tracery you can look down onto the little piazza and the cathedral which share the promontory with the Papal Palace.

Here the cardinals were enclosed; but still they could not make up their minds. The Bishop of Porto mockingly suggested that they had better take off the roof of the hall, so that the Holy Ghost could descend and inspire them with the right decision. This bitter joke seems to have put an idea into the heads of the people of Viterbo, who were fed up with the delay in choosing a candidate. No Pope meant no decisions in the Papal courts, no fiestas and ceremonies to enjoy, no profits to be made from foreign visitors. They decided to force the cardinals' hands by taking the roof off—not to facilitate the arrival of the Holy Ghost but to let in the rain. The winter downpours would soon bring the imprisoned cardinals to their senses. The cardinals protested bitterly but they still did not come to a decision about the new Pope. The rain poured through the dismantled roof, and tents had to be put up for the cardinals inside the hall. You can still see the holes for the tent-pegs, dotted all over the floor.

So, in March 1271, when Henry of Almaine arrived in Viterbo with Philip of France and Charles of Anjou, the Conclave was still going on in the Palazzo Papale. Henry lodged in a little square in what was then the main centre of Viterbo, close to the ravine which separated it from the Papal Palace. On the morning of Friday, March 13, while the Kings of France and Sicily attended Mass in the church of the Franciscans, Henry of Almaine crossed the square from his lodgings to the little church of San Silvestro. This church, now called the Gesù, still stands. Its plain windowless Romanesque façade has a central bell-tower; two clumsy monsters perch on the sloping roof, one on each side—a winged bull with

a dragon's tail, and a strange simpering Etruscan-looking lion. The little square is now full of market stalls, loaded with grapes, peaches, carnations, aubergines and cheap crockery. It was probably full of market stalls on that day seven hundred years ago when Henry of Almaine crossed it and went into San Silvestro and kneeled down to his prayers.

Mass had just been celebrated and the priests were still at the altar when a *posse* of armed men thrust their way into the church. They were led by Guy de Montfort, his brother Simon and his father-in-law Aldobrandini dell'Anguillare. As he burst in at the door, Guy shouted: 'Traitor, Henry of Almaine, thou shalt not escape!' and the whole band rushed with drawn swords towards Henry, shouting that he was a traitor and the murderer of Guy's father, although he had not even been in England when the Battle of Evesham was fought.

Henry heard the shouts and ran to the altar to seek sanctuary among the priests there, who stretched out their arms to protect him. As the killers reached him, he clung to the altar and shrieked: 'Mercy, for God's sake, kill me not!' Guy's reply was: 'You had no mercy on my father nor on my brother', followed by a sword-thrust. The others stabbed Henry again and again, almost cutting off the fingers that gripped the altar, and he fell dead. Several of the priests who tried to protect him were also wounded, and then the gang rushed out of the church.

'What have you done?' one of the knights of Guy's retinue asked him as he came out into the square.

'I have had my revenge.'

'How can you say that?' demanded the knight. 'Your father was dragged about.'

This reminder sent Guy back into the church, where he seized Henry's hair and dragged the body through the church and out into the market-place, where it was battered and trampled by the gang of murderers, before they sprang onto their horses and galloped away to take refuge in the remote Maremma castle.

The shouts and the trampling hoofs would have been audible to the cardinals in the Papal Palace, only a few hundred yards away across the ravine. The news of the sacrilegious outrage was carried at once to the two kings at their Mass in the Franciscans' church. Charles of Anjou had to repudiate Guy as his deputy for Tuscany, while Philip of France wrote off at once to condole with the King of the Romans on the murder of his son, quoting the very words used by the murderers. The prodigious public reaction to the crime is shown by the fact that the eye-witness accounts were so carefully noticed and preserved. The Florentine chronicler, Villani, writing a generation later in Italian, recorded the story of the murder in some detail, and quoted Guy's dialogue with his knight in the actual French words used, not in Italian: *'J'ai fait ma vengeance'*: *'Comment? Votre père fut traîné'*.

Vengeance fell on the murderers in their turn. Simon the younger died soon afterwards. Guy was summoned by the new Pope Gregory X, whom the Conclave at last succeeded in electing in the autumn of 1271, to appear

before him and answer for his crime. Guy refused to appear, on a series of pretexts, and was therefore excommunicated and outlawed. 'Let him lose the esteem of men, let him be branded with the eternal mark of infamy . . . let his ignominy follow his children to the fourth generation'. Later, in a tremendous show of repentance, he followed the Pope barefoot and with a rope round his neck for miles along the road, pleading forgiveness. He secured his pardon but after a few years of adventures and escapes he died in an Aragonese prison, possibly by his own hand.

The kings and cardinals hastened, by showing honour to Henry's dead body, to express their horror at the atrocity of the crime. The victim had been the murderer's first cousin; he was guiltless of the injury for which vengeance was thus inflicted; the murder was committed almost in the presence of the highest authorities of the Church and of two kings, both relatives of the victim. But the real horror, in the eyes of that unsqueamish but believing age, was that Henry had been cut down as he clung to the altar on which Mass had just been celebrated, 'the altar on which, just before, the Only-Begotten Son of God, Redeemer of the World, had been sacrificed', as a horrified English monastic chronicler emphatically put it.

The perishable parts of Henry's body were buried in Italy; first in the Cathedral at Viterbo, where even after a restoration a few years ago it was still thought worth while to record on a tablet: 'Here Henry of Cornwall (died 1271) was temporarily buried'. In February 1273 the remains were transferred to Orvieto and solemnly interred at the Church of San Francesco there, in the presence of the new Pope Gregory X and of Edward I, who by then had succeeded to the throne of England and who paused in Italy on his way home from the Holy Land to demand retribution against Guy de Montfort for the murder of his cousin, and to attend the funeral. Here, too, in this church which has seen such great events as the canonization of Saint Louis of France, a conspicuous tablet has been placed on the outside wall to record the funeral of the victim of such a notorious murder.

Henry's heart and his bones were sent back to England. His bones were buried at Hailes, the Cistercian abbey founded by his father in fulfilment of a vow when he escaped shipwreck. The abbey was a place of pilgrimage for centuries because of its famous holy relic, a phial of Christ's blood. Henry's heart also was ensconced in a place of great holiness, beside the shrine of Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey, where it was placed in a golden cup in the hand of a statue, with a naked sword on the cup to bear witness to the murderous stroke that had pierced the heart.

In Italy, legends began to spread about the burial-place of Henry's heart. There was a story that it had been put in a golden chalice and raised on a pillar on London Bridge over the Thames to remind all the world of the terrible crime that had been committed. It even came to be said that the golden cup was perforated so that the blood from the heart, still dripping through it, might incite Henry's compatriots to vengeance.

Sensational as the story was, Henry of Almaine and his sacrilegious murder and treasured heart might have faded out of popular memory if the

greatest poet of Italy had not given them immortality. In the seventh circle of the *Inferno*, Dante and Virgil, borne by the Centaur along the banks of the River of Blood, see a being sunk up to his throat in the boiling crimson flood, set apart even from the other violent murderers by the enormity of his crime, of whom the Centaur says—

'He in God's bosom . . .
Transfixed the heart which is still honoured by the Thames.'

It is Guy de Montfort, who ran his sword through the heart of Henry of Almaine as he clung to the altar while God was still present on it in the Host. The ambiguity of Dante's lines was perhaps responsible for the legend of the blood-dripping heart in the perforated golden cup, since the second line can also be read to mean 'the heart which still drips by the Thames'.

So the stream of boiling blood carries Henry and his murderer down to us through history. The blood, the cup, the sword, the holiest sacrifice and the vilest vengeance, are welded together in Dante's great imagery. 'In this church', says an inscription on the façade of San Silvestro, 'Guy and Simon de Montfort treacherously and from family hatred slew Henry of Cornwall. Neither the holiness of the place, nor his taking refuge in the arms of the celebrating priest, nor the presence in Viterbo of the Cardinals met in Conclave, nor the hospitality of a foreign land, availed him. The memory of such a crime will last for ever in the lines of the divine poet'.

It was a pointless crime. The murdered man was not at the centre of power and his death could change nothing. He was not responsible for the cause of the murderers' resentment. But to a mind curdled by hatred of a system he appeared to represent the system.

[Alethea Hayter, O.B.E., M.A., (Oxon.), a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, is British Council Representative and Cultural Attaché to the British Embassy in Belgium. Her books include *Mrs. Browning: a Poet's Work and its Setting*, *A Sultry Month: Scenes of London Literary Life in 1846* and *Opium and the Romantic Imagination* (British Academy's Rose Mary Crawshay Prize, 1969).]

The April issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes: 'Man and Mass-man' by D. R. Denman, 'Poland in the Aftermath of the December Crisis' by K. F. Cviic, 'Women in Religion' by F. H. Hansford-Miller and 'How Modern is Indian Art?' by A. S. Raman.

TWO VIEWS FROM INSIDE RUSSIA

by Paul Wilkinson

IT is a matter of great interest, even excitement, for students of Soviet affairs to receive two works* by Russian writers living within the Soviet system which express views widely at variance with Party orthodoxy and with each other, concerning the regime's political past and future. And, as Andrei Amalrik points out, it is natural that 'for Western students of the Soviet Union, at any rate, this discussion should have the same interest that a fish would have for an ichthyologist if it suddenly began to talk'.

Both books under discussion illuminate in different ways the muddy waters of the Soviet political system. Neither could have been published under the existing censorship within the U.S.S.R. Again (and this will not surprise those familiar with the acrimonious controversies of Sovietology) doubts have been expressed about the authenticity and provenance of both works. Somewhat implausibly Amalrik has been cast as a K.G.B. agent, and the reminiscences attributed to Khrushchev have been declared forgeries by Khrushchev himself, and attributed by some to the K.G.B. and C.I.A.

Clearly these superficial similarities are far less important than the differences in perception and diagnosis expressed in these works. To pick up Amalrik's metaphor again, one purports to be the polemical memoirs of a superannuated toothless pike, while the other is the work of a watchful waterboatman, a courageous iconoclast armed only with integrity and imagination. *Khrushchev Remembers* is a personal apologia, yet it seems to me that it portrays the decrepitude of the political system as effectively as Amalrik's essay conveys the possibility of its destruction. I wish to comment briefly on the authenticity debate, and then to raise other equally important questions. What fresh insights, if any, can be derived from these unconventional sources? Do they in any way contribute, for instance, to an improved understanding of the nature of Stalin's power, and of the sources and motives underlying his policies? Are we helped towards a clearer understanding of the current problems of the Party leadership? Lastly, do they provide any firmer basis for predicting the future of the Soviet regime?

The debate as to the authenticity of *Khrushchev Remembers* shows every sign of becoming a growth industry comparable to the inquest on President Kennedy's assassination in the United States. Because Time Life Incorporated and all those directly involved in the purchase of the original material (notes, transcripts, etc.) are committed to remain silent about

---

* *Khrushchev Remembers*. With an Introduction, Commentary and Notes by Edward Crankshaw. Translated and Edited by Strobe Talbott. André Deutsch. £3.50: Andrei Amalrik, *Will the Soviet Union Survive Until 1984?* With contributions from Henry Kamm and Sidney Monas and three letters from Andrei Amalrik. Allen Lane. The Penguin Press. £1.50.

the transaction, the authenticity of the 'Khrushchev memoirs' is unlikely to be established to the full satisfaction of scholars for many years to come. Meanwhile scholar and layman alike must make do with a careful assessment of probabilities.

In any country the writing and publication of memoirs by a statesman is unavoidably a political act fraught with risks to historical reputation and personal relations. Even in the relative publishing freedom of Britain and the United States there are the additional constraints of security considerations, the Official Secrets Act and the pressure of party loyalties. It is inconceivable that, in any Western democracy, a worthwhile contemporary history could be written solely on the basis of politicians' memoirs.

It is certain that these difficulties are compounded for the Soviet politician turned autobiographer. In a regime where the right to a peaceful retirement from leadership has gained only very recent and tentative acceptance, the threats of severe reprisals, disgrace, the removal of all privileges, are ever-present. The repressive censorship system applies, as to all other citizens. The uncertain chronology and faltering memory of an ageing politician cannot be corrected by an eager team of privately employed historical assistants. The historical documents, supposing they are all preserved, are inaccessible to him, and the secondary histories produced by the Party are in any case constantly being revised and rewritten. And in the present case we must add to these difficulties the intellectual limitations of Khrushchev himself as writer and analyst; his total lack of literary training or experience, his violent ideological prejudices, and his propensity for taking deep dislikes to individuals.

The probability is that no responsible commentator would expect the recollections of Khrushchev to provide an objective, balanced and consistent contribution to contemporary history. Further, innaccuracies have crept into the translated text and the commentary, and Mr. Crankshaw has frankly admitted as much. Nevertheless Mr. Crankshaw has placed Western students of Khrushchev's career greatly in his debt not only through his useful introduction and comments, but also because of his earlier published biography. And in my view Mr. Crankshaw can be forgiven for declaring so emphatically his belief in the authenticity of *Khrushchev Remembers*. Certainly the book's tone and postures have a convincing ring. Khrushchev's garrulity, cockiness, tub-thumping self-justification and occasional crudities are unmistakable.

Most convincing of all, to my mind, is the emphasis the book places on the earlier period of Stalin's rise and leadership. This stands in marked contrast to Part Two which deals with the crises and international relations of Khrushchev's leadership. All we are given in the sections on the Berlin crises, and on relations with Mao, Nasser and Castro, for example, are the Party line clichés spelt out at each stage with dreary repetition. We are told that Khrushchev made no serious mistakes in policy-making, that he has been constantly misjudged, slandered, and obstructed in his efforts at promoting peaceful co-existence and the

'benefits of socialism', because of the implacable hostility of the capitalist powers, etc., etc. In his account of Hungary, Germany, Poland, China, and Soviet internal affairs, there is not a shred of self-criticism, humility, or awareness of the possible human costs and consequences of his policies.

Moreover, at the level of apologia it must be said that Khrushchev's account of his role under Stalin is extremely evasive. As was the case in the Twentieth Party Congress speech, he appears entirely to overlook the facts of his own complicity in the inhumanity of Stalinist repression, his part in liquidating Left and Right oppositionists, his supervision of mass deportations in the Ukraine, his collaboration with Serov and the N.K.V.D., his part in the degrading toadyism of Stalin's inner court, and in helping to feed his master's bullying paranoia.

This book brings out the extent to which Khrushchev's own outlook and style of rule was moulded by, and a reaction to, Stalin's tutelage. Like an astute pupil of a Borgia he was initiated in the secrets of absolute corruption and enmeshed in its ambiguities. Khrushchev was, however, human enough to realise the horror of it all, and by the mid-1930s the scales have fallen from his eyes.

Precisely because Khrushchev was accorded Stalin's favour for such a long period he was able to study (with the awful fascination of a pupil part captivated, part repelled) the changing demeanour of his master. This book gives the most valuable picture of Stalin's relations with his inner circle and Party henchmen that has yet emerged. The awful costs of Stalinism for the Soviet people have been powerfully brought home to the West through such writings as those of Solzhenitsyn, Ginzburg, and Svetlana Alliluyeva. But here we have abundant fresh evidence of another aspect of Stalinism. The book portrays the sheer inefficiencies, stupidities and inconsistencies of Stalin's policy-making, his inability to select competent key personnel, his crazy way of running the government.

There is a scathing account of Stalin's demoralisation at the unexpectedly rapid assault of Operation Barbarossa. He is described as a rabbit hypnotised by a boa-constrictor, entirely strategically unprepared. In a telling indictment of Stalin's stewardship of Soviet territorial security, Khrushchev traces Stalin's inconsistencies and failures through the '30s and early '40s. The cream of the Soviet high command and the officer corps is incomprehensibly removed in purges, leaving second-rate or inexperienced men to face the wars with the Finns and the Germans. Rearmament was haphazard and budget allocations to the military were wasted by an incompetent Voroshilov. The almost incredible mismanagement of the Finnish campaign lost Russia over a million men. Khrushchev correctly observes that this was not only a moral defeat; it also gave Hitler reassuring evidence of Soviet vulnerability.

This damning exposé of Stalin's leadership does, however, constitute the most convincing element in Khrushchev's own apologia. For the truth is that the same Khrushchev who had danced for Stalin in order to stay alive proved himself capable of introducing reforms which, in effect, discarded the worst arbitrary terrorisms of Stalin's rule, replaced brute

terror by 'Stalinism without violence', reasserted Party control over the police apparat, and introduced some semblance of regard for legal and administrative procedures. Khrushchev deserves full credit for his rejection of some of the most inhuman aspects of Stalin's rule, and this book certainly strengthens one's conviction that it is unlikely that any current faction in the Soviet Union seriously wishes to return to High Stalinism.

In the view of Andrei Amalrik, however, Khrushchev's reforms did not presage some inevitable process of democratisation or liberalisation of the Soviet regime. In his gloomy, thoughtful essay Amalrik, a young Russian historian, argues that the amorphous 'Democratic Movement' of intellectual middle class dissenters is too weak to impose any reforms on the regime. The ablest and most outspoken dissidents have been isolated and victimised, leaving the bulk of their colleagues somewhat defensive and passive. He claims that most of this group are unable to rise above the 'psychology of government workers'.

As for the Party leadership and bureaucracy, Amalrik sees them as unimaginative, conventional, defensive, and entirely preoccupied with their own self-preservation. Paradoxically, in order to survive the regime must adapt itself to new conditions. But Amalrik argues that the regime is paralysed by fear of change, and is absolutely wedded to a system of defensive oppression. Instead of a real movement for planned, coherent liberalisation Amalrik sees the political system's growing decrepitude: 'it is possible that we will indeed have a "socialism" with bare knees some-day, but not likely one with a human face'.

He is equally gloomy about the prospects of mass participation in any democratic movement, on the grounds that there is no real popular understanding of concepts such as personal freedom, self-government or equality before the law. There is not even, he concludes, any popular morality as the discredited Christian ethic has not been effectively replaced by any Marxist ethic. He suggests that, in sum, contemporary conditions are comparable in important aspects to those of 1905 and 1917 in Russia. The society is caste-ridden and politically and socially immobile. The need for economic growth conflicts with a rigid and remote governmental bureaucracy. In this situation the regime's leadership tends to seek unity and legitimacy by appealing to nationalism and indulging in expansionist schemes.

Thus far, many observers would concur with Amalrik's gloomy diagnosis. It is far more difficult, however, to accept his concluding apocalyptic prophecies: they are built on such vast assumptions. Most open to challenge, for example, are the assumptions that China will experience a similar pattern of political development to that of the Soviet Union, and that therefore Sino-Soviet conflict is inevitable when both have entered an 'imperialist-expansionist' phase. The death of Mao will throw the future of Chinese politics wide open, and certainly there are powerful military and civilian factions in China which are known to favour reconciliation and accommodation with Moscow.

SUFFRAGE IN MEDICINE

by Lady Summerskill

FOR many years I have contended that the shortage of British-born doctors could be overcome if we recognised the potential medical ability of many girls in our Sixth Forms. According to Dr. Frederick Beswick, the executive Dean at Manchester, 'Every year girls come to us with better exam. results than boys. I could take 50 per cent girls and the top 50 per cent boys and still be doing some girls an injustice'.

Between 1955 and 1965 the proportion of pupils who gained 'A' level passes in all the main subjects rose considerably more for girls than boys. Despite this, headmistresses believe that many of their best pupils do not apply, and many do not take the relevant science subjects in the Sixth Form because they believe that admission to a medical school will not be open to them on merit alone.

Over 20 years have passed since the Goodenough Committee recommended that a substantial proportion of students to all medical schools should be women. I understand that, taking this country as a whole, 24 per cent of students are women, but the example set by the London medical schools leaves much to be desired; for today Guys, London and Barts take approximately 14 per cent; St. Thomas's takes 15 per cent; King's College takes 18 per cent; while Westminster, University College, St. George's and Middlesex are relatively generous with 19 per cent.

I was pleased to see that the Todd Report on Medical Education said: 'We think that the imposition of an arbitrary upper limit on the numbers of women admitted to the medical course would have the most unfortunate consequences for medicine'.

Unfortunately, the Commission made no attempt to challenge those who are imposing 'an arbitrary upper limit' in medical schools and thereby discriminating against able girls. It is significant that the arbitrary upper limit of women doctors chosen to serve on this important Royal Commission numbers one.

I am advised that this policy of discrimination against potential women medical students contravenes the Sex Disqualification Removal Act of 1919 which says:—

> 'A person shall not be disqualified by sex or marriage from the exercise of any public function or from being appointed to or holding any civil or judicial office or post or from entering or assuming or carrying on any civil profession or vocation or for admission to any incorporated society'.

On February 19 I put a question down to the Government and received the following answer . . . 'it is not for Her Majesty's Government to construe the law. Moreover I am advised that if there were any contraventions of the Sex Disqualification Removal Act 1919 it would not be for Her Majesty's Government to enforce the law, and that the remedy would be by way of civil injunction by any woman aggrieved'. I look forward to congratulating the first determined young woman prepared to apply for an injunction.

The favourite excuse for discrimination, namely, that a woman gets married and consequently her services may be lost to the country during her child-bearing period, is very familiar. But this reasoning could be equally applied to all higher education by women.

If this criterion of the future contribution of a doctor to the country is valid then why educate men who are leaving the country in large numbers? It is assumed that over the next ten years there will be annually an outflow of 430 doctors, 300 to developed countries and 130 to developing countries.

The fact that professional women have children has been recognised in other countries and the system so organised that women can work without feeling that they are neglecting their families. Unhappily, able girls who are seeking an opportunity to fulfil themselves in medicine in Britain can still find their way barred by prejudice and custom.

Irene M. Hilton writes:

The comments made by Dr. Edith Summerskill on Suffrage in Medicine are timely and challenging.

The statistics she gives of women students in medical schools in London are not encouraging to girls who may be attracted to this profession, and over the entire country the women in training number less than one third of the men.

Though it may well be true that a number of girls who have the necessary science 'A' levels are put off by the failure of their immediate predecessors to obtain places in medical schools, and are therefore looking to other scientific careers in industry, teaching, and the Civil Service, it is probable that the number of really good girl candidates trying to find places is considerably higher than the number of places obtained by them or which were open to them.

One cannot escape the conclusion that discrimination on grounds of sex alone is operating and that some medical schools are not selecting on merit and have no desire to increase the quota of women and implement the recommendation of the Todd Report.

This is not only a contravention of the Sex Disqualification Act of 1919 as Edith Summerskill points out—it is, in fact, a contravention of the Declaration of Human Rights to which this country is a signatory.

There are, of course, reasons for this state of affairs and those of us who are anxious to help the cause of women need to examine them objectively.

In the past it was certainly true that the preparation of girls in the sciences so necessary to medical training was far inferior to that of boys. There has been a rapid change in the last decade. In the State schools and in nearly all Independent schools of any size the science teaching and laboratory facilities are perfectly adequate.

Dr. Frederick Beswick's comment on the standard of performance of boys and girls seeking entrance to medical courses is sufficient proof of this.

The early marriage age and the inevitable length of training undoubtedly account for the reluctance of some able girls to enter medicine, and the

statistics of 'drop out' among female medical students are often quoted as a reason for not admitting them.

Rarely do we see comparative figures for the sexes quoted, but cases of breakdown, unsuitable choice, or failure to jump the many examination hurdles are certainly not unknown among men students! Marriage concerns both partners equally but society still tends to take it for granted that, if two medical students marry, it is unnecessary for the girl to complete her long and difficult training. Girls should be warned to resist the pressure of this out-of-date fallacy. Even here there is a subtle change in public opinion. The nation needs the professional contribution of women as much as that of men, and many of the younger generation see marriage as a more constructive partnership of work and play than their elders did. Surely the time has long passed when there is any validity in the argument that it is waste of time to train a woman because she will marry and have children.

If we are sincere in our appreciation of the importance of the biological role of woman, it should not be impossible to devise ways of helping her to fulfil this role without sacrificing her entity as an intelligent and constructive human being with a contribution to make to society. Much remains to be done. Where prejudice exists it must be recognised as such, rooted out and if possible made illegal.

It should be made easier for qualified women to return to part-time work in this field which will be satisfying and suitably remunerated.

Finally, girls while still at school, and the people who advise them, need to be less resigned and more militantly determined to follow their choice of career, even in the face of prejudices which, though tiresome and frustrating, are inevitably bound to become obsolete.

[Irene F. Hilton, M.Sc., is Organising Secretary of the National Advisory Centre on Careers for Women and President of the Association of Heads of Recognised Independent Schools for Girls.]

THE ANATOMY OF JANE AUSTEN (1775-1817)

by Rosalind Wade

PEOPLE who gather round Jane Austen's portrait in the National Portrait Gallery or make the pilgrimage to her house at Chawton in Hampshire may be roughly divided into two categories; those who revere the novelist as High Priestess of an exclusive fraternity and those who, like Mark Twain, declare that the works of Jane Austen inspire an 'animal repugnance' and that 'a good library is one that includes no novels by Jane Austen even if it contains no other books'.

Both groups can trace their predilections to assessors greater than themselves. Lord David Cecil has said that denigrators of Jane Austen are people who do not like sunshine and unselfishness; and George Henry Lewes defended 'Mansfield Park' against Charlotte Brontë's disapproval as long ago as 1857. On the opposing scale Emerson described the Jane Austen novels as being 'sterile' and 'vulgar'. These strictures were objective, confined to the quality of writing and characterisation. But on the personal angle that witty and uninhibited commentator, Mary Russell Mitford, drew freely on her mother's early memories of the Austen family, describing their most distinguished member as, in her youth, the 'silliest, most affected husband-hunting butterfly' and in middle-age as a 'perpendicular, precise, taciturn piece of single-blessedness', and in so doing earned the eternal hostility of the Janeites.

But if there is on balance greater support for the image of a dimity maiden-aunt, scribbling her novels on scraps of paper in between calls from the neighbours, there exists also chapter and verse for a woman of inherent waspishness as outlined in Professor Garrod's interesting essay: 'Jane Austen; a Depreciation'.

Both versions might be true. No writer equipped to achieve Jane Austen's unchallengeable position in English literature could be merely nasty or nice. The technique of construction, style and the proportionment of character must have its origins in the varied disposition and experiences of the author. The real Jane Austen must be searched for beneath layers of misinterpretation. She herself would have expected nothing less. In her own words, she did not 'write for such dull elves as have no ingenuity themselves'.

Scant tribute has been offered to the achievement of Jane Austen by the various film and stage interpretations of her novels, wherein the characters are presented in over-elaborate costumes and speak in rapid high-pitched tones. Equally, confusion has arisen from the assumption that Jane Austen lived in an era of mid-Victorian conformity. In fact, other women writers of her period enjoyed freedom and distinction, as for example, Anna Seward, a 'sort of Darwin in petticoats'; Hannah More, prolific in output, using literature as a means of disseminating religious instruction; Maria Edgeworth, famed for her novels on Ireland and books for children,

companioning her famous father; and Fanny Burney, who enjoyed huge sales for her novels, while pursuing a career at court.

The search, then, is for an acute, vigorous, creative artist of strong emotion and ambition whose personal and professional life went devastatingly wrong due to a variety of circumstances and through no one's fault. Once having acknowledged failure in love and authorship Jane Austen was honest and generous enough to make every effort to adapt herself to the role of a dependent female relative.

The initial clue to the 'lost' personality may be sought by comparing the dates of writing as distinct from the actual publication of the novels. These are as follows:

Lady Susan; First Impressions (later re-named *Pride and Prejudice*). Begun 1797. Published 1813.

Elinor and Marianne (later re-named *Sense and Sensibility*). Begun 1798. Published 1811.

Northanger Abbey. Begun 1798. Published 1818.

Mansfield Park. Begun 1811. Published 1814.

Emma. Begun 1814. Published 1816.

Persuasion. Begun 1815. Published 1818.

The pattern is thus seen to be almost unique. With almost any other novelist, however belated his *debut*—and Jane Austen's might well have been at the age of twenty-one or twenty-two—the public is able to witness a progress towards either fame or oblivion. This higgle-de-piggledy time-table leaves the average reader unaware that *Pride and Prejudice*, *Sense and Sensibility* and *Northanger Abbey* are the expressions of a boisterous girl; the remainder of the novels those of a disillusioned woman.

The fact that the three early novels were exhaustively 'lopped and cropped'—to use her own phrase—and the later ones drafted and completed during the eight years at Chawton suggests an amazing degree of creative energy and application and further belies the legend of haphazard 'scribbling'.

How did this curious situation come about? There was in her youth no question of a daunting or repressive influence. Jane Austen was the youngest-but-one of a large family of brothers and one sister, Cassandra. Her father, the Rev. Henry Austen, was Rector of Steventon and Deane, near Basingstoke in Hampshire. The 'plurality' brought him a comfortable income which he augmented by conducting a 'cramming' establishment for the sons of gentlemen. He himself educated his younger daughter. She proved to be a responsive pupil, possessing her own small library. But above all she *wrote* from the earliest age, mostly plays and charades performed for and by the household.

She was barely twenty-two when her first full-length novel was completed in the form of letters, a popular story-telling device of the period. Her father, aglow with paternal enthusiasm, sent *Lady Susan: First Impressions* to a London publisher accompanied by the curious suggestion that it might be financed by the 'young person' who was the authoress. Sensing, perhaps, something tiresome and amateurish the firm promptly returned

the manuscript. What blank disappointment Jane Austen suffered at this rebuff is not recorded. Undaunted, she continued her efforts with *Elinor and Marianne* and the 'Gothic' parody, *Northanger Abbey*.

Strangely, the last-named was the only one to find a purchaser during this early attempt at authorship. It was sold to a Bath bookseller who failed to publish it yet fiercely rejected her subsequent attempts to recover the copyright. The crude manner of his refusal must have been an added humiliation. But long before this painful altercation Jane Austen appears to have abandoned all hope of fame and financial success as a writer.

During the long bleak period following her father's retirement and death, until the mellow haven of Chawton materialised, Cassandra, Jane and Mrs. Austen lived in economical lodgings or 'visited' relations and friends; a testing school for decorum and the suppression of strong feelings. Many years later Jane Austen was to refer to the 'convenience of money'.

Yet the essence of Jane Austen as a creative writer must be sought not at Chawton but at Steventon. There, the parish church is solitary and unadorned, yet infinitely evocative of the atmosphere of her formative years. Plaques and headstones dedicated to the family and friends reveal the very source of Jane Austen's experience and observation. Of the two-storied rectory and the barn where the plays were performed nothing tangible remains beyond a water pump in the centre of a sloping field. In the village, which is scarcely more than a hamlet, were noted the contrasting facets of an eighteenth-century rural community.

Jane Austen loved balls and dancing and appears to have been tireless in her determination to be a social success. Despite an exacting programme of 'good works' she had plenty of opportunity. The day-to-day existence of professional and 'landed' gentry was leisured and ample to a degree difficult to envisage at the present time. Quite young married men were frequently at home to attend to family business and the management of their estates. Such people were often shrewd and knowledgeable, while displaying occasional strange gaps in their general information. . . . 'Tell me, you know about such things . . . is France in Paris or Paris in France? My wife has been disputing with me about it . . . ' Gold was gold; food and service inexpensive and easy to acquire. When visitors called, substantial refreshments were served while dancing or cards provided impromptu entertainment.

At the other end of the social scale, despite the favourable comments of many foreign visitors on the variety and quality of the English cottager's diet, squalor and privation were alleviated only by the diligent ministrations of such dedicated people as the Austens; at a time when no assistance of any kind was forthcoming from the State.

Although Mrs. Austen was a totally different person in temperament from her husband, the Rector, and possessed a background of education in excess of many women of her day, she identified herself wholeheartedly with the parish charitable activities.

An ample, loose-built figure, she could be identified at a distance by her crimson cape, adapted from a riding-habit which had been part of

her trousseau. Eventually, the material was cut down into garments for her growing family and finally survived in breeches and pinafores for the cottage children. To what extent this neurotic and somewhat temperamental woman influenced her daughter's literary inspiration is difficult to determine, apart from various references to 'hyperchondria', for Jane Austen is not as a rule sympathetic to the mother/daughter relationship . . . 'Ours was a very small locality. It consisted only of your mother . . .' nor does she seriously attempt to bridge the 'generation-gap' between her characters. It was as though she glimpsed, in every Elizabeth or Marianne, a future Mrs. Jennings or Lady Bartram.

Equally obscure is the degree of Jane Austen's assimilation of the social inequalities of the times and any aspirations she might have had to alter them. In a recently re-issued essay, *What Became of Jane Austen?*, Kingsley Amis suggests that she degenerated into a social reformer *manquée*. It might be nearer the truth to say that she learned to accept the ascendancy of wealthy people while secretly resenting their patronage towards 'unattached females', such as herself . . . 'We sit alone, quiet, confined, we cannot help ourselves . . .'

Possibly for this reason she slipped early into middle-age. She disliked 'dressing-up' for social occasions during the Chawton period and described haircurling as a 'torment'. True, her letters contain many references to shopping—mostly for bargains, understandably as her 'pin-money' was twenty pounds per annum. 'If artificial grapes are too expensive', she writes, 'I'll try something cheaper . . .'

Far too many priceless examples of the family correspondence were destroyed by Cassandra in the Chawton garden after Jane's death. What were the reasons for this excessive discretion? Could it have been that within the intimate exchange of letters between the sisters was concealed not only clues to the true identity of many of the fictional characters but proof of Jane Austen's merciless propensity for uncovering human frailties in terms of caustic and often sophisticated wit?

Left to themselves, the two women were perfect foils for each other. Jane Austen once described Cassandra as the 'greatest comic genius of our time'. The letters which have survived confirm this claim and reveal many of Jane Austen's own attitudes which can be traced, in modified form, in the novels; but 'in the raw' they reveal a person very different from the popular conception of a maiden aunt. 'To be so bent on marriage—to pursue a man merely for the sake of situation—a sort of thing that shocks me . . .' Here is an expression through the lips of Emma of an inborn fastidiousness and craving for independence. Yet with bitter sarcasm Jane Austen also permits herself to express the opposite and more realistic view, . . . 'single women have a dreadful propensity for being poor which is one very strong argument in favour of matrimony . . .'

Although her heroines, despite periodic demonstrations of 'spirit', usually conform to a Cinderella-like happy-ever-after style of marriage Jane Austen herself could follow their activities beyond the final page. In doing so she was uncomfortably aware of the hazards such 'happiness'

presented, as for example of over-frequent and unwanted pregnancies. More than one of her sisters-in-law had died in childbirth. Her favourite niece, Anna, became pregnant for the second time before her first child was weaned . . . 'She has not a chance of escape . . . poor animal, she will be worn out before she is thirty', Jane Austen wrote to Cassandra, '. . . I am so very sorry for her . . .'

Anna had been motherless from a very early age. She was extravagant and secretive about her debts. She cut off her hair and wished to become an authoress. A variable person with a nature very different from that of her tightly disciplined aunt, yet it is for the advice Jane Austen offered to her niece on the responsibilities and techniques of novel writing that Anna will be remembered . . . 'Do not follow your characters to Ireland . . . you have never been there . . .' Thus, crisply and sagely, the 'failed' novelist instructs the aspirant to confine her narrative within the boundaries of personal experience.

Jane Austen also held strong convictions about the limitations of the novel form. 'I will not allow the novel to *prove* anything', she once wrote, and in a letter to Cassandra mocked gently at the desire of many writers to load their romances with homilies on politics or history. This is very far from suggesting that she neither knew nor cared about events outside the world of Steventon or Chawton. A cousin by marriage had been guillotined during the French Revolution; two brothers became admirals and earned high distinction in sea battles during the Napoleonic wars: echoes of these events occur, particularly in the later novels, but they are echoes only.

Her wisdom served her well. Innocent of outworn propaganda her stories survive through a kind of glittering objectivity as much as by the pin-pointing of those human virtues and vices which flourish independently of national prosperity or upheaval.

Unimpressed by the belated and only partial success of four of the novels, and the flattering interest of the Prince Regent and his librarian, Jane Austen trained her sights resolutely on her target during the Chawton years. From within the seclusion of the all-woman household, already shadowed by ill health—her own and that of her mother—she voiced occasional strong protests at the public treatment of the novelist and upbraided her fellow writers for their complaisance. Her remarks were as cogent and forceful as any we might expect to read today. But even if she had lived to enjoy the full measure of her success it seems unlikely that she would have campaigned consistently on behalf of the literary fraternity. The material for her novels was not to be discovered among such people. Her acute critical faculty, perfectly blended with a sense of fun, found its most suitable target in the drawing room or the county town.

It is fortunate that Jane Austen undertook such an exhaustive analysis of the novel form. It enabled her to work purposefully towards the chosen objective of her youth and to withstand the disregard of writers whom she knew to be lesser novelists than herself.

AN OUTSTANDING AMBASSADOR — SIR BENJAMIN KEENE

by Sir Charles Petrie

IT is often said that the chief obstacle in the path of those who wish to improve relations between Great Britain and any particular country is the British embassy in that country. Whether this charge is justified must be a matter of opinion and experience, but no such accusation could ever be brought against Sir Benjamin Keene, who was British ambassador in Madrid during many years in the eighteenth century. He managed to combine a real friendship for, and understanding of, Spain with a loyal devotion to the interests of his own country in a way in which very few of his successors in Madrid have done: for that reason alone his career well repays examination—not least at the present time.

Keene was born in 1697 at King's Lynn where his father was in business, and where he was educated at the Free Grammar School. His Norfolk birth combined with his early promise to recommend him to Walpole, while he also acquired the favour of Walpole's political heirs, the Pelham brothers. Keene first went to Madrid in 1723 in the somewhat delicate position of agent for the South Sea Company, and to that office he added in the following year the post of British consul, while in 1727 he was promoted to be Minister Plenipotentiary. In that capacity he adjusted with the French and Spanish representatives the terms of the Treaty of Seville in 1729, though the credit for the actual conclusion of the treaty was assumed by William Stanhope who returned to Spain, where he had been ambassador, for that express purpose after an absence of two years. As Stanhope was rewarded with the earldom of Harrington and the office of Secretary of State for the Northern Department whereas Keene got nothing, the young diplomatist may be said to have been warned for the first, but not for the last, time that in eighteenth century England it was no slight handicap to be of humble birth, more particularly if one was serving Whig masters. As a matter of fact he never seems quite to have forgiven his professed patrons, then in the plenitude of their power, for having treated him as if he had been nothing more than Stanhope's private secretary.

However, as soon as Stanhope returned to England, Keene became Minister Plenipotentiary again, and such he remained for ten years. His most remarkable achievement during this decade was the conclusion of the Convention of the Pardo by which he endeavoured, in accordance with the policy of Walpole, to prevent the outbreak of war between Britain and Spain. For this Convention he was bitterly denounced in some quarters in England, and his critics sneered at him as 'Don Benjamin' to imply that he was more of a Spaniard than an Englishman. Indeed, so strong were the feelings aroused that when it was proposed to impeach Walpole after his fall Keene was threatened with inclusion in the charge. The war party in England in due course carried the day, and on the outbreak of hostilities Keene returned home.

During the ensuing war he remained in England and sat in the House of Commons, where he voted as he was instructed by his patrons, and his reward for his docility was first a place on the Board of Trade, and later the office of Paymaster of Pensions. It is evident from his letters that he had neither the taste nor the aptitude for Parliamentary life, and he had no hesitation in abandoning it when in 1745 there arose a vacancy at Lisbon, to which capital he was accordingly accredited as Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary. Keene did not immediately go to Portugal, for the Jacobite rising of The Forty-Five supervened, and for a time it was uncertain whether George II or James III was the monarch to be represented in the Portuguese capital. He finally arrived in Lisbon in the early autumn of 1746, and there he remained until the conclusion of the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle two years later, when he was at once transferred to Madrid as Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary. It is thus clear that Keene had a wide knowledge and experience of Iberian problems when he presented his credentials to Ferdinand VI in February, 1749.

He could not have been more fortunate in the monarch with whom he had to deal, for Ferdinand was one of the most pacific of men, and his policy may be summed up in his own words—*Paz con todos y guerra con nadie* (Peace with all and war with none). Nor was there, as had been the case in the days of Philip V, an aggressive Queen like Elizabeth Farnese, for not only did Barbara of Braganza share to the full her husband's peaceful intentions, but the Portuguese are not in any case a bellicose people so that her influence was always exercised on the side of peace. The result was that Ferdinand's reign was one of the most tranquil in Spanish history, and both King and Queen devoted their energy to the best interests of their country: it was, in effect, the beginning of the Benevolent Despotism.

It was well for Keene that such a man should be King of Spain at this time for he had many difficulties with which to contend. The two leading ministers, Carvajal and Ensenada, had so little in common that they could rarely be induced to confer together: moreover while the former was Anglophil in his outlook the latter was an avowed advocate of an alliance between Spain and France. Keene's greatest problems, however, were not the divergent views of Ferdinand's ministers, but the irreconcilable commercial and colonial claims of Spain and Britain. The two countries might be at peace in Europe, but they were always in a state of virtual war in the Americas. Keene, indeed, came to hold a distinguished position in Spain, and he was rightly proud of it, but his difficulty in gaining and keeping that position can only be assessed if it is remembered that in the background of his major negotiations he had to deal with an incessant stream of protests from both Britain and Spain against high-handed or illegal conduct on the part of the subjects both of Ferdinand VI and George II. Nor was even this all, for there were powerful commercial interests, especially in England, whom peaceful relations between the two countries did not suit at all.

Keene began by concentrating upon the settlement of commercial problems, partly because they were the most pressing, and partly because their adjustment might pave the way to that political entente which was his ultimate object; while at the very least a commercial agreement would be a gesture of independence on the part of Spain, and would be so regarded by the French government. Eighteen months of hard bargaining ensued, but in October 1750 the Anglo-Spanish commercial treaty was signed, and there was jubilation in London. On the other hand it was bitterly resented at Versailles, where it was rightly interpreted as a sign of growing Spanish independence in foreign policy, and where it was felt that the French ambassador had proved no match for Keene, since it was several weeks before he became aware that it had been concluded. In view of the chorus of approval at home, Keene not unnaturally hoped that his reward would be the red ribbon of the Bath which was the normal award for a successful diplomatist, but all that he obtained was permission to assume publicly the character of ambassador. As he was already in receipt of an ambassador's pay and allowances he regarded the mere recognition of his status as a very inadequate reward.

As it was clear that Keene was going on from triumph to triumph, his successes, taken in conjunction with the rapid revival of Spanish power and prosperity under Ferdinand, thoroughly alarmed Louis XV and his ministers, who determined to make a desperate effort to regain their lost ascendancy at Madrid, and with this end in view they sent a new ambassador there in the person of the Duke of Duras. Keene and Duras were always to be on the most courteous terms with one another, but for the next three years there was an obvious duel between them which was followed with close interest by politicians all over Europe, for a great deal depended on its outcome. Britain and France were already engaged in a very vital negotiation as to the boundaries of Nova Scotia and the right of British settlers in North America to expand into the hinterland behind the Alleghenies. If France could retain her hold upon Spain, as during the greater part of the reign of Philip V, Paris was likely to be the more unyielding in the New World; but if Spain took an independent line then France might be forced to compromise, because in the event of war she would be deprived of the assistance of the Spanish balance which was sufficiently strong to tip the scales.

At the outset the odds seemed in favour of Duras, for Keene's health was none too good, and more than once he was definitely laid up. This gave the Frenchman a useful start, and he made the most of it. His principal ally was Ensenada, who he hoped would serve as a check upon the Anglophil Carvajal by inflaming Anglo-Spanish differences in the Gulf of Mexico, where nearly all the officials were creatures of Ensenada, who was Minister for the Indies, and were extremely jealous of British intrusion. Outside Spain, however, Keene had a valuable ally in Richard Wall, the Spanish ambassador in London, who was in origin an Irish exile from County Limerick, though he was himself born in France.

Such being the general situation Keene decided that the most effective

method of turning the tables on Duras was to secure the dismissal of Ensenada, whom he had come to consider as 'a servile, piqued dependent upon France'. With this end in view he spent the year 1753 in collecting evidence which would fatally prejudice the minister in the eyes of Ferdinand. In the course of his investigations he made three discoveries which very materially served his purpose, given the character and outlook of the King of Spain. First of all it came to light that without authority from his master or consultation with his colleagues Ensenada was encouraging the colonial governors to undertake such hostile measures against British traders and settlers that the British government would be compelled to retaliate, with the possible result of a war which would force Spain into a close alliance with France. Secondly, Ensenada was discovered to be in secret correspondence with Elizabeth Farnese at La Granja, and to be encouraging Charles, the heir presumptive, in Naples in opposition to the policy of his half-brother in Madrid. Lastly, Ensenada was trying to work on the King and Queen through circles in Lisbon that were hostile to Britain. These were very strong cards indeed, and Keene's chief problem was to know when to play them, for he did not wish to lay himself open to the charge of interfering in the domestic affairs of the country to which he was accredited.

The crisis in the struggle between Keene and Duras came in 1754, for Carvajal died suddenly on March 8 of that year, and everything turned upon the choice of his successor. Ensenada and the French ambassador had their candidate ready in one Ordeñana, and there was an almost breathless suspense while Ferdinand made up his mind. Keene's relief can well be imagined when it was announced that Wall had been summoned from London, and the new minister soon proved to have none of his predecessor's scruples in respect of Ensenada, for he had no intention of tolerating a colleague who might thwart his policy. Accordingly Keene waited no longer but gave Wall all the evidence which he had collected against Ensenada, and this Wall placed before the King. The result exceeded the wildest hopes of the British ambassador, for what specially annoyed Ferdinand was a copy of some instructions which Ensenada had sent to the Indies ordering an attack upon what he described as 'enemy settlements' at the mouth of Belize, and the seizure of all ships carrying logwood. The King took strong exception to the word 'enemy', for, as has been shown, he prided himself on not having any enemies, and he struck at once. On the night of July 20 Ensenada was roused from his bed and escorted under guard to Granada while Ordeñana was sent to Valladolid.

The downfall of Ensenada was in some ways the most sensational episode in Keene's career, and in both England and France it was credited to him as a personal triumph. At long last the knighthood of the Bath was conferred upon him and Ferdinand, at the express request of George II, undertook personally to perform the ceremony of investiture, thus expressing as it were, his gratitude to a foreign ambassador for persuading him to dismiss one of his own servants.

The path of Anglo-Spanish relations at any time is rarely smooth for

long and it was soon impressed upon Keene that even if all went well in the Old World this by no means implied that the same happy state of affairs would be reflected in the Americas, and the evil that Ensenada had done there succeeded his fall from power. Communications were slow, and some time elapsed before counter-instructions reached the colonies, while in the interval the Spanish governors acted upon those which they had received from their former chief. On the other side the Governor of Jamaica was equally aggressive, and sent armed guards to protect British settlers on what was admittedly Spanish territory.

To make matters worse, Keene was at this time again by no means in the best of health, and he had in fact already asked for his recall on that score. He was thus confronted with a very ugly situation at an unfortunate moment, and Duras seemed to have a very good chance of regaining the ground he had lost. The international horizon, too, was rapidly becoming overcast and the Seven Years' War was looming ahead, so that the attitude of Spain was of vital importance to both France and Great Britain. In particular Anglo-French relations in North America were every day becoming more strained, for the success of Keene's diplomacy in Madrid had encouraged the British ministers to call what they considered to be French bluff. In consequence troops under Braddock were sent to aid the British colonists, while Boscawen was placed in command of a squadron to obstruct the passage of French reinforcements. As usual in the early stages of any war the British plans all went wrong. Boscawen in June 1755 failed to stop the transports though he did manage to capture a couple of French ships, while in the following month Braddock was routed at Monongahela. These events naturally strengthened the French ambassador's position. It is true that war was not immediately declared between Britain and France, but diplomatic relations were broken off, and Duras was instructed to contend that British aggression had created the *casus foederis* under the Family Compact Treaties. Above all, the incompetence of Boscawen and Braddock went a long way to lower British prestige in Madrid.

So Keene was informed that his recall was out of the question, and that he was the only man who could restore the situation. Fortunately for him it was not long before Duras began to overplay his hand, and demanded the fulfilment of what he termed treaty obligations so imperiously as to annoy Ferdinand, who was always ready to prove that Spain was not the satellite of France. In October 1755 he demanded from Louis XV the immediate recall of Duras, and he refrained from conferring upon the retiring ambassador the Order of the Golden Fleece which had come to be regarded as the normal perquisite of the representative of the Most Christian King. Thus the final round in the three years' duel had ended in Keene's favour.

It was indeed fortunate that Keene had the invaluable asset of being heard with equal respect alike in London and Madrid for, although war was not declared between Britain and France until May 1756, for some months previously the attitude of the British authorities had been

provocative in the extreme, and in consequence there was considerable sympathy in Spain for the French. This was bad enough, for when war did come the British government proved quite incapable of conducting it successfully, for one of the earlier incidents was the capture of Minorca, then a British possession, by the troops of Louis XV. Coming on top of the reverses in America this fresh disaster considerably increased Keene's difficulties, for every sort of pressure began to be brought to bear on Ferdinand to enter the war on what appeared to be the winning, namely the French, side. Then there was the Diplomatic Revolution, and the alliance of Great Britain with Prussia, for the representatives of Austria and France were naturally not slow to point out to Catholic Spain the dangers inherent in a junction of the two leading Protestant Powers in Europe.

Furthermore, the outbreak of maritime war raised all sorts of awkward questions as to the rights of neutral traders, and Spain clung to the doctrine that 'free ships make free goods'. To this the British government replied that no neutral could carry on trade in time of war which was not licensed in time of peace, and that in consequence Spanish ships carrying goods between France and French colonies were lawful prize because in normal times France rightly maintained the monopoly of her colonial trade. Britain could, of course, only enforce this rule by detaining the ship and examining its cargo, while Spain resented both the rule itself and still more the method of its enforcement. In effect, the right of search, as exercised by Spain, had already given rise to one Anglo-Spanish war—that of Jenkin's Ear—and it now seemed that the same right, as exercised by Britain, was likely to give rise to another.

Fortunately, the situation from the British point of view was so bad that even the most jingoistic minister in Whitehall was forced to realise the necessity of conciliating Spain, and Keene's pacific advice was accepted. The bellicose Governor of Jamaica was removed and a more moderate gentleman from Virginia was appointed in his place, and when the Spanish government contended that a treaty of 1667 conferred special privileges upon Spanish ships the British ministers, after disputing such an interpretation of the treaty, gave way. Keene duly reported that these concessions gave great pleasure in Madrid, but what he really wanted was permission to retire on health grounds. This, however, was clearly out of the question, and a pension on the Irish establishment was no real solution.

Although only sixty Keene was now a dying man, and all through the summer of 1757 he was extremely ill. A temporary recovery, however, enabled him to take up his work again in September, and the last negotiation he undertook was in consequence of a dispatch from Pitt, now his chief in Whitehall, dated August 23. The war was going badly for Britain on every front, and Pitt was prepared to make any sacrifice to obtain assistance, as have other British statesmen in similar circumstances in more recent times. Keene was therefore commissioned to offer, in return for a Spanish alliance and for Spanish assistance in the recovery of Minorca, the exchange of Gibraltar for the recovered island and the

complete surrender of all British claims to Honduras. The ambassador had little hope that this offer would be accepted, though a few years earlier Spain might have been tempted by a similar overture, but nothing was likely to induce her to enter the vortex of an apparently sinking ship. British naval power was discredited; the army with which Cumberland had attempted to defend Hanover was driven from one position to another, and had finally been forced to capitulate at Klosterzeven; and Frederick, Britain's one ally, had been completely defeated at Kolin by the Austrians. Ferdinand was in any case wedded to a policy of neutrality as in the best interests of Spain, and he was extremely unlikely to depart from it in favour of Britain at the very moment when France was at the head of a coalition which included Austria and Russia, and when French arms were everywhere triumphant. All the same, for the last time, Keene rallied his failing strength to carry out his instructions, and on September 26, 1757, he wrote the last and not the least masterly of his long series of able dispatches. The gist of it was that Wall would have nothing to do with any scheme that involved hostility to France, and that he would not even communicate the proposal to his master. The dispatch ended with a pathetic appeal to be relieved of a post which he was no longer physically capable of filling, and this time the request was granted. On November 29, Keene attached a very shaky signature to a grateful reply to Pitt in which he said that he would wait to take his leave of the Queen of Spain on her birthday, and that he would then travel to Lisbon where he hoped to find a man-of-war to take him home. It was not to be, for on December 15 he died. The next day there arrived a dispatch from Pitt with a jubilant postscript to say that the tide had turned, and that Frederick had won a great victory over the French at Rossbach, but the news meant nothing to the man who had died in his country's darkest hour.

It is never easy to assess the merits or success of a diplomatist, for his work is of necessity ephemeral, and he has a very imperfect control over the material with which he has to deal. In Keene's case the material was in many ways hard and difficult to manipulate, for the commercial, maritime, and colonial quarrels between Englishmen and Spaniards rendered harmonious relations between the two countries almost impossible. In his first mission to Spain he failed to establish such relations, and his efforts to do so only exposed him to a storm of unpopularity. During his second embassy the success he achieved was due to the pacific policy of Ferdinand and to his own personality. Keene belonged to that small band of diplomatists who become a real force in the country to which they are accredited. His familiarity with the Spanish language and with Spanish manners and customs, his imposing presence, his even temper, and his frank sociability made him *persona gratissima* at court, and his memory was long cherished at Madrid. No other ambassador could have ventured to intrude into the realm of domestic affairs so boldly and so efficiently as Keene did on several occasions. As is always the case in Spain, much was conceded to him because he was *simpático*.

THE ESSENTIAL EUROPEAN

by F. Cronheim

CARL JACOB BURCKHARDT, the octogenarian Swiss diplomat and historian, will be remembered above all for his monumental study of Richelieu, his work for European unity at the League of Nations, his presidency of the International Red Cross during World War Two and as the League's High Commissioner in Danzig during the perilous years 1937-39. That German city with a tiny Polish minority had been assigned to Poland as an outlet to the Baltic Sea. When CJB took over as mediator between the parties, the city was already under full Nazi sway and his task appeared almost academic, doomed and dangerous from the start. Burckhardt had no illusions and walked the tightrope as a peacemaker between Hitler's Gauleiter and the more tractable President of the Senate and also between the city-state and Poland. In *My Mission to Danzig* Burckhardt has recorded coolly and objectively the appalling vicissitudes of these years prior to Hitler's liquidation of Poland. He was singularly qualified for this mission by his intimate knowledge of Germany, his innate tact and courage, his gift for handling dangerous men in a dangerous situation and his close contacts with the European powers. While Hitler was preoccupied with Austria and Czechoslovakia he played down the bid for Danzig. He was aware that France and Britain might resist further acts of aggression. He had a healthy respect for Britain which was later transformed into a compound of love and hate. Burckhardt's verbatim reports of two visits to Hitler were remarkable for their psychological flair. Although the Chancellor despised the Geneva Parliament of Nations, he esteemed the High Commissioner for the qualities he himself lacked: a balanced personality, an imperturbable *sang-froid*, clear thinking and a gift for brief and pungent repartee. Dr. Burckhardt obtained temporary concessions but could not save the Chancellor — or Europe — from the fatality to which he was committed. *My Mission* is a thorough and scholarly documentary, spiced with personal recollections and vibrant with the drama of the moment. When Hitler asked the H.C. what divided Germans from Anglosaxons, CJB replied pointedly: 'Perhaps it is keeping faith to obligations', following it up with a lesson in linguistics: 'Paix-Pax-Pact have a similar root . . .' The gentle innuendo passed unheeded.

But in Dr. Burckhardt's long and distinguished career — he became Swiss Ambassador to France after the war — the Danzig episode was only a heroic moment. He presents that rare combination of man of affairs and man of letters, like Claudel, like Malraux who also held high office of state. He was a prominent European, a student of history as well as of literature and a brilliant writer of infinite scope and resource. As a young diplomat in Vienna CJB had the great good fortune to become Hofmannsthal's friend during the last ten years of the poet's life. These years were decisive. They influenced his style, his outlook, his interests, his humanity. There was an 'elective affinity' between the two men and this can be felt in the shared

enthusiasms for Austrian figures like the Prince Eugene, Maria Theresa or the poet Grillparzer.

In two commemorative essays Burckhardt wove his myth around the personality of Hofmannsthal who was to him the perfect realisation of a poet, an infinitely subtle, complex and sensitive human being, endowed with an uncanny sense of impending doom. These two essays are the most sympathetic and congenial analysis of Hofmannsthal in the German language. They extend the evaluation of his tragic personality, his 'mystique', to the poet's principal works, so perfect, so Austrian, so unfulfilled. This friendship was of great consequence for both partners. It protected the poet from solitude and despair and helped the efflorescence of the younger man's manifold gifts and presented him with the human impersonation of a whole epoch. 'Perhaps you are the last real Austrian' Burckhardt wrote in 1922. 'Yes, there could have been a Europe, a synthesis of German-Iberian-Italian and Slav essence, the Slav as a resonant undertone'.

They shared a concept of words and language as the life and core of nationhood. Hofmannsthal realised in Burckhardt the great potential for action as well as for artistic creation and entrusted to him his most secret thoughts and fears. . . . 'In order to comprehend me one must grasp that I belong to the south and east of the German mystery'. . . . Their correspondence was never private but concerned with great issues. . . . 'All are clever,' even the foolish; all possess a well defined sum of formulae which are prefashioned, pre-meditated; all serve within the mechanics of an infallible thought-machine . . . the limiting word, the word in its perfection.' Thus he praises the French for their swiftness of mind, their tact, their discretion. In France he finds serious faces, not a gay but an eminently grown-up people; 'already, the 15-year-olds show it, hardly children in our sense.'

Carl Jacob Burckhardt breathed in the spiritual climate of Hugo von Hofmannsthal. But as he met the poet in his twenty-seventh year, when his mind and character were largely formed — Hofmannsthal was then forty-five — he never lost his own identity, and was in no sense a disciple, but a kindred spirit who could support the hypersensitive poet in his hours of stress. Yet imperceptibly he absorbed and developed Hofmannsthal's ideas about Austrian history and literature and the innermost meaning of language. The confrontation of French and German as the quintessence of their national character was one of Hofmannsthal's recurring themes. He called the French an eminently sociable people and admired their cultural and political continuity over the last 350 years. 'Your conversation is nothing but the spiritual omnipresence of your nation' he noted, meaning the whole tradition from Montaigne to Voltaire, 'and this in all layers of society, high and low, noble and bourgeois. The whole nation obeys the same rules, enjoys the same directness and formal discipline of word and phrase. Originality matters less than the norm, whereas the Germans can claim deeper sources and a richer flood of images, emotions, visions. The French nation is founded upon this concord of language, its lively but "dreamless" literature, whereas the German disunity has its parallel in a sequence of solitary great men — Hölderlin, Kleist, Nietzsche — without

influence upon society or tradition. Yet the old European nations have this in common: that their common base is language, not as a mere means of communication or geopolitical boundary, but because it embodies the spirit of their past and thereby forms a link between nations.' . . . Ideas such as these profoundly influenced Burckhardt's thinking.

In 1927 Burckhardt undertook a mission to Turkey for the Red Cross to negotiate the freeing of Greek prisoners. The result of this mission is his first literary masterpiece, *Journey to the Middle-East*, which in the description of landscape, spirit, people and the imponderabilia of atmosphere reveals him as still under the spell of Hofmannsthal. It is his most imaginative work and also his most virile. The chief characters are soldiers, monks, dervishes. It reads like a chapter from the Arabian Nights. The mysterious splendour of the Orient unfolds, as in this brief description of a silk merchant's bazaar. 'The lamps have already been lit, swaying on iron rods, and now in the half-light giant shadows begin to creep across the weathered walls, the pure and ample wares trembling, hesitant and sudden'. . .

East and West are confronted and timeless wisdom emanates from conversation. The author conveys the exoticism, the blend of valour and indolence of legendary wealth and regal bearing. The Grandmaster of the Dervishes makes him exclaim: 'Never in my memory have I seen so princely an appearance'; reminding him of the black armour of Charles V in Vienna, which also expresses a royal presence in a commanding and effortless way. Vienna had perhaps prompted his fascination with the House of Habsburg and his concept of the Holy Roman Empire as an ideal form of European unity which was threatened by the evolution of the nation state, and the centralisation of the French monarchy.

His writing of history derived its strength from the confrontation of disparate forces and personalities such as Charles V and Francis I, Erasmus and Luther, Richelieu and Wallenstein, Maria Theresa and Frederick of Prussia. Although Dr. Burckhardt pursued the cruel Machiavellian *raison d'état* of Richelieu, superbly marshalling complex situations, and the amazing network of secret diplomacy, his real sympathy lay with the Habsburg Empire in the age of the Baroque Counter-Reformation between Charles V and Maria Theresa. The medieval image of the Emperor, his exalted rulership, remoteness and mystical aura within an hierarchical order of society as a pledge of Christian unity in Europe was transformed by Charles and his chivalrous sense of honour and dignity. Burgundian knight that he was, he invited King Francis I to a duel, thus to resolve the conflict between their realms. Two centuries later Maria Theresa still continued the oecumenical aims, the European mission and the defence of her unwieldy inheritance on all fronts. But it was her captivating humanity which fascinated the historian.

Apparently she felt no hatred even for her most persistent enemy, Frederick the Great, though she abhorred his 'deceitful character'. Dr. Burckhardt lavishes a descriptive power on the portrayal of Maria Theresa which recalls the stylistic fastidiousness of Thomas Mann. He attributes to the Empress 'Teutonic tenacity of will, a close grip on reality, a sober

profundity, tangible directness, sound honesty, emotional clarity, ethic simplicity, averseness to pathos, an unsqueamish sense of humour, a peasant piety in its highest form and a firm sense of honour'. The controlled enthusiasm which is the hallmark of the Swiss historian has for once burst its bonds.

Ambivalence of ideas and humanity of character are the phenomena which Dr. Burckhardt pursues in his handling of history. In Richelieu he saw the sober and relentless Cartesian rationalism, contrasting it with the romantic dreams of Wallenstein, a man ever seeking new solutions, but a poor politician, trusting in his 'stars'. Wallenstein fought the Emperor's battles for a unified Christian Europe, but also for his own inordinate ambition. His life ended in tragedy and confusion, whereas Richelieu destroyed all his enemies at home and abroad — the Huguenots, the nobles and the Catholic League, leaving the French monarchy on firm foundations. Wallenstein left nothing behind but his own enigma. When the author took up the threads of his Richelieu studies after an interval of thirty years, he applied such modern terms as 'cold war', 'anxiety psychosis' and fear of 'encirclement' to the situation prevailing between France and Spain. Thus, apart from the dichotomies and creative tensions crystallized in great leaders, the political historian is stimulated by present-day experience in interpreting the past. It is no accident that Dr. Burckhardt wrote lucid essays on statesmen and theorists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries who invented original schemes for a new order in Europe, like Sully, the paladin of Henry IV or Gentz, the associate of Metternich.

Sully's *grand dessein* appears as a forerunner of the League of Nations, a supra-national authority governing the nation-states. It proposes to unite spiritual and secular princes, free cities and the nations of the Holy Roman Empire in a free Christian Republic where Catholics, Protestants and Calvinists have equal rights and from which tyrants and aggressors are excluded. Rejecting monarchical supremacy Sully aims at a European equilibrium, religious tolerance and the formation of a supervisory European army and navy to maintain the peace — a confederation under an elected ruler and a general council with its seat in some Central-European city. This European Republic is planned as an economic community where free trade and customs union are practised, a combination of United Nations and Common Market *avanti la lettera*.

But not all of Dr. Burckhardt's writings are strenuous historical analyses. Literature and the Humanities play a large part and here too the secret affinities of mind and character determine the choice. To him Erasmus of Rotterdam is the archetype of European scholar of supreme intellectual power who stood for enlightenment, tolerance, and conciliation against the religious passions and turmoil aroused by Luther. Erasmus received his inspiration from Neoplatonism as well as from Christianity. Thomas More gave him his lasting love of the Greeks and Colet his Christian ethics. The Christian religion provided a moral pattern, not a revolutionary impetus as it did for Luther. Erasmus stands aloof from religious strife. He sympathises with the Reformation, but also with Rome. He believes in cool

reasoning and dispassionate judgement. The translator of the Gospels and of the Greek Fathers is fearful, consumed by anxiety, lest the forces unleashed by Luther might engulf him. His weapon is satire with which in his *Laus Stultitiae* he castigates blind passions and superstitions. Beside Luther, Erasmus appears aloof, backward-looking and feeble. His strength lay in a steadfast clinging to the golden mean. Erasmus belongs to the past, whereas Luther, the man of the people, swept all before him by the dynamic power of his speech and demagogic gesture. Burckhardt does justice to Luther, but leaves no doubt where his sympathies lie.

Summing up the European characteristics of Dr. Burckhardt, it must be remembered that his childhood was spent in a cultivated home in one of the most conservative and enlightened city-states on the Rhine; then guided by a paternal educator and friend of peasant strength and instinctive judgement. His poetic sensibilities and lifelong occupation with language as the quintessence of nationhood were awakened and stimulated by Hofmannsthal.

As a humanist he draws his strength to some extent from the Greeks, but above all from Goethe, and his native bards, the rugged Gotthelf, the quaint and lyrical Hebel, and equally from French writers, past and present. These influences have conditioned his style and his intellect. Besides the great historical issues and personages he has written on such disparate subjects as Rodin or Theodor Heuss, Paul Claudel and Ortega y Gasset. He is a charming raconteur who does not disdain to mingle the interest of minor happenings with his larger themes. There is something Anglo-Saxon in his objectivity and self control, allowing for too little self revelation. He found his highest values in the *arcana* of Hofmannsthal, — that communion of man with nature, often transcending the tangible, — a tragic *Weltangst* which finally engulfed the poet and from which he escaped into dream and death.

Like E. R. Curtius, another European and Francophile Rhinelander, Burckhardt seems averse to direct educative action, except by writing and lecturing, yet he was a master of the conversation-piece, and his faith in the supra-national community of man is nowhere more charmingly conveyed than in the dialogue *A Morning at the Bookseller's*. This describes a chance encounter on the *Rive Gauche* between the author, his host, the poet Rilke and the Socratic librarian of the *Ecole Normale Supérieure*, Lucien Herr. Four literary men, relaxed and serene, discuss over a meal the nature of poetry. In the course of it Rilke remarks that to understand the Fables of *La Fontaine* 'one must either be a Frenchman or a real European — which includes being a Frenchman'. Lucien Herr rejects the national principle in poetry. Who can say which is the most French, German or Italian poet? Is it Villon or Valéry, Dante or Goldoni, Goethe or Hölderlin or Kleist? After witty and wide-ranging arguments CJB sums up his convictions which may well stand as his ultimate credo: 'At that moment I felt how wide and how closely related this Europe is in whose spirit we had come together . . . Now it became evident that other boundaries exist than those determined by the history of nations and by their different languages,

Continued on page 151

ATKINSON GRIMSHAW

by Richard Whittington-Egan

AFTER fifty years of oblivion the Victorian artist, Atkinson Grimshaw, has emerged from the limbo of undeserved neglect. His restoration to favour, heralded by the increasingly substantial prices which his paintings have recently come to command in the sale-room, is now triumphantly endorsed by the publication of the first book to be devoted to a study of his life and works.*

Artistically, Grimshaw is difficult to place. He was pre-eminently a landscapist but, like Lowry, his talent was so pronouncedly individual as to defy precise categorisation. He was *the* painter of the Victorian scene.

Born in Leeds in 1836, he was the son of a policeman and began his working life at the age of sixteen as a clerk on the Great Northern Railway, a position which was anathema to him, as his consuming and unwavering ambition was to become a professional artist. It was not until 1861 that, encouraged by his wife, Theodosia, he exchanged the distasteful security of the pen for the congenial precariousness of the brush. Fortunately, his capabilities proved the equal of his courageous optimism, and within five years he found himself firmly established as a successful artist.

By the late 1860s he had developed a distinctive style of his own and, discarding the Pre-Raphaelite manner in which he had painted his earliest still-lifes of dead birds, blossoms, ferns, moss-grown rocks and foliage, he adopted a simplified technique, still meticulous as to detail but abandoning his previous bright colours and employing a considerably more subdued palette. It was about this time, too, that he began to paint moonlit landscapes, and painted them so superlatively that it has been said that moonlight was his trademark. Indeed, Whistler, by no means given to idle praise of others, was subsequently to remark, 'I considered myself the inventor of nocturnes until I saw Grimmy's moonlit pictures.'

During the decade 1870-80, Grimshaw's nocturnes became extremely popular, and for some time the demand for them exceeded the artist's output. As a result of this new-found prosperity, he was able to rent a large Jacobean house near Leeds, Knostrop Old Hall and, in addition, to build in 1876 an elaborate house of his own design, Castle-by-the-Sea, at Scarborough. In 1879, however, at the age of 44, Grimshaw sustained a most grievous financial setback. The exact cause of it remains mysteriously uncertain, but it is thought that he had backed a large bill for a friend, who let him down. In any event, Grimshaw was ruined and was to continue burdened with debt to the end of his days. He was forced to relinquish his Castle-by-the-Sea, install his wife and family at Knostrop, where they were frequently harried by bailiffs, and spend long periods working alone in London.

**Atkinson Grimshaw*. Jane Abdy. Ferrers Gallery. 9 Piccadilly Arcade, London, S.W.1. £1.50.

It was around the year 1880 that he embarked upon the series of townscapes of London, Leeds, Liverpool, Hull and Glasgow which have set the seal upon his reputation.

Examining the 20 plates—four of them in colour—in this well-produced book, with its sensitive and perceptive commentary, it is possible to follow the sweep of Grimshaw's stylistic evolution from 1967 onwards. Throughout the late 'sixties and 'seventies he was producing imaginative and romantic landscapes. Never at his best with figures—a problem with which he coped by depicting people in silhouette—he painted scenes, atmospheres almost, with a distinguished subtlety, distilling the *genius loci*, snaring the effects of rain and mist or the last bright-burning end of autumn afternoons in suburban streets and rural lanes with a feeling and precision which no one has surpassed. He worked in dark tones and yet contrived to make even the mud glow. He put on canvas October, hovering damply about the hollows of the rutted and mock-rural roads. There are those who see Grimshaw's work as a sort of Victorian extension of the 'moonlight Pether' tradition. Others descry significant correspondences between his pictures and calotype photographs. They instance the solid blackness of objects contrasted with the preternatural effulgence of background, and conclude that in Grimshaw's paintings photography and painting achieved their most intimate fusion. It is said, too, that Grimshaw resorted to a method whereby a master drawing was projected through a photographic enlarger on to a canvas—rather as Baron Corvo employed magic lantern slides to assist him with the figure drawings for his religious paintings.

Then, suddenly, from 1880 onwards, Grimshaw virtually abandoned the conventionally romantic landscape. He set up his easel in the town, and made a kind of scenic poetry of Victorian streets and docks.

Typical of this period is his *Salthouse Dock, Liverpool*, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1885, and perhaps his best known picture. In it, he allowed full play to his lifelong fascination with the contrast between moonlight and artificial light—the gas-lamps, the lanterns on the ships' masts, the cab lamps, the glowing shop windows, the moon-ridden sky, all mirrored in the glister of wetted cobbles. Here, where land and water meet, is Foster's Ilyssos Ionic Custom House, Durandu's superior tobacconist's, the poulterer's with its dependent frieze of stark dead fowl, the landward roofscape of spiky telegraph poles, balancing the seaward forest of intricate masts and spars and dusky tracery of Tissot-like riggings. There is an enormous sense of quiet business about the scene. The people may be only silhouettes, but they prompt questions and invite speculation. Glimpsed in the flaring dusk, they are so patently flesh and blood, poised in the frozen act of so many varied activities. Father and child, calotype-black against the orange gas-glow of the well-stocked shops, the trundling man with the hand-cart, the crowded horse-bus load, the smudged lurkers in the waterfront shadows, the hailed hansom . . . on what errands were they, 85 years ago, all bound? It is a painting which draws us right into the scene. We can almost feel the warmth seeping out of the bright shops into the raw and gleaming street, sense the secret worlds locked away behind the dark

façades of the houses, and the cabined life pulsing below the murky hulls of the docked ships. The artist has somehow succeeded in capturing the very essence of the old Sailortown of a vanished Liverpool—the Liverpool of *Her Benny*, of Mrs. Maybrick, the prosperous merchants of the Exchange Flags, the salty shellbacks and the old sea-captains.

In 1885, Grimshaw had only eight more years of life left to him. Two of them were spent in London, at Anderton's Hotel in Fleet Street (that same hostelry which the Victorian bogy doctor, Neill Cream, later graced with his patronage), and at a studio in Manresa Road, Chelsea, during which time he painted many scenes of Hampstead, Putney, Battersea and Wandsworth.

He returned to Knostrop in 1890, and there, on October 13, 1893, aged 59, he died. His last words, addressed to Theodosia, his wife and mother of his 13 children, were, 'No sun. No moon. No stars'.

But the moon he had bequeathed to us in enduring perfection.

The Essential European *Continued from page 148*

and that in the eternal flux something permanent remains: the absolute sincerity of human relationship and the fundamental sameness of human types in their infinite variety of association'. That was the lesson learnt by Burckhardt from the Symposium between a German poet born in Prague, a Frenchman from Strassbourg, and a Parisian bibliophile. A common inheritance and identical interests and ideals united them. Here was *Europe;* neither fiction nor artifice, but a human reality.

Some works by Carl Jacob Burckhardt

Meine Danziger Mission. Georg D. W. Callwey, Munich 1960.
Meine Danziger Mission. (Paperback edition) Deutscher Taschenbuch Verlag. Munich.
Erinnerungen an Hofmannsthal. Callwey, Munich 1964.
Kleinasiatische Reise. Callwey, Munich 1964.
Richelieu. 1935 and 1966. Callwey, Munich.
English edition. Allen & Unwin, 1940 and 1970.
Begegnungen. Manesse Verlag, Zürich 1958.
Gestalten und Mächte. Manesse Verlag, Zürich 1961.
Betrachtungn und Berichte. Manesse Verlag, Zürich, 1964.
Hugo von Hofmannsthal - Carl J. Burckhardt, Briefwechsel. S. Fischer Verlag, 1966.
Carl J. Burckhardt - Max Rychner, Briefe. 1926-1965, S. Fischer Verlag, Frankfurt a. M. 1970.
Ein Vormittag beim Buchhändler. Callwey, Munich, (reprinting).

THE I.L.O. WORLD EMPLOYMENT PROGRAMME

by Robert Plant

THE first major report under the International Labour Organisation's World Employment Programme has now been published. A massive document of more than 450 printed pages, it is nothing less than a 15-year plan for full employment in one of the I.L.O. member States —Colombia—hammered out by an international team which visited that country in 1970. The plan contains three phases, an immediate crash programme, a short-term plan for about four years and the full-length project. It is the brainchild of 27 specialists in various fields supplied by 12 different international organisations, under the leadership of Dudley Seers, Director of Development Studies at the University of Sussex. That does not include the many Colombian experts who collaborated in the task.

The World Employment Programme was launched officially at the I.L.O.'s 50th anniversary conference in June 1969, the same conference at which Kenneth Kaunda described the United Nations Development Decade, then drawing to a close, as a 'decade of disillusionment'. The Programme, in fact, is envisaged as the I.L.O.'s principal contribution to the Second Development Decade. Another way of putting this would be to say that by concentrating on employment-creation the I.L.O. hopes that the Second Development Decade will not be as frustrating as the first. Many I.L.O. leaders wanted employment targets to be written into the objectives of the Second Decade, as overall growth targets were written into the first, but this was not pressed to a decision in the Economic and Social Council.

Why a decade of disillusionment? In fact, the great majority of developing countries attained the target set by the United Nations, which was an annual economic growth rate of 5 per cent at the end of the decade. Many of them, including Colombia, surpassed the target, some of them by substantial margins. Disillusionment set in when it was found that these impressive growth figures all too often made little if any impact on the grave unemployment problem facing the third world.

In some countries a high growth rate was accompanied by an actual fall in the numbers of wage workers. In others, and this was the typical situation, employment increased but not as fast as the labour force. Colombia was one of these, though by no means the worst, with an economic growth rate of 5.5 per cent and an employment growth rate of 3.5 per cent.

The so-called population explosion obviously accounts for part of the problem, but not all. There is no country to my knowledge where the population is growing at 5 per cent a year, or anything like it. Yet countries whose annual economic growth, indicated by the girth of that sacred cow the Gross National Product, equals or greatly exceeds 5 per cent, have failed to provide work for their people. Obviously, there has been something wrong, not with the rate, but with the process of development.

Conservative estimates put the totally unemployed in the world today at more than 60 million. It is estimated that already one in five of the entire

male labour force in the developing world is without work, and we are only at the beginning of the road. The United Nations Expert Group of Social Planning, under the chairmanship of Gunnar Myrdal, declared that unemployment and underemployment could 'easily reach half the labour force of the developing countries by the end of the decade' if the problem is not seriously tackled.

The world population of working age grew by 210 million during the first Development Decade, and is expected to grow by another 280 million during the second. In Asia the projected increase is more than 170 million, in Africa more than 30 million and in Latin America just under 30 million. Prospects are particularly bleak for the young. In most western countries, the young people leaving the schools do not substantially out-number the older workers moving out into retirement, but in the developing world 20 young people are already knocking at the door for every ten workers who have reached the end of their time. If present trends continue, in another ten years 25 beginners will be seeking work for every ten who will be retiring, and by the end of the century there will be three young aspirants for every job falling vacant through the normal procession of the generations.

During India's third Five-Year Plan, from 1961 to 1966, no fewer than 14.5 million new jobs were created, in itself a splendid achievement. The same five years, however, saw the labour force grow by 17 million. Thus, in spite of every effort, the column of workless lengthened by two and a half million souls. Yet between 1966 and 1976 more than 50 million new entrants into the labour force in India are expected.

Underemployment is often more serious than open unemployment, particularly in countries where most of the people still till the soil. A farmer and his family cultivate the family plot of land; the family grows, the plot remains the same. Recent surveys revealed that in Senegal seasonal underemployment in agriculture affected 30 per cent of the workers. Rural workers in Morocco spend an average of 150 days a year in idleness. In the Malagasy Republic the average number of days worked varies from as low as 43 per year in some areas to 216 in others. In Latin America underemployment ranges from 13 per cent to 50 per cent. An inquiry in Bombay State showed that 16 per cent of workers on the bigger farms and 68 per cent on the smallest could have been dispensed with. In other words, nearly seven out of every ten workers on the smallest holdings were superfluous, except possibly for a few days during the harvest. None of these people are registered as unemployed, and all are in countries with 'healthy' economic growth rates.

What, then, has gone wrong? The main error, the I.L.O. now says, was to concentrate on economic growth as an overriding objective, on the assumption that employment would expand as a natural consequence. Admittedly, this may be a reasonable long-term assumption, as the history of Europe following the Industrial Revolution showed, but only after years of unimaginable misery. In the short-term it has obviously not worked out in the third world today, and is not likely to do so in the near future. On

the contrary, the United Nations' own projections show that, if present trends continue, the *higher* the rate of economic growth the *greater* will be the number of unemployed!

The fact is that mere economic growth, as conventionally defined, is not as difficult to achieve as all that, if you are starting at a low enough level —and all developing countries start at a very low level. It is not difficult to get an impressive-looking percentage increase on that low figure by boosting a particular sector where results can be obtained quickly by intensive capital investment. If the national development goal is expressed purely in terms of an increase in the national product, that is almost certainly what will happen. Machines will be purchased, with international aid, when millions of workers are standing idle. International aid cannot normally be used for paying wages, remember. The national policy-makers and their international advisers will not be conscious of error, because they are after all going for the goal they have been set, and by the most direct of all possible roads. What is needed is to treat employment as one of the objects of development, not its by-product. This is a much more difficult operation.

All developing countries have ample unused labour, many, especially in Latin America, have much unused land, none has capital to spare. Their problem, as Robert Blatchford said in *Merrie England* many years ago, is simply how to make the best use of what the country possesses, in order to earn its people a better life. By and large, that means in the developing world that the emphasis should be on labour-intensive rather than capital-intensive development at this stage—without, of course, carrying this policy to absurd extremes.

It has always been sound economics to husband scarce resources and make generous use of ample ones. What is efficient, therefore, in one country may be grossly wasteful in another where the balance of resources is different. In the western world we regard efficiency as virtually synonymous with labour productivity, because labour is expensive and also relatively scarce. We take it for granted that if one man operating a sophisticated machine can produce as much as 20 men using simpler equipment, then the machine must be installed in the name of efficiency. The assumption is that the other 19 men can also be put to work, if not on sophisticated machines, at least in some 'efficient' undertaking. In countries, however, where the other 19 are surely going to be left idle, you might as well use the labour of the 20 men, achieve the same production, and save the cost of the machine.

From the national point of view, that makes sense. The employer, however, will compare the cost of paying the men's wages with that of using the machine. In developing countries, the machine is much less likely to win this beauty contest than in highly industrialised States, but if it still has the edge on the humans and the Government honestly feels, nonetheless, that the men should do the work, then the Government must devise incentives or use its licensing powers to obtain the desired result. Much will depend, of course, on how big the edge is.

The capital saved will certainly be needed somewhere else. It might

indeed be more beneficial to spend it on a lot of modest equipment for small-scale interprises in the smaller towns and villages than on one beautiful machine in the big city. Or it might be diverted to some much-needed industry which is by its nature capital-intensive. The point is that capital is *scarce*. It will not go begging. The men, on the other hand, are plentiful and many of them are already beggars.

This does not mean that a choice is enforced between fast growth of national income and fast growth of employment. In practice, the two should go hand in hand if employment is given priority. The aim is not work for work's sake, but useful employment. The existence of millions of idle workers is an obvious loss of production potential. If they can be found effective employment, the national product is bound to rise pretty rapidly, as the Colombian projections show. In fact, the Colombia employment programme calls for a much faster rate of economic growth than in the past—from 5.5 per cent to more than 8 per cent per annum.

The basic question the planners should ask themselves is not: how can we rapidly expand total national production by so much per cent? As we have seen in the past decade, it is too easy to answer that by talking about heavy investment in capital equipment. Rather the question should be: how can we usefully employ all these people? In what occupations? In which sectors of the economy? Producing what, where, for whom? And what will *that* entail in terms of capital investment? It's a matter of deciding which is the cart and which is the horse.

The I.L.O. is a comparatively recent convert to these views. As short a time ago as 1966 the major theme of its annual conference was 'Industrialisation and Labour'. While, admittedly, a chapter of the Director-General's report on the subject was devoted to employment policy, and many of the features of the World Employment Programme were anticipated, the assumption throughout was that rapid industrialisation will lead to expanded employment. There was no hint that economic growth as such might not, after all, be the goal to pursue. On the contrary, the importance of growth targets was accepted as axiomatic, and so was the need to boost industry in order to reach them. 'It is well known,' says the report, 'that there is a positive association between income per head and the share of manufacturing in total economic activity.' A table follows showing that average income per head is higher in countries where industrial output is higher—the old fallacy of averages.

Comparisons like this also exploit what I have always felt to be the biggest weakness of the gross national product when used as a measure of national wellbeing—the fact that it is made up of estimated money values. Where industrial goods are dear and agricultural produce cheap, the result is to distort the true worth of the nation's work in favour of industry. In countries where subsistence farming is still a major sector of the economy and the majority of the people also build their own houses, a hypothetical cash value has to be placed on these items, representing the two most important human needs, by imagining what someone else who had the money might be willing to pay for them, so further distorting the picture.

If market prices change, the 'product' changes. A big jump in world cocoa prices, for example, was reflected in a marked increase in Ghana's gross national product—and incidentally in the share contributed by agriculture—when that country's actual output of cocoa had hardly changed. Imported goods, with high prices determined by another economy in another continent, add a further touch of fantasy to the tableau, so that a lipstick brought from London or Paris is equated with several meals for a child. Even where money values can be directly compared, as in the case of a developing country's exports, they represent no more than the juggling of the market in a world where the industrialised states hold all the aces. This is not the occasion to embroider this theme, except to point out that the use of the gross national product as the principal yardstick of national progress is one of the reasons why professional economists seem to enjoy jumping from the frying pan into the fire.

Elsewhere the 1966 report of the Director-General (at that time David A. Morse) speaks of 'a growing awareness throughout the world of the important, even indispensable role played by industrialisation as an agent for economic and social development. Industrialisation has, in fact, become the symbol of the aspirations of the developing nations. . . .' It refers with enthusiasm to the United Nations' commitment 'to pursue more actively the quest for industrial development and economic growth'. It alludes to 'the need for strengthening and intensifying international action to promote and accelerate the process of industrialisation'. In Latin America, it says, the rationalisation and modernisation of industry is an urgent task. The emphasis in the Colombia employment report is very different.

When development is approached in the way now proposed, a national *employment* target is fixed, not a national *production* target. The first planning stage is to investigate the labour absorption potential of each sector of the economy relative to the sector's possible rates of growth. For example, if construction is stepped up by x per cent, how many additional workers may be employed; if by y per cent, how many?—and so on. The problem then is to decide which sectors to expand, and by how much, to attain the national employment goal. Mathematically, there will be an infinite number of possible combinations; the question at this second stage is what is the combination which serves the nation's needs best—including, certainly, the need for high production—while hitting the overall employment target. The old approach is reversed. Employment becomes the aim and overall growth follows.

One big difficulty is that the traditional tools of economic analysis are not very helpful in this type of planning. Appropriate models have not yet been devised to show the interaction of employment, productivity, capital investment and output in different economic sectors. Nor has enough research yet been done even to provide the basis for constructing a suitable model. This, doubtless, is one reason why the I.L.O. did not in the end insist on employment targets being set up for the Second Development Decade. It realised only too well that nobody yet knows how to work out the sums. Continuing research and experiment are therefore key elements in the

World Employment Programme. You might say that the Programme will have to create itself as it goes along.

The only way at the moment to learn how to do the sums is to try working some of them out, using all the experience, knowledge, commonsense and imagination available, and see if events confirm the calculations. This is what the Colombia employment missions did. They started by choosing a target year, 1985, and *imagining* what a fully employed Colombia might look like at that time—given what they considered to be reasonable assumptions as to the economic and political possibilities. They then worked backwards, calculating as best they could what this imagined result would entail in every branch of the national life every year between now and the year of arrival.

They chose 1985 because the number of workers in that year can be fairly accurately estimated, most of them having already been born. Beyond 1985 they hope that family planning, starting now, will have reduced the rate at which young workers are entering the labour force. Otherwise, they say, 'the problem will indeed look daunting in the mid-1980s'.

It looks pretty daunting now. The present population of Colombia is 21½ million. If it continues growing as fast as in the 1960s it will be over 55 million by the end of the century, and on the lowest estimate it will be 48 million. The number of persons of working age is about 14½ million today, and will reach 24 million in 1985, a rise of more than 60 per cent. The active labour force, after deducting students, the unfit, housewives and others who for various reasons are not on the labour market, is expected to rise from 6½ million to 11 million in the 15 years. That means 300,000 new jobs are needed every year in Colombia just to keep pace with population pressure.

In addition, there are the existing unemployed, estimated at a round million. In all, then, at least five million new jobs have to be created in the next 15 years if unemployment is to be kept down to 5 per cent. At the present rate of employment-creation, roughly *one* million will be found, leaving four million, or more than one worker in three, out of work. Moreover, if the present pace of rural migration continues, nearly all these unemployed would be in the towns, where 50 per cent of the workers would be without jobs. That is the size of the problem which the Government of Colombia asked the I.L.O. to help them to solve.

Broadly, the programme requires stepping up total production—economic growth—while at the same time slowing down the rate at which labour productivity has been rising. The combination of these two factors in the right proportion would create the five million new jobs. They were careful to explain that by productivity they meant output per man-year, not necessarily per man-hour. One of their simplest proposals is in fact to reduce the basic working week from 48 hours to 40 and to cut down overtime, which at present is excessive in all branches of the economy. This would be combined with more shift work, so making better use of capital as well as labour.

It should be noted that there is no intention of actually reducing productivity, even measured in man-years, but only the rate at which it has

been growing. It would continue to grow, even in industry, but not so fast. In agriculture, it would indeed be accelerated. The extra employment here would come from getting hold of more land for the small farmer and helping him to make the most of it. The 1960 agricultural census showed that 45 per cent of the cultivated and pasture land in Colombia was in the hands of 1.2 per cent of the people, and that 65 per cent of the people struggled on 5.5 per cent of the land. The average holding of this 65 per cent was less than two hectares and a quarter of the people had only half a hectare. Seven out of every hundred were landless. At the other extreme, declarations made to the Colombian Land Reform Agency indicated that 636 owners had more than seven million hectares between them.

A major element in the Colombian employment strategy is to stimulate small-scale enterprises employing from five to 200 workers. Capital-labour ratios are generally lower in small industries, so that substantial employment gains may be expected from comparatively little investment. Such enterprises are ideal for some important branches of industry, such as footwear, clothing, leather goods, hand tools, furniture. They are also eminently suitable for small towns and villages.

The choice between labour-intensive and capital-intensive techniques can be influenced, say the experts, by removing the biases in the existing structure which raise the cost of labour or lower the cost of machinery. An undervalued exchange rate, import preferences, relatively easy credit terms for big companies and generous taxation allowances, for example, have made it relatively cheap to buy machines in many developing countries, at a time when labour costs have been rising in line with general domestic inflation. The conditions on which foreign aid is granted may also encourage the importation of sophisticated equipment. There is often, too, a psychological factor, pride in 'modernisation', the ambition to emulate what is believed to be the last word in industrial technology. Many of these pressures favouring the machine can be weakened, removed or even reversed. In practice, it is a question of forecasting the probable consequences of alternative production techniques when specific decisions are being taken.

Other features of the Colombia plan are a big construction programme, a tough redistributive tax policy, expansion of education and the health services, an attack on monopolies and restrictive practices, a national wages policy, vigorous development of farmers' associations to take advantage of the land policy, and so on. It is not difficult to think up these policies in principle. The difficulty is to work out what might actually be accomplished in practice, to set up some realistic quick-fire targets and to make a successful start. There is also the awkward question of where the money will come from. One of the weaknesses of the I.L.O. Colombia report is that it nowhere contains an estimate of the cost to the Government of this colossal operation in the years before it begins to be self-propelling. This, to be sure, is where international aid can help, but Colombia is only one of scores of countries that may queue up for assistance if these programmes catch on.

Employment planning is essentially a national responsibility in a world where only national governments have the authority to do much about it. Mr. Seers would be the first to agree that the vital thing is not what his team of experts accomplished in those five hectic weeks but what the Government will do in 15 troubled and arduous years. Can there be, in fact, such a thing as a world employment programme? The answer surely is no, not really. The phrase is a bit of public relations jargon. Someone kissed the Geneva blarney stone, and lo, the World Employment Programme was born.

There is no harm in a good slogan, and this is an excellent one. What the I.L.O. is trying to do is to compel governments all over the world to think hard and constructively about national employment problems. In that sense it is a world operation, and a vital one. The I.L.O. can help with some of the much needed research and with the formulation of individual national programmes, as in Colombia. It has had a regional employment team, mainly concerned with research, in Santiago since early 1968, and others are at work in Bangkok and Addis Ababa. Thus, launching the Programme at the 1969 anniversary conference was also a public relations gimmick. It really began with the Employment Policy Convention of 1964.

The I.L.O. will perform a historic service if it can use its influence within the international community to gain acceptance of this new approach to development planning. Just as national governments in the past have assumed that employment would follow close on the heels of economic growth, so have the providers of international aid. The time has come for a new look at this proposition in the one case as in the other. International technical assistance programmes should be reviewed to ensure that wherever appropriate they serve the needs of employment promotion. The I.L.O. can itself help governments to build up the relevant agencies such as planning offices, labour departments and statistical services—one of the greatest weaknesses of developing countries. And of course it can expand the already vast training activities on which it has been engaged for the last 20 years. One of the paradoxes of the situation is that many types of worker are in short supply despite widespread poverty and unemployment.

To anybody, like myself, hailing from a developing country, the World Employment Programme comes as an invigorating breath of fresh air. It is a wonderful relief to find a major U.N. organisation at last applying commonsense to the social problems of developing countries as they really are, not as theorists living and teaching in a totally different type of society assume them to be. The Colombia employment mission goes so far as to say that international experts who go out to developing countries with preconceived ideas of what is required may do more harm than good. Coming from other international experts, that is well said. Humility, even though vicarious, deserves to be praised.

When I was an economics lecturer at the African Labour College in Kampala about ten years ago, we always finished our courses with several sessions on development policy. These were invaluable to me, because our students were trade union officials from all parts of English-speaking Africa

and were able to speak with personal experience of some 20 different countries. I soon found that they were all, without exception, deeply worried about the employment implications of what might be called the classical western approach to development. I also realised that it was no use quoting Maynard Keynes at them because what he had to say was practically irrelevant to the sort of society in which they—and I—were living. In the end, we always came round to the type of development policy now advocated by the I.L.O. Somewhere I have a copy of a long report I wrote in 1962 for the Uganda Minimum Wages Board in which, having first argued that wages policy could not be separated from development policy, especially in a country where the great majority of workers were peasant farmers, we made suggestions for a planned economy very similar indeed to those of the Colombia employment programme.

The I.L.O. could not be blamed for having an ambivalent attitude to economic policy half way through the first Development Decade, because the Organisation is not concerned directly with development planning. Its mandate has always been with working and living conditions, in other words with the social repercussions of policy. It therefore repeated the shibboleths of the policy makers with regard to economic growth and employment-creation, and went on worrying about the occupational aspects until it became clear that the development experts were not always making things better for the mass of the people. It then took a new look at the process by which the high rates of economic growth were being attained. The result is the string of suggestions to the world community called the World Employment Programme.

The point is that they are suggestions to other institutions. The I.L.O. can direct its activities in the desired path, but that will not make much difference if the policy-makers are loath to change. Their resistance to change, however, may be weakened by the mere fact that it is a United Nations agency that has made the proposals. A monkey standing on its head at the North Pole could have seen that unjust land distribution is at the root of Colombian poverty. Another standing on its head at the South Pole could have seen the need for family planning. But what use is good advice if authority will not or dare not listen? There is a better chance of attracting attention if the same things are said by international experts turning somersaults at Geneva.

There is also a fair chance this way of averting bloody revolution.

[Robert Plant was at one time Senior Economics Lecturer at the International African Labour College, Kampala. For many years he was Education Officer of the National Union of Journalists and is a former Assistant Research Secretary of the Labour Party. Now resident in Switzerland, he is a frequent contributor to *Panorama*, official journal of the International Labour Office, and is at present preparing a booklet on the World Employment Programme.]

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE SIXTIES

The Pendulum Years. Bernard Levin. Jonathan Cape. £2.75.

Almost every page of Mr. Levin's book is compulsively readable. His vivid style imparts his signature to every line. Sentence after sentence ends with a sudden turn of phrase not easily forgotten, frequently inducing loud laughter, even among those who resent being forced to indulge in it. There are one or two inaccuracies at points where one happens to have specialised knowledge (e.g. the Moors murders). On the whole, however, the research into the individual episodes is indeed impressive. There is so much to enjoy, that it seems a little churlish to point to defects.

> 'Britain in the Sixties', says Mr. Levin, 'can fairly be compared to a patient undergoing psychiatric treatment and reaching the stage of being brought by the therapist to face the truths about the blocks with which he had previously protected himself from his knowledge'.

This comes early and promises more systematic thinking than in fact emerges.

The truth is that the book possesses almost everything except a central theme. One reads on and on, wallowing in the strong confident writing and waits for the conclusion to appear. Event after event, and character after character are referred to as typical of the Sixties, but one puts the book down at the end and one feels that whether or not Mr. Levin has worked out the ethos of the Sixties in his own mind, he has found himself unable to convey it to his readers, except in a sense so general that it could be applied to any other decade.

On page 11, we read:

> 'Certainty had vanished, conviction was vanishing, will itself was crumbling as those behind cried "Forward!" and those before cried "Back!", and both cries were constantly drowned by a mysterious muttering of "Sideways! Sideways!", which came none knew whence'.

Fine enough, but the same could have been said of the Twenties, in which this reviewer grew up, and of other decades since then. Three hundred-odd pages later, the tone is even firmer, but we are not much wiser. On page 434, we are told:

> 'The past was not encouraging; the future was not inviting. But the Seventies could take care of the future as best they might; the Sixties were off duty. The decade had been hurrying the country along towards the future and the Sixties' search for the past and the certainty it might contain had been desperate indeed'.

Once again, this could have been said of many periods other than the Sixties.

In so far as one can personify Mr. Levin's elusive generalisations, one finds the central figure in Mr. Mervyn Griffith Jones. He prosecutes Lady Chatterley's Lover unsuccessfully; he prosecutes Stephen Ward successfully, if that is the right adverb. At any rate, poor Stephen Ward committed suicide. We are left with the impression that early in the decade Mr. Mervyn Griffith Jones represented public opinion and by the end of the decade he was totally vieux jeu, yet even here the generalisation does not work out effectively. Mr. Mervyn Griffith Jones is represented as having been made a complete ass of by Mr. Gerald Gardiner in The Lady Chatterley case, at the beginning of the Sixties, and it is no doubt true that Mr. Gardiner scored very heavily. But Mr. Levin, an utterly honest witness, undermines his own picture of the decade by what he calls 'their subsequent histories'. 'Mr. Griffith Jones', he

tells us, 'became a Judge; Mr. Gerald Gardiner became Lord Chancellor and, taking office with high ideals and selfless ambitions, proved in the event a considerable disappointment.' (Personally, I would disagree totally with this last judgment.) On Mr. Levin's own showing, the Sixties did not end with the final triumph of the hero, or final confusion for the villain. It is hard to say what significant trends emerge.

He would have us believe that the Sixties were, in some sense at least, all of one piece. He wishes us to find some inner unity between the five years of Macmillan and the five that followed them of Wilson. About both Harolds, he writes brilliantly, if very unfairly about Harold Wilson, and rather unfairly about Harold Macmillan, to whom at least he attributes an astuteness approximating genius. It may be that the attempt to impose a harmony or continuity on any ten years selected in this way would be equally artificial. But much, indeed almost everything, will be forgiven him for the entertainment provided and the many original insights.

LONGFORD

HART CRANE

Voyager: A Life of Hart Crane. John Unterecker. Anthony Blond, £5.

To describe biographies as monumental is become a cliché, but this overworked adjective is surely the descriptive *mot juste* for this exhaustive 831-page study of the short sad life of Harold Hart Crane. Ten years in the making—and that is virtually a third of the total life span of its subject—it most faithfully logs every tide, marks each negotiated depth, and charts even the shallowest tributary of Hart Crane's precarious voyage across the first three decades of the century.

The somewhat frail craft of his life was launched at Garrettsville, Ohio, on July 21st, 1899, and the ill star by which its course was destined to be steered rose upon the horizon pathetically rapidly. While he was still young and emotionally dependent upon his parents, they separated; an event which was to leave a deep and abiding scar upon him. Thereafter, his life is classically psychopathic in pattern. He left high school prematurely and took a succession of jobs. He worked in a print-shop, wrote advertising copy, and had spells as a riveter in a Lake Erie shipyard and as a reporter on the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. This unsatisfactory work record is interleaved with periods of restless travel, and punctuated by interpersonal relationship difficulties of so grievous a calibre and of such monotonous recurrence as to suggest actual illness. This instability is reflected, too, in the requirements of his creativity, for it apparently depended upon the intellectual crises provoked by alcoholic and homosexual excessivism. However beneficial to his artistic flowering, they make a sorry record in human terms. He travelled to Europe, his daemon in his meagre luggage, and found at every journey's end his overweening sense of guilt waiting on the doorstep to greet him. And moving restlessly on, guilt was his travelling companion.

In 1926, at the age of twenty-seven, Crane published his first volume of poems, *White Buildings*, and four years later it was succeeded by his longest and most important work, *The Bridge*. It was intended as the American epic, but was embarked upon with an insufficient sense of American history. In parts it displays great strength, but suffers from an overall incoherence of structure. Conceived as 'an organic panorama, showing the continuous and living evidence of the past in the inmost vital substance of the present', it has been described

as the product of a man with the sensibility typical of Baudelaire attempting to write as if he had the sensibility typical of Whitman. Even so, the best of the lyrics are not surpassed by anything in American literature.

In 1928 Crane joined the Parisian expatriate colony. Six months later he was expelled from France for brawling. He went next—in 1931—to Mexico with the intention of producing a Latin-American companion piece to *The Bridge*, but his resolves, like his attempt to form a sexual relationship with a woman, disintegrated into an undisciplined orgy of alcoholism and homosexual adventurings. A reaction set in. Full of neurotic remorse, he decided to change his course—return to the United States and make a new beginning. It was not to be. At high noon on April 27th, 1932, he jumped from the steamer that was taking him back to New York into the Gulf of Mexico. His body was never recovered. Harold Hart Crane had become part of that sea which had played so large and inspirational a part in so much of his work; the sea which once represented to him the large and unbounded force of love that he felt for a young sailor.

Professor Unterecker's biography, crammed with previously unpublished letters and recollections, provides a most valuable beacon to guide us through the sea-mist that has for too long shrouded one of the finest modern American poets.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

CARRINGTON: HER LETTERS AND DIARIES

Carrington, Letters and Extracts from her Diaries. Edited by David Garnett. Jonathan Cape. £5.

Carrington, according to her publishers, assumes her place among the great letter writers of her sex. The claim which could, no doubt, be disputed, is far from absurd. The sheer zest of her personality comes through irresistibly in letter after letter, through the 16 years (1915-32) covered here. She was only thirty-nine when she took her life soon after the death of her beloved Lytton Strachey, but somehow she seems to have lived through centuries of emotion. One could adopt without much alteration what she wrote of him:

> 'Talking about Lytton, if one did try and write what happened to him every day, what a grim failure it would be. All his adventures and experiences are mental, and only enjoyed by himself. Outwardly, it's like the life of one of the hens. . . . Every day the same apparently. But inside, what a variety and what fantastic doings. And great schemes I suspect. Sometimes internal ragings which never come out. And plans for a future I could never guess'.

Mr. David Garnett sets the scene in an effective introduction. His linking paragraphs are illuminating and concise. Too concise possibly. He takes for granted more knowledge of his world and Carrington's than most of us can be expected to possess.

> 'Carrington and Lytton Strachey', he tells us, 'became lovers, but physical love was made difficult and became impossible. The trouble on Lytton's side was his diffidence and feeling of inadequacy, and his being terribly attracted by young men; and on Carrington's side, her intense dislike of being a woman, which gave her a feeling of inferiority, so that a normal and joyful relationship was impossible. Yet for many years, they were happy together'.

But that did not prevent her from behaving outrageously in her sexual relationships, not only by conventional, but by any rational standard. In May, 1921, she married Ralph Partridge, a vigorous young man of much physical and not inconsiderable moral prowess. It is difficult to agree with David Garnett that he forced her to marry him—she was some years older and

much more sophisticated than he was. By August, General Brennan arrived. 'Carrington painted his portrait in a barn and they made surreptitious love, while Ralph spent his time fishing.' It is not surprising that Partridge later fell in love with Frances Marshall. Carrington's letter to her, pleading for a continued share of Ralph, is a fine piece of pathetic pleading, and the reply is also a classic.

The suffering continued through a variety of fears brilliantly expressed. No one can fail to be sorry for Carrington, long before the end. It is easy to find in the whole story a cautionary tale, a lesson in the consequences of neglecting sensible rules, but it all makes wonderful reading and arouses great tenderness for Carrington.

LONGFORD

LOVE-LETTERS OF ROBERT BROWNING AND ELIZABETH BARRETT

The Love-Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett. Selected and with an Introduction by V. E. Stack. Heinemann. 42s.

The published collection of nearly 600 letters which passed between Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett from his first letter of January 10, 1845, to their secret marriage on September 12, 1846, is long out of print, and the present selection is specially welcome. In her Introduction Miss Violet Stack refers to Rudolf Besier's play 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street', and rightly says 'It is only when one reads the letters . . . that one realises how hopelessly over-simplified and foreshortened any stage representation of their story must be'. But that highly dramatic play assuredly quickened interest in the two Victorian poets and their love-story, and at a time (the 1930s) when E.B.B.'s once tremendous poetic reputation was in the shadows and her husband's greater genius tended to be under-valued by twentieth-century critics.

Browning's first poem, 'Pauline', was privately published in his twenty-first year; and in the next twelve years volumes appeared in rapid succession, including 'Paracelsus', 'Sordello', 'Pippa Passes', five verse-dramas and the first collection of 'Dramatic Lyrics' (1845). He was thirty-two, heart-whole, completely absorbed with poetry, and contemplating settling in Italy. It was then that his reading of Elizabeth Barrett's poems—far better known than his own—deflected the whole course of his life. His first letter casts the die in a rapture of admiration and spontaneous emotion: 'I do, as I say, love these books with all my heart—and I love you too'. In her reply the next day the invalid Elizabeth, six years his senior, proclaimed her devotion to 'this divine art of poetry' and assured him that she was 'a devout admirer and student of your works. This is in my heart to say to you—and I say it . . .'

Four months elapsed before they met for the first time. Their long, almost daily outpourings of mind and spirit, often agonising by the invalid's pressure of self-doubt and natural misgivings, lasted from the exchange of those first letters until their secret marriage at Marylebone Church on September 12, 1846. Six days later they left for Italy, to begin fifteen years of happy and creative married life. They had one son. Elizabeth died at Florence on June 29, 1861, and Robert in Venice twenty-eight years later on December 12, 1889. In his 'Note' to the original publication of the letters 'Pen', their son, wrote: '. . . Ever since my mother's death these letters were kept by my father in a certain inlaid box, into which they exactly fitted, and where they have always rested, letter beside letter, each in its consecutive order and numbered on the envelope by his own hand. My father destroyed all the

rest of his correspondence, and not long before his death he said, referring to these letters: "There they are, do with them as you please when I am dead and gone".'

The final comment comes appropriately from Browning himself, quoted by Miss Stack in her admirable Introduction:

'How strange it will be to have no more letters!'

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

THE ARDENNES OFFENSIVE

Hitler's Last Offensive. Peter Elstob. Secker & Warburg, £5.50.

A number of accounts have been written of this so-called 'Battle of the Bulge' which took place in December 1944; but here is one on which no less than five years of careful research have been spent, written by an author who through personal experience in war knows his subject. Mr. Elstob gives a fascinating description of a plan, evolved by the Führer himself and forced into effect by him against the advice and wishes of those destined to carry it out, but who 'because it was the Führer's order' to a large extent achieved what might well have been considered impossible.

It is a very detailed account, down to company, platoon or even individual tank actions; but for those who really wish to study the compaign, here is all the necessary information together with a full, and selective, bibliography. At the same time it is readable for those who want a broader picture though, for a book of this scope and magnitude, the maps are disappointing; one is always turning the pages and then not being sure on which map to find the place concerned. One pull-out map, even if on a comparatively small scale, would add greatly to the enjoyment of reading the book.

After five months of withdrawal from Normandy, the German Forces were regrouping for what seemed to be the final defence of the Fatherland, but Hitler planned by an offensive through the Ardennes—the historic invasion route through which the German Army had triumphantly marched in 1870, 1914 and 1940—to split the Western Allies, even to the extent of making separate peace agreements. The fact that many of the troops involved on both sides were of necessity at this stage of the war either largely untrained or war-weary makes the severity of the fighting even more remarkable. 'Fought recklessly and fiercely' occurs over and over again, while the description of the parachute landing north of Malmedy, in which many had never actually carried out a drop before, makes the achievement almost beyond belief.

Throughout the battle the weather played a most important part, snow covered the ground and virtually no air operations were possible on either side for the first week, but when the skies cleared it was here, in the Ardennes, that the Luftwaffe received its death blow.

In Part 3, the roles are reversed and the Allies turn over to the offensive. We learn of the part played by the British in stabilising the front, and then of the dramatic intervention by Churchill himself and his encouragement of the Russians to launch their planned offensive in the east, an offensive which was to win for them the race to Berlin.

Mr. Elstob gives a considered summary showing most clearly the effect which the Ardennes battles had on after events, and concludes that by inflicting this delay on the Allies' advance East Germany's frontier lies today some hundred miles further west than it might have done.

This book is a worthy contribution to the story, indeed the history, of the War in 1944-45.

A. J. DANIELL

A NEW VIEW OF LIVERPOOL

Portrait of Liverpool. Howard Channon. Robert Hale, £1.50.

It was, I think, the irrepressible Frank Harris who began a review, 'This is the best book of short stories I have read since I wrote the last.' Yielding to mischievous temptation, I observe—but I hope less brashly—this is the first book on Liverpool I have read since I wrote the last.

Although Mr. Howard Channon is an approximate contemporary of mine, there are significant differences between us and between our approaches to our common subject. Mr. Channon is not a Liverpudlian. I am. In general terms, Mr. Channon is more concerned with the recording of facts than the evocation of atmosphere. His is essentially a *practical* book, at times almost a guide book, with its topographical method and exemplary descriptive precision. There are 1,500,000 bricks in the Metropolitan Cathedral. The bells of the Anglican Cathedral can ring a possible 479,001,600 changes.

Again, although scarcely more than a decade separates our respective essays in portraiture, Mr. Channon's Liverpool is a totally different Liverpool from that which I sang. His is the City of Change and Challenge, the new and, to my eyes, hideous Liverpool, arising, Swiss-clean and clinically dull, upon the magnificent ruins of past splendour. Its glassy-staring, upturned concrete crates and mushroom phallus, its sterile and sterilised precincts and enclaves of already-dated contemporaneity affront my reactionary gaze and dismay my aesthetic sensibilities. I mourn the clean sweep that has clean swept so much of character from my city. And so, I am happy to report, does Mr. Channon. He has sketched in the historical background of his 1970 portrait with considerable care, lingering, as befits a whilom sailorman, lovingly over its maritime aspects. He has summoned a salty cast of characters to the pageant, including two old friends of mine, Kwok Fong, the doyen of Chinatown, and Sir Frederick H-U. (for Hard-up) Bowman, who have since quit the stage which in the long-ago we shared.

But it is with the buildings, the institutions, and with the study of the population *en masse* — sociology — that Mr. Channon seems mainly preoccupied: the total organism of Liverpool rather than its individual and individually idiosyncratic components. He is chronicling a reporter's-eye-view of the death throes of a city's personality, and casting a determinedly optimistic glance out of a gloomy eye over the ugly cradle of the future.

Given another decade—less perhaps, at the unseemly rate at which civic *felo-de-se* is progressing—Mr. Channon's book will be as dated as my own. And that will be the loss of Liverpool, the city where the challenge is to contain the change.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

RICHELIEU THE PARADOX

Richelieu and his Age. Carl J. Burckhardt. Translated from the German by Bernard Hoy. Allen and Unwin. £3.75.

Like most men of power, Cardinal Richelieu was a paradox. As Louis XIII's chief minister he aimed at making the monarchy absolute by curbing the nobility's opposition, suppressing the Huguenots politically while conceding religious freedom. Yet no minister could have been franker in admonishing his king. A typical public utterance in the king's presence was:

'The King is good, virtuous, discreet, courageous and intent on acquiring

fame, but it is equally true to say that he is precipitate, suspicious, envious and susceptible to sudden antipathies and first impressions to the detriment of all and sundry.'

His faults were such, Richelieu concluded, that it might well prove difficult to serve him. A Daniel come to judgment indeed. But the chief virtue of this Vol. II of Burckhardt's three-volume biography is the intimate picture it gives of the man as well as statesman: not an edifying one.

Sick throughout most of his life, he had to journey by litter, sedan chair or ship. Acutely hypersensitive, he could not easily accept bad news or adverse remarks about himself, and was prone to tears. Marie de Medici, the Queen Mother who helped him to power, said 'he cries at will' and likened him to the crocodile. In extreme despair, he would sometimes retire to bed in the middle of the day, looking as if turned to stone. In face of threatening events he would alternate between paralysing despair and frenzied activity directed to a clear-cut end.

His brother Henri spoke of fits of depression that made him lock himself in his room for two or three days with his doctor and servant. In outbursts of uncontrolled anger he would sometimes scream, howl, foam at the lips, even crawl under the bed and refuse to come out. Normally he would retire at 11 p.m., pray for half an hour, work in bed from 2 a.m. to 5 a.m., start again at 9 a.m. and work till his morning walk. He was constantly surrounded by doctors, and after 1629 by thirty men-at-arms because of constant threats to his life.

Yet his achievements, not only in moulding France but western Europe, were prodigious. Finding France so weak at sea that Spain and the Berber pirates could disrupt her fishing industry, harm her trade, sink her ships, carry the crews off to slavery, blockade her estuaries and raid her coast, he built up a strong navy, created naval harbours, aiding decisively—Burckhardt says—the French cause from 1635 onwards during the open war with Spain.

He made France supreme by breaking the Habsburg power, yet found time for domestic matters, too, reproving the king for not enforcing the law against duelling for example. His elder brother Henri died in a duel; in 1687, 4,000 French noblemen, 4,000 officers perished in duels. 'Duels', he declared, 'have become so commonplace in France that the streets were being used as fields of combat'.

This volume covers the crucial period from his rise to power to the signing of the Peace of Prague in 1635. It thus deals largely with the European background, relations with England and Germany: excessively, alas, with Anglo-French relations from 1066 onwards and the complex causes of the Thirty Years' War. As in the previous volume, it is the personal angle that gives the book vitality.

TREVOR ALLEN

SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES

Unmasked (Chatto and Windus, £1.25). These 'two confidential interviews with Hitler in 1931' were first published in German in 1968 and have now been translated into English by Richard Barry. The interviews were given by Hitler in the Brown House, Munich, to Richard Breiting, the right wing editor of the *Leipziger Neueste Nachrichten*. Although pledged to secrecy, Breiting was allowed for his own use to take a shorthand note, which for safe custody was handed to his sister. After the war, together with other papers, it came into possession of his widow. During research into Nazi

Germany, the shorthand note was found by Dr. Edouard Calci, a journalist and also a victim of Nazi persecution. Dr. Calci has edited the transcript and written a short Epilogue on Hitler's rise to power. These interviews show with remarkable clarity and frankness Hitler's thinking and intentions. There is the rewriting of the map of Europe, the projected annexation of Austria, the rape of Czechoslovakia, the movement East for *lebensraum*, and domination of Europe. Fear of Russia and America recurs in these interviews. 'These two colossi are still asleep. When they wake up, that is the end of it for Germany'. Soviet Russia is to be kept on ice and destroyed at the appropriate time. There are, of course, the rampant attacks upon jews and jewry throughout the interviews; but there is no mention of physical extermination, simply expulsion. Britain will become an ally, retaining its empire and world-wide interests outside Europe. In any event, Hitler accepted Goering's boast that 'one or two of our bomber squadrons over London would be enough to cause the British to hoist the white flag over the Houses of Parliament'. Both Churchill and Blum 'will be strung up by their own people for betrayal of power and understanding between nations'. These interviews make fascinating reading, although to us with hindsight their contents are not really surprising.

Labour Market Issues of the 1970s (Oliver & Boyd, £2). This collection of papers, edited by Professors Robertson and Hunter of the University of Glasgow, first appeared in the Scottish Journal of Political Economy in June 1970. The contributors are all eminent in the field of industrial relations, and this volume presents their articles in a useful, permanent form. The most interesting feature of this book is that the articles were written just before the end of the last Labour government. It thus presents a sample of expert informed opinion as it stood just before the new Conservative government took office. Because of this, this volume will be an important point of reference when the time comes to evaluate the changes in industrial relations that do occur in the 1970s.

In the Foreword to his new collection, **Poems 1968-1970** (Cassell, £1.50), Robert Graves tells the reader that, 'Having more to say, no continued need to earn my living by writing historical novels, and fewer children around my knees, has for some time now swelled the yearly number of poems I write, though each must still go through a long series of drafts before being either suppressed or accepted on probation.' Even more candidly he speaks of self-plagiarism, 'but I have done my best to weed such plagiarisms out; no legitimate pack of cards should contain more than one Jack of Diamonds or Ace of Hearts'. Whatever the descriptive metaphor, this volume offers many examples of the old magician's lyrical genius and epigrammatic skill.

Shakespeare (Jonathan Cape. £3.75). Warm mention at least must be made of this superbly produced volume by the novelist Anthony Burgess, who is well known as a writer on Shakespeare. 'This is not a book about Shakespeare's plays and poems', he writes. 'It is yet another attempt—the ninth—to set down the main facts about the life and society from which the plays and poems arose.' As a fiction writer on Shakespeare, the author is keen to stress that this 'present book contains conjecture . . . but it eschews invention' with one exception. In a fascinating reconstruction of the first performance of Hamlet, 'I have silenced the little cracked fanfares of caution'. It is a thoroughly enjoyable and penetrating book, written in delightful prose and garnished with superb illustrations.

LIBERAL POLICY AND LIBERAL PERFORMANCE

are reported fully in the

LIBERAL NEWS

Fortnightly · Price 5p

Ask your newsagent to order a copy for you now, or in case of difficulty, write for specimen copy to LIBERAL NEWS, 2-6 High Street, Haverhill, Suffolk.

BACK ISSUES

For sale and wanted to buy

We receive continual demands for back issues of **CONTEMPORARY REVIEW** from individuals and libraries wanting to complete their collections. Since we cannot always satisfy these demands without diminishing our own archives we will pay good prices for single copies and complete volumes offered to us. Copies 1866-1900 are in special demand.

Please send full details to:
Back Issue Dept., Contemporary Review,
38 Farringdon St., London E.C.4.

ORDER FORM

To The Subscription Manager,
Contemporary Review, 38 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

I enclose herewith my cheque for ....., for a year's subscription
[For rates, see inside front cover]

Name .....

Address .....

.....

EXHIBITION

HENRY AND E. K. REDMORE SEA PAINTINGS

Wednesday, March 17th—Friday, April 2nd Daily 10 a.m.—5 p.m. Saturdays 10 a.m.—12 noon

Oil Painting Millboard 9 x 12ins | Fishermen Pulling In their Boats at a Yorkshire Coastal Village | HENRY REDMORE Signed & Dated 1860

Most of the paintings are for sale

OSCAR AND PETER JOHNSON LIMITED

LOWNDES LODGE GALLERY, 27 LOWNDES STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

Telephone: 01-235 6464/5 Cables: Artcos, London, S.W.1

IDRIES SHAH'S

REFLECTIONS

Thoughts, Sayings, Fables. OUTSTANDING BOOK OF THE YEAR —Pat Williams, BBC *The Critics*. Second, enlarged, edition: 75p (15s.).

DESTINATION MECCA

Travel and Adventure. AS EXCITING AS A GOOD NOVEL—*Times Literary Supplement*. Third printing: £1.75 (35s.).

CARAVAN OF DREAMS

An Eastern Anthology. LIKE THE MARVELLOUS DREAM LANDSCAPES YOU ENTERED WITH FAIRY-TALES AS A CHILD —*The Listener*. Second impression: £1.75 (35s.).

WISDOM OF THE IDIOTS

Ancient tales of wisdom. OCCASIONALLY YOU READ A BOOK KNOWING NOTHING OF THE AUTHOR OR OF THE BACKGROUND. BUT ONE THAT IS SO SIGNIFICANT THAT IT OPENS UP A NEW WORLD OF UNDERSTANDING. SUCH WAS MY EXPERIENCE WITH 'WISDOM OF THE IDIOTS' BY IDRIES SHAH —Eric Wild, *The Inquirer*. Second, enlarged, edition: £1.75 (35s.).

THE OCTAGON PRESS

38 Dryden Chambers – 119 Oxford Street – London, W.1

Telephone: 01-734 0136/7

Printed by H. G. LEATES LTD., 45-47 Alexandra Street, Southend-on-Sea, Essex, and published by the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW CO. LTD., 38 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Tel: 01-455 3638. All business matters should be addressed to the publishers

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

106th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

APRIL 1971

POLAND IN THE AFTERMATH OF THE DECEMBER CRISIS
K. C. Cviic

MAN AND MASS-MAN
Professor D. R. Denman

HOW MODERN IS INDIAN ART?
A. S. Raman

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO TIBET?
(Part Two)
Peter Elstob

and many other articles together with a thirteen-page Literary Supplement.

30p

★ Full Contents Inside Cover

Contemporary Review

Incorporating The Fortnightly

April 1971 Vol. 218 No. 1263 Founded 1866

Contents

		Page
Centaurs in Great Russell Street	DONALD BRUCE	169
Poland in the Aftermath of the December Crisis	K. G. CVIIC	173
Man and Mass-man	PROFESSOR D.R. DENMAN	179
Women and Religion	F. H. HANSFORD-MILLER	184
How Modern is Indian Art?	A. S. RAMAN	189
Package Adventure	ALEC MATLOCK	198
In Defence of 'Tess'	ROSEMARY BENZING	202
Whatever Happened to Tibet? (Part Two)	PETER ELSTOB	205
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT		212
Quarterly Fiction Review	ROSALIND WADE	212
Kenneth Lindsay, Trevor Allen, William Kean Seymour, Richard Whittington-Egan, David Frean, K. S. Laurie		
SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES		223

Editor:
ROSALIND WADE

Associate Editor:
BETTY ABEL

Editorial Advisers:
PROFESSOR SIR HERBERT BUTTERFIELD
PROFESSOR SIR DENIS BROGAN

Fine Arts Correspondent:
ERNLE MONEY, M.P.

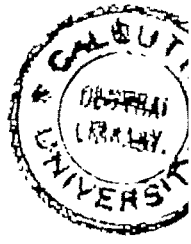
Annual subscription (incl. postage): U.K £3.90. U.S A. and Canada $13.50

© 1971 Contemporary Review Co. Ltd.

Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 Incorporating The Fortnightly

April 1971 Vol. 218 No. 1263



CENTAURS IN GREAT RUSSELL STREET
The new Greek Galleries at the British Museum

by Donald Bruce

THE flowers drawn up in their ranks outside the false Ionic of the British Museum's portico (tulips in the spring, geraniums in the summer) do not lead one to expect much pagan outcry within: at the most, the unvoiced excitements of the Reading Room and the majestic flip of its catalogue-pages. Yet the British Museum has become a lyrical place — ardent with dithyrambic nudities, swayed by the tumults of centaurs. The Muses have descended upon the Museum. They have turned loose, in the course of their visitation, many of the shining captives one used to come across in the recesses of the cellars, roped off and among packing cases.

In their forlorn promiscuity they claimed a grimy urban fellowship with those statues in the overgrown gardens of old country houses where the dryads, and the lesser rural deities, stand chin-high in thickets of laurel and rhododendron. The Greek sculptures were down in the vaults, as if they were mere gold and silver, too long; and all too many remain there. The planners of the new Greek galleries should be congratulated on their sumptuous use of open space and perspective (as in the truly visionary mounting of the frieze from Apollo's temple at Bassae) where it does not capriciously withhold from the public masterpieces which should be on display. And the arrangers have sometimes been led by their sense of theatre to make some curious selections from the pieces available.

Interior decoration and the designing of sets are, after all, only minor and subordinate skills. The colossal Apollo Citharoedus from Cyrene indeed looks emphatic in its present position at the top of a flight of stairs, but this brutally enlarged statue of a bully running to fat, in which the poetry of the body has been replaced by its rhetoric, can hardly be taken seriously as a work of art.

The information supplied by the wall-charts and the 'visual aids', which claim space and therefore supplant actual exhibits, could be conveyed more handily in a guide-book, or even in a provisional list of the works

on display. The two features — the attractive lay-out and the exercise in popular education—are contradictory. One supposes, rightly, that people come to see sculptures; the other that they come to acquire facts. Although the wall-charts present the sculptures as interesting for their historical sequence, the point about art, as indeed the myth of Pallas Athene's full-grown springing-to-life suggests, is that art does not develop but *is*. The only valid consideration is not historical but aesthetic: to use A. E. Housman's expression, 'the degree of the vibration transmitted'.

Long ago the 'Cambridge critics' affirmed this far from recondite truth in respect of literature. It is time that the same truth came to the notice of the students of the visual arts. Mr. Henry Moore adopts by choice the conventions which were accepted as exigencies by the archaic Greeks. The votive statues at Didyma—crude bent cylinders, like the figures in a painting by René Magritte or Stanley Spencer—were hewn at the same time and almost alongside the embellishments of the first Temple of Diana at Ephesus, two centuries (historically speaking) more representational than they. In the same way, a Cretan ikon of the sixteenth century has nothing in common with the work of Tintoretto, but can be taken for an Italian altarpiece of Duccio's time—the Cretan artist, working in their villages outside the flux of time, declaring themselves the spectres of an extinct Byzantium. A seeming 'Movement' is only the aggregate of the productions of various individual talents flourishing by chance at the same time, just as the seeming curve of a cat's back is in fact the composed effect of hundreds of hairs, or the seeming sharp edge of a cloud is an illusion presented by a million droplets of suspended water.

Though one soil may be more propitious than another, the tree will spread its branches according to the nature of the tree, not according to the nature of the soil. Latent in the pinched-out gingerbread-men of Minoan art are the marble stir of the Parthenon frieze and the ripple of the wings of the Victory of Samothrace. The Greco-Roman Apollo of the Krobylos at the British Museum—a pugilistic Apollo, narrowly sturdy—inherits the large placid eyeballs of a sixth-century kouros and the round-cheeked smile of an archaic sphinx. The youth in the frieze from Hadrian's villa at Tivoli—meagre of torso, frugal of waist—is at once as upright as a charioteer from the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus and as slim as an Amor in a Florentine Triumph beating mortals forward with his torch. These works stand outside time and place: they are mankind pronouncing to mankind. It follows that Greece is not merely a great line of centuries, or a conformation of bleak coasts and islands, but a perennial state of mind. Without the aid of a ship, therefore, boasts Fielding's Parson Adams, he has heard Scylla and seen Charybdis—he has sailed among the Cyclades and, landing at Colchis to see if there is another Golden Fleece to be had, traversed the Euxine Sea. By the same means as Parson Adams, Edward Gibbon lived through a thousand years of the Byzantine Empire without once visiting Constantinople.

Nowhere is that perennial state of mind expressed with greater wistfulness than in the tombs of Ionia, such as the Nereid Monument from Xanthos,

touchingly built in the form of the temples of the homeland. Gulls and fish at their shattered ankles, the figures of the Nereids postulate the dividing sea. The froth on the incoming waves, or the toothed grain of driftwood relinquished on an alien shore, is renewed in the long pleats of their drenched chitons. Further up the sea-coast of Asia Minor and a century later, at Halicarnassus, the semitic-faced Mausolus, satrap of the Persian king, lay in his purely Grecian tomb. The Knights of St. John came there in the fifteenth century, admired and destroyed, and burnt lime for their Castle of St. Peter from the masonry raised two thousand years earlier by Artemisia, wife and sister of Mausolus. During the same age Horace's villa was turned into a cloister and the fishpond was filled with the bones of dead monks. Yet, during the same age also, Alberti began to design temples of Venus and of Diana.

Artemisia had brought over to Halicarnassus, in order to work on the friezes and statuary of the Mausoleum, four Greek sculptors, among them the mysterious Scopas. It may well be that his eye first caught the alert stoop of the riders in the remains of the Frieze of the Charioteers, and that his fists chiselled out the fervent obliquities of the Frieze of the Amazons assembled at the British Museum. Although their slender loins have been eroded by time and the south wind, they are comely Amazons, who confront the Athenians with a moderated abandon and a tempered wildness. Having discarded the chlamys to be more mobile, even if more vulnerable, the Amazons are nearly naked: the more beautiful for that, though their purpose is to fight and slay. They have unbound their girdles for War, their bridegroom. At intervals along the frieze thrusting breasts are betrayed by the audacity of a posture; in the Dionysiac flight of the draperies the bone-mould of the hips is bared of the chiton; the coy edge of a flank is exposed amid a hazy diffusion of skirts. Odd, in a tomb! Odd, and alien to a Christian sensibility, like the frivolous and rococo chapel in which the eighteenth-century Bishops of Würzburg conversed with their God on something like equal terms—like the dome in Parma which Correggio covered with his erotic wraiths!

There is nothing here akin to the bloodshot eyes of Roger van der Weyden's weeping Madonna, or the collar-bone, plotted in gore, of his Christ; nothing akin to the long, distraught faces of Tilman Riemenschneider, in whose Christian wood-carvings even the Pharisees and the Roman soldiers are occupied with a sad inward life—even Judas Iscariot and the putti who uphold the donor's coats-of-arms. There is nothing, even in the funerary art of the Greeks, less moderate than an ungrievous regret and a pride—an almost animal gladness—in the beauty which is perpetuated in the unvisceral stone. Such is the art of those steles on which youths end their sport in the hippodrome and the palaestra; drop the reins; carry oil-flask and strigil through the portals of a marmoreal night: steles on which lovers would write, in their own blood, the word 'beautiful'. On many a sarcophagus Dionysiac revels are represented—a thiasos in all its abandon of snarling panthers and maenads with thrown-back heads.

The sculptor of the Frieze of the Amazons has also been censured by scholars for making these heroic creatures too nubile in appearance. He must surely have recalled that Theseus did not kill Hippolita but married her. The ultimate conquest of the barbarians, so appropriately symbolised at Halicarnassus by the Amazons in their Phrygian caps, was not by war but by an Attic grace informed by the perception of beauty. That beauty tips and perimeters with shattered youth the single column-drum from the scond Temple of Diana of Ephesus — again, perhaps, from Scopas's workshop — in the British Museum: beauty preserved in the resolute stone, only the grain of the marble betrayed in the smashed folds of the tunics and in the broken shoulders and breasts.

The same Hellenic grain runs, like the stripe in an agate or the streak in a rose, through our own civilisation. These statues at the British Museum, which would not exist at all but for the chances which brought them there, are not chattels belonging to one nation or another, but part of the sum of mankind's highest achievement. Only when Socrates strolls along the banks of the Ilissus again, only when Alcibiades again bursts into the banquet in honour of Agathon, can they be returned to their native land. That Greece has gone, dispersed and obliterated by the events, ethnic, historical and social, which have at once perpetuated and superseded it. These statues have become part of our native culture, as they never did under the polyglots of Byzantium or the janissaries of Islam. In the presence of these works Keats witnessed the heifer lowing to the skies, the mad pursuit and the pipes and timbrels. Before the Elgin Marbles, according to his friend Severn, Keats would sit 'in a reverie for an hour or more at a time, his face lit up by some visionary rapture'. Here Pater patrolled the galleries, scrupulously eliciting affinities between the art of Phidias and the philosophy of Plato. Before one of these statues Housman's homesick country-boy resolved to emulate the man of stone. We are all Hellenics now. That the Parthenon Frieze is in the same world should be enough for anyone. Greece is no longer a geographical location. Greece is the tread of notes in the memory when certain incredible pieces of music have stopped.

[Donald Bruce, author of *The Radical Dr. Smollett*, is a lecturer in English at Westfield College, University of London.]

POLAND IN THE AFTERMATH OF THE DECEMBER CRISIS

by K. F. Cviic

DEPOSED political leaders invariably accuse their fellow-countrymen of ingratitude and of short memories. In communist countries, they do not have a chance to do so openly, but it can be assumed that, human nature being what it is, their feelings resemble closely those of their counterparts in the west. It would be surprising if Mr. Wladyslaw Gomulka, who had ruled Poland uninterruptedly for almost a decade and a half until December 20, 1970, did not feel bitter and hurt at the way his fellow countrymen kicked him out.

His 14 years of power ended less than 14 days after he had achieved Poland's most important foreign policy aim since the Second World War—the recognition by West Germany of its western borders. The treaty which embodies the guarantee of the inviolability of Poland's western borders also opens up the prospect of close and profitable business and technological links with Europe's most advanced and powerful industrial country. On December 8, 1970, the day after the treaty was signed in Warsaw by Chancellor Brandt and the Polish Prime Minister, Mr. Jozef Cyrankiewwicz, millions of Poles watched on their television screens a deeply moved Herr Brandt kneeling in tribute to the victims of Nazi terror in Warsaw. A week later, Polish workers protesting against drastic food increases imposed by Mr. Gomulka's government were clashing with the security forces in Gdansk and other northern Polish cities. Polish blood was spilt, not by an alien enemy, but by other Poles. On December 20 Mr. Gomulka was out in the cold.

The people of Poland have answered the call by the communist party's new leader, Mr. Gierek and the new Prime Minister, Mr. Jaroszewicz, for a 'critical and constructive dialogue' between the government and the country to find out what had gone wrong under Mr. Gomulka. From what the people have said at trade union and communist party meetings as well as on radio and television and in the press it is clear that nobody in Poland regrets Mr. Gomulka's departure from office. The Polish people were fed up with his government's authoritarian methods, especially the niggling inefficiency of the central government authorities. Even the smallest decisions required the approval of Warsaw which invariably took a long time to obtain. Even inside the party, many resented the Gomulka team's aloofness from the people and its failure to consult the country about new economic and political measures.

The decision to impose drastic food and fuel price increases just before Christmas together with cuts in prices of tape recorders, refrigerators, perfumes and other consumer articles that most Poles cannot afford was the ultimate in political ineptitude and tactlessness. The fact that the decision contained a lot of economic sense as a necessary deflationary measure on the eve of the coming into operation of Poland's economic

reform was rejected by an infuriated country conscious only of the fact that nearly everybody's living standards had been cut by between 20 and 30 per cent.

Mr. Gomulka and his closest friends, like Mr. Kliszko and Marshal Spychalski who resigned with him on December 20, are now blamed in the Polish press for the clumsy presentation of the whole issue of the economic reform. They are particularly criticised for allowing the reform to be seen as contrary to the interests of Poland's workers. And Mr. Gomulka's enemies in the party, who had on previous occasions unsuccessfully tried to topple him from power, do not now feel inclined to give the 66-year-old and ailing former leader any credit for negotiating the treaty with West Germany. They prefer to see his determination to get that treaty at all costs as a desperate move by an ageing leader to score at least one resounding success before the end of his political career.

Some of the men who form the new coalition are in any case known to have been sceptical about the value of such a treaty with West Germany. This particularly applies to General Moczar, the leader of the party's nationalist and anti-semitic wing. General Moczar, former minister of the interior, who is now once again in charge of Poland's security forces and, for the first time a full member of the party's politbureau, is said to have stressed the usefulness of West Germany in the role of a dangerous foreign bogey. Other leaders too are said to have had doubts about the possible threat to the party's grip on the country from closer links with a capitalist country like West Germany. But this is only the view of the hardliners. Most thoughtful Poles appreciate that their country badly needs close links with the west. Polish planners and economists are particularly keen on industrial cooperation with West German and other western firms which would give Poland at one and the same time modern western technology and access to western markets for goods produced under such industrial cooperation agreements. This in turn reflects the fact now widely realised in Poland that the country cannot go on relying on its agricultural exports to the west as the main source of hard currency with which to buy modern western equipment and know-how. Polish agriculture, still largely in private hands, had over the years been starved of credits and investments, most of which have tended to go into industry. As a result, Polish agriculture's productivity is too low to guarantee a successful expansion into western markets where in any case it meets more competition and difficulties every day, particularly in Common Market countries.

The new party leader, Mr. Gierek, an ex-miner who has spent many years in western Europe, is an able technocrat with a reputation for organising ability which he has proved in running the most prosperous and go-ahead province in Poland, Silesia. The new Prime Minister, Mr. Jaroszewicz, who was for many years Poland's representative in COMECON, the east European communist economic organisation, is also reputed to be an experienced organiser. They share with the openly hardline General Moczar an awareness of the political dangers of closer contacts with the west. However, their decision to allow several thousand Polish citizens of

German origin to leave Poland in January and February of this year, under the terms of the December agreement with West Germany, suggests that they do not want to do anything that would prevent the treaty from being ratified in the West German Bundestag. But even if this is achieved it is doubtful whether the new leaders will be keen on implementing the political and cultural cooperation clauses of the December treaty in which the West German government is particularly interested.

In the economic field, the new leaders' freedom of manoeuvre is limited by the facts of Poland's present economic position, particularly its heavy balance of payments deficit. Poland is desperately short of hard currency. This makes it impossible for Polish firms to import all the western machinery they need from the west unless they can make their goods sufficiently attractive for western buyers in terms of cost and quality. Increased trade with other communist countries is no help, because COMECON countries pay each other in roubles, and not in convertible currency.

Another dilemma facing the new Polish leaders is that of what to do with the redundant labour in industry. For political reasons, the regime is unlikely to allow emigration to the west. Communist Jugoslavia allows it but this would not be acceptable to Poland's Soviet-bloc partners, even if the Polish leaders themselves wanted it. On the other hand, new jobs for workers made redundant under the reform and the 1,900,000 young people coming on the market in the next five years will not be easy to find.

The government has not capital to invest extensively — and expensively, as before, in a wide range of labour-extensive industries. The money will from now on be spent on labour-saving machinery and plant. How will this dilemma be solved? It is probable that the new leaders will opt for some sort of compromise which would stop factories from hoarding too many superfluous workers, but prevent sudden and socially disruptive redundancies. The trouble with this kind of compromise is that it makes it absolutely imperative that there should be no more inflationary wage increases except where they are closely related to higher productivity. That in turn is difficult to achieve without new and more modern machines and without managers trained in new managerial techniques which can only be acquired over a period of time.

For the leaders this means that they cannot go beyond the considerable concessions already made in order to appease Poland's restive workers. The most substantial — and astonishing — of these was the decision announced on February 15 to repeal the drastic food price increases which had sparked off the December demonstrations. Originally, Mr. Gierek and his colleagues wanted to stick to their guns and even went as far as freezing these increased prices for two years. But industrial unrest continued. The last straw was the textile workers' strike in Lodz in the second week of February which brought the Prime Minister, Mr. Jaroszewicz himself, to Lodz. Faced with renewed worker demands, the government gave in, to the evident satisfaction of the Polish population which spends 52 per cent of its income on food.

The bill for this and the other concessions granted since December will

be enormous. There are the increased allowances for workers with large families, increases for those with very low pensions and higher wages for the lowest-paid workers. And there are the cuts in prices of industrial goods made in December in the hope of compensating the people for the food price increases announced at the same time. On February 24, the party organ *Trybuna Ludu* estimated that it will be necessary to produce this year 24,000 million zloty worth of goods over and above what was already planned in order to cover these new costs.

The government has little room for manoeuvre. Its reserves are completely exhausted. It has had to postpone most of the major planned reforms which were supposed to make wage increases possible. And it is now heavily in debt to Russia. There are the large grain deliveries promised in December and there is the large Russian loan granted rather hurriedly in the middle of the Lodz strike in February. These are not gifts, but aid that will have to be paid back. In the circumstances, Mr. Gierek's ambitious plans for the betterment of the life of the ordinary man in Poland are bound to look extremely tentative. Poland simply cannot afford this sort of thing now and remain competitive in world markets.

In the political field, too, the new group's freedom of manoeuvre is not noticeably bigger than Mr. Gomulka's. In some ways, the new leaders' position is even less secure. The Russians trusted Mr. Gomulka and were loyally repaid by his wholehearted support of the invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968. They acquiesced in his overthrow in December when it was absolutely clear that he had failed (they did the same to President Novotny in Czechoslovakia in December, 1967, although he too had been their particular favourite), but this does not mean that Poland's new men enjoy the absolute and automatic trust of Mr. Brezhnev and his colleagues. Poland will be on probation for a time. Any dangerous-looking reform smacking of Dubcek-style 'reformism' will be pounced upon early on and without the hesitation which had marked the Russian attitude over Czechoslovakia in 1968.

Successive purges carried out in the Polish communist party under Mr. Gomulka (the last one took place after the Warsaw students' demonstrations in March, 1968) have in any case ensured that there are very few liberals left in the top ranks of the party. Mr. Gierek and Mr. Jaroszewicz are certainly no liberals (though their record on anti-semitism appears to be better than that of General Moczar). Therefore, they are not likely to try and deliberately initiate anything like a 'Warsaw Spring' modelled on Mr. Dubcek's Prague spring of 1968.

The difficulty, however, from their point of view, is that the country clearly expects major changes. The people want 'concrete and immediate improvements', as a Gdansk worker said in a radio programme in January. If the government cannot do much to improve the economic situation, it will find itself under increasing pressure to make at least some political concessions. Almost everybody in Poland wants more consultation to ensure that major economic and political decisions are not taken from above regardless of how they will affect the interests of the people. There

is a lot of talk about reviving the old workers' councils, which briefly sprang into existence after Mr. Gomulka came to power in 1956, but soon found themselves relegated to a limbo of complete impotence. The trouble with the workers' councils is that if they were really to be given substantial powers in the economy, they might strengthen the current widespread opposition among the workers to the government's economic reform plans. And they would certainly threaten the communist party's direct control over the economy. Most leaders would not be prepared to accept this as a matter of principle but also because the economic return would not necessarily be guaranteed. In other words, loss of the party's political control might easily be accompanied by more inflation.

Another idea that is widely canvassed is that of restricting the holding of party and government posts to a limited period of time. This is done in Jugoslavia, though nobody in Poland is keen to mention the fact for fear that it might be used by the domestic and foreign hardliners to compromise it. The party leaders may well decide to accept this idea: quite clearly Mr. Gomulka's long fourteen years of rigid and inflexible rule by the same faceless bureaucrats have taught their painful lesson. But even if leaders become obliged to relinquish one office after a period of time, what is to guarantee that they will not just pick up another, making the whole idea of 'rotation' an agreeable game of political musical chairs? The Jugoslav experiment with 'rotation' looked like running into precisely this kind of difficulty until the communist old guard under Alexander Rankovic were forcibly thrown out in 1966. Will the new team have enough strength and determination to carry out this kind of reform really consistently, even though it goes against the grain of normal communist, and indeed authoritarian, practice anywhere?

The answer is, probably not. Mr. Gierek and his colleagues will seek to win public support for their policies more by concentrating on improving their style of governing, as they have been doing in the first few months of their rule. The danger here is that the ordinary people will not be impressed and will expect something more substantial. If that is not forthcoming, there will probably develop a mood of public disenchantment and apathy. There are signs that Mr. Gierek and his colleagues are aware of this danger and are therefore looking for other ways of winning public support at this crucial stage of the consolidation of their own power.

One of these is the search for an agreement with the Roman Catholic Church, a very powerful political force in a country where 90 per cent of the population consider themselves Catholics. It is significant that in their first speeches in December both the new party leader and the Prime Minister emphasised that they wanted to get on better terms with the Church. The response came immediately from Cardinal Wyszynski, Poland's Primate, in his Christmas day sermon in Warsaw shortly after the new men took over. It was encouraging. But only a few days later, the Cardinal and the bishops came out with their demands. These included the return of Church property in former German territories in the east and the north (this the government has already agreed to) but also with others that may

prove more tricky from the government's point of view. How can a conservative communist regime grant full freedom for the church to participate in the cultural life of the country? Or full freedom of expression and the right to truth in public life? Of course it all depends on how these claims are interpreted by the government but it looks unlikely that they could all be granted. That would look too much like giving the Catholics almost western-style freedom. But the new regime will certainly try to come to terms with the church and the church will probably feel inclined to make what it can of the present relatively favourable situation.

Another way in which the regime will try to keep the country on its side is by appealing to the spirit of national unity. The decision taken in January to go ahead, despite the country's precarious financial situation, with the restoration of the old royal castle in Warsaw, is significant in this connection. There will probably be other such gestures. The question is: will they be sufficient to make the people of Poland interested, let alone enthusiastic about their new government? They may say that they have been here before! Many Poles still remember how Mr. Gomulka said and tried to do precisely this sort of thing when he came to power in 1956. And then all the new freedoms which were won during the 'Polish October' were quickly eroded, until Poland became one of the most illiberal communist countries in eastern Europe. The new leaders' reply could be that there is no alternative as long as there is a Soviet hegemony in eastern Europe.

Every Pole knows that this is the bitter and sad truth. Mr. Gierek will have to work hard to make his fellow-countrymen more cheerful about their prospects.

[K. F. Cviic, a graduate of the universities of Zagreb and London, was for a while research student at St. Antony's College, Oxford. He is now a leader-writer and correspondent on the staff of the *Economist* and broadcasts regularly on east European subjects on radio and television.]

MAN AND MASS-MAN

by D. R. Denman

ECONOMICS, as a subject among the philosophies, entered its classical period in the eighteenth century. It was political economy then, a realm of stringent intellectual application, concerned with the mundane side of life and with the affairs of men as real persons. Modern economics, like the science of political economy before it, still examines the behaviour of men towards wealth, but with a difference. A twist has been given to the subject, a diametrical slant so severe that we must ask whether real men and their affairs remain the objects of attention.

A layman who picked up the texts of Adam Smith, J. S. Mill and of others of the classical economists would recognise himself among the common artificers, day labourers, landlords, farmers and merchants who populate the pages. He would find no response in his own experience to the 'violation of the second order conditions for maximising of the social welfare function' which burdens the writings of such moderns as J. M. Buchanan and M. Z. Kafoglis. The layman's impatience with the modern obscurity is excusable. Those who see furthest are alarmed by it. The economists appear to have transcended beyond the world of real folk into an empyrean of hypothetical mass-men, rendered all the more esoteric by techniques which represent in mathematical symbols the dialectic of its interchange. Danger arises when the economist espouses political power to equip him to coerce real men to do for him what models of his interpretative world indicate is possible to hypothetical mass-man.

Mass-man economics gives to vast agglomerates of men, whole nations and societies, the attributes of real persons. In the literature, for instance, society is said to recognise and operate with a 'social rate of discount' in pursuit of investments for the community as a whole. Surely this is an attempt, perhaps an unconscious one, to express in tangible and quantified form and measurement the economic outworking of Rousseau's general will. The general will of the community is projected as an intelligence in itself, a sovereign power outside of and beyond the wills of individual men and women.

There could be little quarrel with all this if it corresponded to the facts of life. In real life, however, the general will is non-existent. Will as a decisive force presupposes a unitary consciousness. A nation, a community, a society at large, are all amorphous. There is no unitary consciousness. Each amorphous mass has no will of its own. Each and every real, individual person in community with his neighbours (not the same thing as the community in the abstract) manifests a will and judgement of his own, a truly personal possession. Many individual wills in accord with one another do not constitute the general will — each is complete in itself, apart and by itself, and remains the only depositary of real awareness and expression of will. Since only human consciousness focused and centralised in a real person can be the vehicle of will, those who would be governed by the

general will must be subjugated to the power of one who, in and through his own person, presumes to dispose the general will. He is the dictator under whom on the political front mass-man bows to the general will; and through whom, as supreme planner and disposer of resources on the economic front, mass-man receives direction. As economic planner, he alone can tell mass-man what the rate of interest should be at which society should discount its investments; mass-man, the subject under his sovereignty, is mute before his proposal; society at large has no voice nor power to comprehend or express the notion for itself.

Rousseau's general will as ground of political action leads directly to totalitarian democracy under the dictatorial power of the all-embracing State. The State is the only frame of cohesion for mass-man. Representative mass-man is a digit, a political atom, whose one and only spiritual dwelling is the State. Emil Brunner, the eminent theologian, writing of mass-man and the just social order emphasises this: 'Mass is amorphous, it has no articulation; it is the mere juxtaposition of individual particles. This amorphousness, however, is identical with spiritual homelessness.'

The general theories and aggregate calculations of modern economics, in especial the notions regnant in the macro-economics schools, compose a technical counterpart to the political theory of the general will. And the dangers inherent in that theory are not minimised but if anything reinforced by this economic counterpart—the more so as the normal run of economists in the macro-economics schools are not deeply moved by the philosophical and political presumptions implied by their own generalisations.

Maynard Keynes, the author of the classical work on general theory, saw only too clearly, and far more surely than his imitators and successors have done, where his own new thinking could lead if it were not held close to the realities of the market place and acknowledged the diligence necessary to safeguard the spiritual liberties of men. To conceive of the economy as a unity of interrelated parts was an intellectual step of first importance towards postulating managerial suzerainty over the economy and then calling for its realisation. Keynes expressed his awareness of the risk in a letter he wrote to Hayek, on the latter's publication of *The Road to Serfdom*. 'Moderate planning' wrote Keynes 'will be safe enough if those carrying it out are rightly oriented in their own minds and hearts to the moral issue. This is in fact already true of some of them. But the curse is that there is also an important section who could be said to want planning not in order to enjoy its fruits, but because morally they hold ideas exactly the opposite of yours (Hayek's), and wish to serve not God but the devil'.

Study of the economic behaviour of men in the mass has brought insight and understanding of exceptional worth. Danger lurks in the possibility that the observed behaviour of men in the mass may not accord with the hypothetical ideals of mass-man; that at best the observations are limited to the antics of average man x *n* and in consequence are removed somewhat from reality; that what is done in the mass today will not invariably be the best criterion of what should be done tomorrow: and in the temptation

to invoke the power of the State to manage the economy so as to coerce real men to conform to the computerised observations worked out in the interpretative world of mass-man. A few examples may help to illustrate what is meant.

Econometric techniques refined over the years since World War II have enabled the behaviour of men in the mass to be observed and presented as mathematical relationships. The mathematical representations are called models. The very word has suggestive overtones: a model either reduces to a manipulatory scale an entity too large when real-size to be fully comprehended and managed, or it represents an ideal which by implication the larger world of prototypes should emulate.

A well-known model of the economy of the United States was built by Klein and Goldberger. It was based on national statistics over the years 1929-62 and sports sixteen equations. One of the equations is:

$$C_d - .7(C_d)_{-1} = .330(Y - .7Y_{-1}) - .319(C_d) - 6.114$$

The equation purports to show the relationship between the amount of durable goods in money terms consumed in the economy as a whole and the level of aggregate personal disposable income. An economic planner equipped with a 'model' of this kind is tempted to fancy himself, when aided with political power, controlling for mass-man the future consumption of durable goods. If the figures are correct he could do this by keeping personal disposable incomes at an arbitrary level and ensuring by legislative control that durable goods in the present conform to the patterns of the past. Always there would be the risk that real folk (as distinct from hypothetical mass-man) might defy the dictator planner by growing tired of the standard types of durable goods and thereby altering the demand schedule.

The temptation which assails the minds of those who look at economics on a mass scale is inadvertently revealed in a recent observation by Lawrence R. Klein (one of the joint authors of the Klein-Goldberger model) when he points out the need to pursue econometric analysis and the building of models so as 'to revise agricultural policy towards more rational use of labor in farming and better control over agricultural stocks'. At once we must ask: who shall judge what is 'more rational' — the economic planner equipped with his econometric models or the employers of the labour? And who shall exercise the control over agricultural stocks and to what end shall it be exercised?

The econometrician, through such exercises as these, projects his image of mass-man and the behaviour of mass-man as he calculates it into the real world where it may or may not fit. By taking political power to make it fit, society and social liberties are imperilled. We can see the same divorce between the fancy and the real world in the use of such notions as the social cost theory and other imaginings of cost-benefit analysts.

A manufacturer who reduces his own running costs by using cheap fuel which generates obnoxious smoke is, in the language of modern welfare economics, said to cause society at large to incur a social cost — the

impact of the undesirable effects of the smoke on the community at large. Society is thus personalised and set as an imagined, articulate, conscious existence, over against the individual real person — in this case the manufacturer. Such concepts of the personalised society and personal costs belong to the world of hypothetical mass-man. Again there is a danger. The concepts work up an animus in the real world provoked by the imagery of the hypothetical world. Society is amorphous and cannot incur costs of any kind. In the real world the impact and incidence of the effects of the manufacturer's smoke are made upon the persons and property of actual people and each person alone and by himself can say whether the effect is or is not maleficent, and if so, to what extent.

After Rousseau, the Jacobins tried to distil a concept of the general will into practical policies. They were confronted with and confounded by the institution of private property as the bastion of personal liberty; a liberty which, in itself, had no meaning apart from the freedom of the particular and personal will. Contradiction thus confounded them: no general will could be conceived that denied to the citizen his property and the associated freedom of will. The general will dispersed when confronted with a concourse of particular wills grounded in and founded upon private property.

And so it is with the modern concept of social benefit and social cost. A public authority, investing resources in a development project, may in the abstract act in the name of the amorphous society. But in the world of pragmatic action, the body corporate will have to have property rights in the land and the resources and must act within them. The nuisance from the manufacturer's smoke will affect what is done by the public authority within its property rights, the circumstances of the staff it employs and the comfort of its visitors. And this pattern can be paralleled within each and every ownership unit whether the land and resources are privately or publicly owned throughout the area affected by the nuisance. The real costs are individualised property costs and in their presence social costs melt into the thin air of hypothetical conjecture from whence they came.

By way of a further illustration of thoughts from the world of mass-man, consider the interpretative processes sometimes used by economists practising the latest vogue of cost-benefit analysis, in especial when applied to social problems involving what is called consumers' surplus. A consumers' surplus is conceived to be the benefit enjoyed by one who acquires something at a price less than that which he is in fact prepared to pay for it.

Take, for example, access to a recreational area. Members of a community living thirty miles away have to incur actual travelling costs to reach the place, and these will be much higher than the travelling costs which residents living within five miles would have to meet. Solemn argument has been propounded by certain economists who aver that, in estimating the costs and benefits which would be incurred and enjoyed respectively by providing the recreational area, the difference between the higher travelling costs from thirty miles distant and the lower travelling costs from five miles away represents a true consumers' surplus enjoyed by all the nearby inhabitants. In the realms of abstract economic theory and

logic this may well be so; true enough indeed for 'mass-man' but not for real man. The responses of real folk are entirely disregarded by such hypothetical conjectures. The academic exercise would be harmless enough if no action followed. It is, however, highly dangerous when analysis based on the hypothesis is used to translate plans into policies. In the real world, the thirty miles' journey to the recreational area may well add a spice of adventure to a visit; an extra bonus which would be denied to the nearby residents. And the latter, in their turn, may become so familiar with the recreational area as never to wish to visit it.

The rigorous interpretative techniques of the econometric theorists have, over the post-war years, added a whole new dimension to the intellectual activity of economists. Nothing like the advances which have been made would have been possible without the rapid development of computers of ever greater complexity. The computer, indeed, is the interpreter of mass-man. But the fact remains that mass-man is a denizen of a world of economic theorising and of standpoints and concepts of society more congruous with collectivist policies than with liberal ones. Men of the real world do not manipulate national aggregates. Nevertheless, it is their domestic decisions and petty economies which weave the fabric of actual events, whose successes and failures count up at the end of the day.

The task and hope of the future is in new movements already stirring. Down among the grass roots of the economy, at the desks of real men—men whom Adam Smith would have recognised—business executives, landowners, investors, developers, a new spirit is at work and a new intelligence. Management techniques are being refined within firms and new analyses are defining the economies of the decision-making units which determine land use and the allocation of natural resources. Built out from the real world, this new expertise could throw a bridge in the future between the decision-making activity of the business and investment ground-swell and the index economics of the manipulators of national aggregates. Theorising and policy-making may in this way meet. T. W. Hutchinson had something along these lines in mind when a few years ago he wrote:

> 'It should make a marked difference to the success with which economic theorizing is applied to policy, to have this done by significant numbers of economists equipped with such basic qualifications and relevant new techniques as a university education in economics can give, but with the vital additional qualification of a continuing close experience of the relevant institutions and processes which policy-making must, if disasters are to be avoided, take fully into account.'

A bridge thus built, with one end secured in the real world, would provide the means of transit for wisdom from the masters of mass-man to move over into the real world and so to enrich the understanding of economic thought and expertise but at a minimal risk of surrendering personal liberties to an econometric version of Rousseau's general will.

[D. R. Denman is Professor of Land Economy and a Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge.]

WOMEN AND RELIGION

by F. H. Hansford-Miller

WITH women Prime Ministers, women doctors, professors and social workers, women members of the Stock Exchange, women racing trainers, in fact 'women almost everything' it is surely strange that news such as 'Women to Preach in Church' and 'Synod approves move to give women right to preach at Holy Communion' should make headlines in our national press at the present time. One would have thought that such a right was axiomatic in this age of the emancipated woman and some half a century and more after the great battles for women's rights of the Suffragette Movement. Yet in the Church of England, and even more so in the Roman Catholic Church, women still find themselves in such a position of inferiority that even a move to give them the elementary right to preach is 'news'.

What has now been approved by the newly created General Synod of the Anglican Church is that members of the Order of Deaconesses, which is the only order of the Church to which women are admitted, will in future possess wider responsibilities. A Deaconess will have the right to preach at Holy Communion, to read the Services of Morning and Evening Prayer, to distribute the Holy Sacrament, to publish Banns of Marriage and, with the goodwill of the persons responsible, to Officiate at a Funeral Service. Not yet has the grant been made for the full Ordination of women, but later this may be considered by the Synod. As the Dean of Norwich put it in the debate on this matter in the Synod: 'A new atmosphere had developed which should lead to fresh thinking on the ordination of women.'

How is it that this 'fresh thinking' has taken so long to permeate one of the pillars of organised religion, the Church of England, and even now appears to be non-existent in that other, the Roman Catholic Church? Is there something about religion that makes the position of women one of special difficulty? Certainly the Nonconformist Churches such as the Congregationalist and the Unitarian see no difficulty in having women as Ministers on parity with men but, whilst two of the main streams of the Christian Church continue to treat women as second-class citizens so far as ordination is concerned, such few women Ministers as there are in these Churches take on the nature of curiosities. Quite wrongly, for in my experience a woman can make her equal but particular contribution in the realm of religion as in any other. On a ranking list of present day Prime Ministers few commentators would place Mrs. Golda Meir anywhere other than in the first three. If a woman can hold such an arduous role as Prime Minister in to-day's troubled world with such distinction why not a woman similarly as Leader of the Church?

The contemporary Church in its continuation of discrimination against the female is of course only following in the wake of tradition. Tradition in this field in fact goes back a very long way. A long way, yes, but not so long as to reach the founder of Christianity himself. To Jesus all

children of God, whether they be male or female, are equal, and nowhere in the Gospels is there any justification for sexual discrimination. The relegation of women to a position of inferiority in any walk of life, including religion, is the antithesis of Christ's teaching.

Some verses in St. Matthew, chapter 19, are sometimes cited in support of the contrary view, but not, in my opinion, with any substance. Jesus is reported as saying: 'All men cannot receive this saying, save they to whom it is given. . . . He that is able to receive it, let him receive it.' Jesus makes it clear that those he sees as unable to receive the Good News are eunuchs. There is no suggestion that women are unable to receive it. The word 'men' in the first line of the quotation was in fact inserted by the translators of the King James Version of the Bible for the purpose of clarification. It is not present in the original language of the Scripture, and for this reason it will be found printed in italics in the Authorised Version. Thus 'men' could equally be translated 'women', the fault being in the lack of a suitable collective noun in the English language to denote both sexes of the species.

Whereas Jesus does not discriminate against women, the teachings of St. Paul the Apostle, however, are in quite different vein. The second-class status of women in his view of the Church and in society at large is clearly defined in his First Epistle to Timothy: 'Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection. But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence.' This is the sentiment which has forged the bonds of servitude for women in the Christian Church over the centuries. The male-dominated Church, moreover, has had not only this authority in Paul to cite to justify its position but also the story of the Creation itself. To quote St. Paul again, in the continuation of the above passage: 'For Adam was first formed, then Eve. And Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived was in the transgression. Notwithstanding she shall be saved in childbearing, if they continue in faith and charity and holiness with sobriety.' Poor Eve! To suffer servitude is not enough. But she is also to be given a psychological guilt complex for all the supposed sins of her sex over nearly two thousand years of time.

St. Paul's view of women and her place in the Church and society is of course the Judaic view and it permeates the Old Testament, beginning as we have seen in Genesis. It dominates Christianity whenever the teachings of Christ himself are overshadowed or even forgotten. On the contrary whenever there has been an attempt to return to the purity of the original Gospel teachings then the unequal role of women has been questioned.

Peter Waldo, in 1173, forsook his wealth as a merchant of Lyons, sold all he had and founded the Waldenses, also called the Vaudois. With followers from ordinary working folk he preached in the streets, in the fields and in the market places of Provençe, and gathered a church that met dreadful persecution over the following centuries. Among the points of difference with orthodox Christianity the Waldenses believed that women should preach equally with men.

In England the Baptist and Anabaptist groups of the early seventeenth

century saw nothing strange in 'she-preachers'. Edwards in his 'Gangraena' notes the presence of women preachers in Baptist congregations in many parts of the country—in the Isle of Ely, described as 'that land of errors and sectaries', in Lincolnshire, in Hertfordshire and in Cheapside, London. Not only did these women preach but they allowed discussion afterwards of their sermons: 'When she had done — after three-quarters of an hour —she spake to the company and said that if any had anything to set against any of the matter delivered they might speak, for that was their custome to give liberty in that kinde.'

One of the purest forms of early Christianity was that of the Celtic Church, which flourished in Brittany, Cornwall, Northumbria, Wales, Scotland and Ireland up to the Council of Whitby in 664 when it became absorbed into the Roman Church stemming from the landing of St. Augustine in Kent in 597. Certainly women appear to have had no inhibitions or sense of inferiority in this 'Church of the West' if the actions of St. Bridget, 'The Fiery Dart', are typical of the femininity of the period. Contemporary with St. Patrick, but younger, and just seeing the birth of St. Columba, she has been described in the following terms: 'Bridget was a delightful, impulsive, thoughtless, hospitable Irish girl, but a bad housekeeper. Often when dinner-time arrived Bridget had given away the milk and butter to passing tramps and the bacon to the dogs.' Bridget must have been a great trial to her father for it is related of her that on one occasion she gave away her father's sword, and all she could say in her defence was that if beggars had asked her for her king and father she would have given him away also.

This of course was the time of some of the highest Christian idealism in the whole history of the Church. Not for the Celtic Church the splendour and the pomp of the Church of the Middle Ages. Instead its leaders sought out and lived among the poorest, giving their emphasis to right living and eschewing elaborate theology. The girl called Bridget, notwithstanding the Pauline strictures by which she should have remained silent, went out and founded the first nunnery in Ireland at Kildare and so revered did she become as Abbess that after her death in 523 the nuns of the Abbey for generation after generation for the next seven centuries kept a sacred fire burning in her memory. The 'Mary of Ireland', St. Bridget is Patron of Kildare, Leinster and Ireland, and in the Sarum Calendar her Saints Day is commemorated on February 1. In the various versions of her name, such as Breeyith, Brigida, Britta, Brydock, in France Brigitte, in Holland Brie and Brighe, there are numberless dedications of Churches to her, especially in Ireland, and the famous Wren Church of St. Bride's, the Parish Church of Fleet Street, is one of the nineteen in England.

The role of women in the Church is of course inextricably bound up with the attitude of organised religion to sex in general and in this respect the overwhelming emphasis over the centuries has been given to the virtues of virginity, whether of male or of female. This stems not only from Adam and Eve, and the Fall of Man, against which doctrine Pelagius fought in Britain, nor even only from the Pauline contributions to Christian theology,

but perhaps most of all from the miraculous conception of the Virgin Mary as the Mother of Christ. By example this had the effect of setting up virginity as the highest ideal of Christian life, and over many centuries the state of celebacy in men and of virgin childlessness in women has in consequence been undertaken or accepted for the very highest of motives, the service of God.

The enthusiasm for Monasticism may be taken as the greatest expression of this 'anti-sex' feeling within the Church and this reached its zenith in England in the century and a half following the Norman conquest. In this period over six hundred houses were founded to add to the fifty that existed in the Saxon England of Edward the Confessor. About 20 per cent of the houses were houses of Nuns but these on the average were considerably smaller and less wealthy than the monasteries. Against a Net Income of about £100 for a nunnery the average house of monks would be valued at over £250. Chaucer's nun who made the pilgrimage to Canterbury was a Prioress from the Benedictine nunnery of Stratford-at-Bow, Middlesex, with net income £108, and she is portrayed as very genteel, well-mannered and of fair wealth:

> At mete wel y-taught was she with-alle;
> She leet no morsel from hir lippes falle,
> Ne wette hir fingres in hir sauce depe.
> Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
> That no drope ne fille up-on hir brest.

She swore only by the mildest saint of the day and wore a brilliant brooch of gold.

The only monastic order of English origin was in fact a 'Double' order, that is it allowed monks and nuns on the same site. This was the Order of Gilbertines, founded by St. Gilbert of Sempringham in Lincolnshire. There were eleven houses of this type in England in the Middle Ages but the remains of Walton Priory in Yorkshire reveal how the strictest precautions were taken in the building of the house to maintain absolute separation of the sections devoted to the monks and the nuns.

England, indeed, never took kindly to Hildebrand's Decree of Celibacy, which held sway from 1076 to 1549. In the early days of the decree many of the English clergy contracted a morganatic-style liaison, which, though irregular in law, was accepted by society at large. From 1102 the sons of clergy were forbidden to succeed their father in the Church and this had the effect of drawing in clergy from the ordinary folk. The late Professor Fleure has suggested that these clergy brought with them into the Church the popular pre-Christian ideas of the Earth-Mother and Mother-Goddess, and that this contributed to the increase in emphasis on the Virgin Mary dating from this period. Certainly many of the dedications or re-dedications of Cathedrals and Churches to St. Mary the Virgin and Notre Dame are from this time. In England there are over 2,300 such dedications, compared with 1,100 for the leading male, St. Peter. Where the Church is not dedicated to the Blessed Virgin there is usually a Lady Chapel. One of the main shrines for pilgrimages in mediaeval England was that of 'Our Lady of Walsingham' in Norfolk and here was portrayed the 'Holy House',

a model of the home of Mary at Nazareth.

With the coming of the Reformation the role of women in religion changed. Anglican clergy were allowed to marry and some of the new sects, as we have seen, treated women on equal terms with men. Behind the scenes the assistance of women to the growth of new groups was sometimes crucial. Margaret Fell, widow of Judge Fell of Swathmore Hall, Ulverston gave such help to George Fox and his Quakers. Even Roman Catholicism had much to thank women for in its dark post-Reformation days for the Report of the Church of England to King James in 1603 shows that women Recusants out-numbered men by over three to two.

Now in the late twentieth century the Church is faced with a world of strife and materialism, and of doubt of its mission, probably unique in its long history. Since the days of the early Saints it has managed to survive as a male-dominated preserve, with women almost completely excluded. One thinks of a plane flying on two engines or a car chugging along on half its cylinders. Man is both man and woman and religion surely needs both sexes for their special and particular contributions. Let us hope the 'new thinking' of the Anglican Synod will culminate in a new synthesis of religious thought with contributions by both men and women. Civilization needs a recharge of its spiritual batteries to face the great challenge of to-day. Who knows but that with women given their full and rightful role in religion a new St. Brigid may arise to kindle a flame for the whole world to follow for the next seven hundred years.

[Dr. F. H. Hansford-Miller is the author of *The 282 Protestant Martyrs of England and Wales, 1555-1518* and *The Visitorial Jurisdiction of London University*, published by Educatinal Publishers, Ltd. He has research interests in 'The Geography of Religion'.]

HOW MODERN IS INDIAN ART?

by A. S. Raman

'To create a work is to create a world.' (Kandinsky).

THE phrase, *modern art*, in the Indian context, is as old as it is elsewhere, though the movement itself had a false start in the *fin de siècle* romanticism. For the artist in Europe, the years since 1900 have been years of challenge, commitment and conflict. Whatever he has achieved is almost the result of 'blood, toil, tears and sweat.' What is the record of his Indian confrére?

The Bengal School, at the turn of the century, was the first signpost for the Indian modernist. Drawing their inspiration from the good intentions of an ardent Indophile, E. B. Havell, the English Principal of the Calcutta Art School, the Bengali rebels such as Rabindranath Tagore, Nandalal Bose and others, dreamt of an impossibility: the almost physical return to the glory that was Ind! No doubt Indian revivalism began as a revolt of protest, but it was a movement without momentum. Its leaders had national pride, but lacked revolutionary fervour. Theirs was ecstasy devoid of agony. However, they had, one must concede, their brief moments of glory. They heroically conducted a campaign against the banalities of Ravi Varma's pseudo-Victorianism then in vogue. But what emerged from their own efforts was nothing but pseudo-Orientalism. Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy, by appositely likening them to the Pre-Raphaelites, has virtually rejected their so-called experiments as essays in futility. By seeking to recapture the subtle and delicate lyricism of the Moghul and Rajput miniatures, the epic sweep and power of the Ajanta frescoes and the elusively tender and sophisticated flavour of the art of the Far East, the early Indian modernists set themselves a fiercely frustrating task. It seemed that there were no limits at all to their chauvinism at a time when the Post-Impressionist triumvirate, emancipated from the crushing impact of tradition, were extending the frontiers of knowledge, vision and experience. The Indian pioneers of the modern movement however succeeded in one thing. They awakened among their compatriots a sense of heritage.

The Bengal School continues to be the refuge of mediocrities. Being a prisoner of the past, it is a pathetic anachronism. The main cause of its decline is not its Indian-ness but its pseudo-Indian-ness. If there were an Olympiad for bathos, the Bengal School is sure to emerge as the gold medallist!

Reaction to chauvinism was inevitable, and it came in the '30s under the leadership of Amrita Sher-Gil, half-Hungarian and half-Indian by birth. Trained in Paris but involved in the Indian drama, she aimed at a healthy fusion of two different sensibilities. A keen sense of tragedy, preoccupation with one's own vision, a rejection of prettiness of all kinds, an uncompromising contempt for conformity and an intense awareness of the basic resilience of tradition: these were the signposts of the '30s and Sher-Gil represented them admirably in her life and work. She succeeded in pro-

viding a strong Indian base for her art. Her two perennial sources were: the medieval murals at Mattancheri in Kerala and the Chola bronzes of Tamil Nadu. From Gauguin and Modigliani she learnt the difficult language of emotive distortion. For colour orchestration and rhythmic balance, she turned to her own Indian ancestors, the anonymous masters who created the exquisite Pahari miniatures.

Sher-Gil's faith in the inevitability of a rapport between the East and the West opened the eyes of creative artists in her country who suddenly felt liberated and began to look around. They turned their own ideas upside down with a view to exploring the truth about these in the crucible of experience on a diversity of planes: visual, intellectual and aesthetic. Many of them are still active today and have exciting stories to tell. Thus began the second phase of modern art in India under the inevitable influence of the Ecole de Paris.

Revulsion against the 'westernisation' of Indian art was to follow soon. Jamini Roy, now in his 80s, became the reluctant leader of the neo-nationalist movement, directed both against the anaemic academicism of the Bengal School and the messy modernity of the Ecole de Paris. He himself had once remained a complacent non-entity in these two opposing camps. He now addressed himself to the urgent task of achieving a truly Indian idiom, free from the inanities of the revivalists and the irrelevances of the modernists. Actually it was men in uniform who did the early image-building for Jamini Roy in the early years of the Second World War. Stationed in Calcutta at the time, the British and American soldiers stumbled upon his art in their hunt for souvenirs. Fascinated by the colour, vigour and candour of his paintings deriving from the exotic *pat* panels in the Bengali folk idiom, they began to buy his works in bulk, and back home, displayed them publicly as well as privately; confronting the connoisseur with a new world of images. The absurdly low prices of their acquisitions must also have taken the soldiers by surprise. The third facet of Indian modernity dating from the early '40s thus bears the stamp of a tradition which is still virile in rural India.

Roy's primitivism is as superficial and pretentious as the Bengal School's classicism, because he has nothing to add to what the village craftsman has to say. His childlike innocence, his fine taste, his flawless technique and his deep insight into Indian lore certainly can enable him to evolve a visual language which is intellectually as provocative as it is technically impeccable. But apparently he prefers the security provided by commercial success to the hazards inherent in creative challenges.

In any survey of modern art in India, another exponent of primitivism stands out: Rabindranath Tagore, the poet. It is easy to exaggerate the importance of this Sunday painter. Easier still is it to underrate him. Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy places Tagore's paintings in the correct perspective when he says: 'It would be a great mistake to search in them for hidden spiritual symbolism; they are not meant to be deciphered like puzzles or code messages. It is obvious that he must have looked at many pictures in the course of his long life; but there is nothing in his own work

to show that he has seen them. This is a genuinely original, genuinely naïve expression; extraordinary evidence of eternal youth persistent in a hoary and venerable personage.'

Tagore's art is as spontaneous as his poetry. But it is purer and fresher. What strikes one most in a Tagore painting is its primeval intensity. Apparently, there is no attempt at organisation. But the inner rhythm is obvious enough. The drawing and the colour scheme being untutored are refreshingly naïve. But they have a plasticity that few professionals achieve. His doodlings reveal his sense of bewilderment at the mystery of life and his determination to express himself as naturally and joyously as possible. His work cannot be assessed in terms of the so-called Indian renaissance. For it represents the core of his humanism in visual shorthand. By combining the spontaneity and intensity of his vision with the intuitive acuteness and accuracy of his technique, Tagore, though untrained and unschooled, heralded a new era in Indian art of which George Keyt, another untutored master, is the greatest living representative.

Keyt is Ceylonese by birth. But his inspiration is basically Indian. He can interpret the spirit of Hindu and Buddhist heritage through the medium of an idiom that represents the essence of eclecticism.

Sailoz Mookherjea who in 1961 succumbed to the injuries sustained in a road accident was a creative genius with a sense of mission and a passion for perfection. He had not only the madness of a dedicated artist but the endearing innocence of a child. In all his artistic endeavours, he sought to give a new meaning to the modern movement in India. From the Ecole de Paris came his studied elegance, from the folk art of his native Bengal, his economy and directness and from the Kangra and Basohli *kalams* his lyrical and romantic nuances. He showed admirable taste and restraint in the choice of his palette and motifs. Sher-Gil and Mookherjea resorted to emotive exaggeration with a view to accentuating the essentially tragic fatalism of the India they saw around them. But they were as different as Modigliani and Matisse.

At no time can serious artists be numerous in any country. Among those in India today Ramkinkar has a place of honour. His vision is as modern as tomorrow and his idiom is as personal as his signature. His work has the essential qualities of *avant-garde* art at its best; novelty, vitality and perceptivity. M. F. Husain is one of India's most popular artists. His images are simple and his approach to them is direct. He has evolved a symbolism that is bold, daring and unorthodox. The influence of folk art is particularly strong in his delineation of birds and animals, though his horses bear the imprint of Marini's prototypes. The hangover of Husain's early flair for poster-painting is also in evidence in many of his canvases, which have a touch of tedious slickness and sameness unpardonable in the work of an artist of his calibre.

Many people admire N. S. Bendre for different reasons. Some are struck by the emotion behind his work, some by the intellect, some by the mere virtuosity, but all by its contemporary flavour and classical feel. He has the gift of the inevitable colour. Even the harsh mauves and purples

acquire a restrained harmony at his touch. His figures have flesh and blood and look serene and self-assured. Their strength lies in their colour. This is however not to belittle the importance of Bendre's immaculate draughtsmanship. His drawing is firm and fluent and it imparts solidity to his compositions. How modern is he? His own answer is bound to be one of scepticism. His eagerness to render the contemporary scene in the contemporary idiom is natural. But he has not been able to reconcile it to his own orientation which dates from his early allegiance to the stalwarts of the revivalist movement and to the great Chinese masters. Essentially, he is a classicist who looks ahead rather than behind. He has a rapport with the past without losing his passion for the future.

Curiously enough, another modern, K. K. Hebbar, appeals equally to the young and the old, to the admirers of the Ecole de Paris and to the adherents of the Bengal School. For he combines with remarkable skill and sensibility the logic of the one with the lyricism of the other. He is an artist who believes in the golden mean. The breadth he gives to form, the warmth and plasticity of his pigment, the linear grace, fluency and rhythm and the sensitive stylisation that he achieves with stunning ease invest his art with a deeply oriental feel. The accent is not on distortion, but on decoration.

Shiavax Chavda is a master of mood and movement. He can capture a given moment with uncanny accuracy and spontaneity. The studied casualness of his line is deceptive. For there is a good deal of concentration and preparation behind it. He paints the Indian scene with the sardonic precision and detachment of an observer rather than with the passion and abandon of one involved in it. I suspect he secretly prays at the shrine of Lautrec.

Satish Gujral owes much to the modern masters of Mexico where he has spent several years studying at first hand Socialist-Realism in its creative aspect. The result of his researches and experiments is an idiom that stands out in the context of contemporary Indian art. His scale is monumental because his forte is mural-painting. The composition is bold and austere, the colour warm and earthy and the symbolism overtly archaic and intimate. The complaint against him is that his present work lacks the power of his early compositions painted with the innocence and brilliance of a child. I fear he is one more casualty of commercial success.

K. H. Ara, unlettered, untrained, unspoilt, is a born 'primitive'. He paints mainly still-lifes and nudes. He squeezes the tube and without adding anything to it applies the water-colour to the paper, not with the brush but with his thumb. The petals in many of his flower-studies thus are the 'thumb-impressions'. His sources of inspiration? Plastic flowers and nude photographs.

Gopal Ghose is a sensitive and imaginative water-colourist. His compositions are almost Chinese in their succulent succinctness. He has a genius for mood and atmosphere and his precise and detailed landscapes represent creative art at its mellowest.

Har Krishan is another important landscapist. There is a happy marriage

between design and emotion in his work. He achieves architectural symmetry because he builds up his compositions almost literally inch by inch. But he knows where to stop. For his interest is in the spirit behind a visual fact and not in its structure. That is why every scene he paints is terse without being tight.

P. T. Reddi is a responsible artist. He not only feels the urge to evolve a personal idiom, but remains committed to a social purpose. The modern idiom comes naturally to him. He regards it more as a means than as an end in itself. Violence is his pet theme. His comments on the ugly temper of our times are harsh, unsubtle and grim. But they are utterly honest.

K. Sreenivasulu is an exponent of the Andhra folk tradition which also inspires the works of A. Paidi Raju, K. Rajiah, P. L. Narasimhamurti, M. Rajaji and V. Madhusudana Rao. They all express themselves in the artistically limited but pictorially adequate language of the village craftsman. Ram Kumar's technique is typically Parisian: subtle, cerebral, analytical. Jehangir Sabavala is a passionately articulate cubist, proud of his artistic lineage from Juan Gris. He infuses a lyrical and exotic flavour into his texturally and tonally immaculate canvases. K. S. Kulkarni has a feeling for Nature whose essential charm he can capture with the sophisticated ease and gay abandon of a Dufy. Biren De's approach is severely intellectual and he is constantly in pursuit of excellence. Rathin Maitra interprets the modern idiom with conviction. While recognising the inevitability of tensions in the creative processes, he believes in the sustaining power of tradition. What distinguishes Rasik Raval's work is its archaic quality. The slight, sad-looking, semi-nude figures in his compositions seem to have sprung to life from a world separated by the chasm of centuries.

A. A. Almelkar is frankly decorative. He can reduce a composition to a pattern and at the same time impart to it a virility and intensity faintly Expressionist. Pradumna Tana's tender portraits and delicate landscapes are exquisite examples of the *élan* and finesse that he has achieved through his Italian training and Indian background. Triloke Kaul is an exponent of mass and volume which in his hands acquire a rare luminosity and vibrancy. Laxman Pai is a master of line. His drawing is subtle, sharp and sardonic. Babu Rao Sadvelkar's near-abstract compositions are noted for their studied austerity. Rathin Mitra attempts to preserve in paint his visual impressions in all their immediacy and intensity. Mansaram rejoices in the use of colour for its own sake, almost with the zest of the Fauves. K. C. S. Paniker is a highly accomplished draughtsman with a flair for the surrealist idiom *à la* Chagall. Nirode Mazumdar is an iconoclast interested not only in demolishing old gods but in creating new ones. His art, at once subtle, intense and exotic, is a typical product of the confrontation between the East and the West. Paritosh Sen represents yet another significant aspect of the impact of Paris on Indian sensibility. Beneath his crisp line lies controlled emotion and his colour has the resonance of an Indian melody. Sunil Madhav Sen owes much to stained glass, Rouault's principal source of inspiration. Sen's bizarre, necromantic images represent the human predicament in all its grimness. Y. K. Shukla, trained in Italy and China, is a con-

vinced classicist. But he is free from the tyranny of clichés. Damyanti Chawla, now living in Paris, has evolved an idiom that reflects her temperament: sensitive, reticent and mellow. Devayani Krishna creates a world of fantasy, not under the spell of Klee, but in pursuit of her own genuinely felt vision. Her unpredictable husband, Kanwal Krishna, is a landscapist turned abstractionist drawing on his own Tibetan Tantric lore. Prafulla Joshi paints a scene as an insider, as it were, with the empathy of a Vlaminck. Her latest work points to her new passion: abstraction. B. Prabha is a happy painter with no problems. But she is not stagnant, though conservative. Bhupen Khakhar's subtle colour and schematic treatment and his sense of mystery suggest the influence of Rousseau le Douanier. Bhagwan Kapoor, Reddappa Naidu, Badri Narayan, Mohammed Yasin, Laxma Crowd, Devraj, Suryapraksh and D. Badri are among the other figurative painters of note.

V. S. Gaitonde is the most respected Indian abstractionist. His representative work is remarkable for its compositional harmony and colour orchestration. His rich and vibrant palette almost literally produces visual music. Krishen Khanna who is intellectually acute has a feeling for colour and texture. K. G. Subramaniam is a singularly perceptive and reticent-painter with an instinct for harmony, economy and plasticity. J. Swaminathan has much to say, but it appears he can say it more convincingly in words than in paint. The criticism against him is that his idiom, with its mystic overtones, is too literary. Jyotish Bhattacharya is a very competent and imaginative explorer of form, though with a vision severely circumscribed by his training in applied art. Piraji Sagara, Homi Patel and Peter Lewis are among the other abstract painters who matter. Their vision is original, their technique faultless and their judgment sound.

Mohan Samant and Krishna Reddi live abroad. So do S. V. Rama Rao, F. N. Souza, S. H. Raza, Avinah Chandra, Sheila Auden and Akbar Padamsee. They are all important. In fact, cynics believe that whatever endures in modern Indian art is the work of expatriates.

Samant, who lives in New York, speaks in familiar accents: warm, crisp, direct. He is a perceptively and provocatively original colourist. There is a unique harmony between the figurative and the non-figurative in all his compositions. Reddi, a well-known abstractionist with Paris as his base, expresses himself in sculpture and graphics. His colour is earthy in the sense that, without evoking any parallel visual image, it enriches the totality of one's view of the physical world. Rama Rao has a mastery over the abstract idiom, though his vision and palette remain genuinely Indian. His line is lyrical and fluent, his pigment crisp and sensuous and there is a suavity and grace in his rhythms which bear the impress of Indian miniatures. Souza, who has temporarily made New York his base, has no easily recognisable masters or mentors, though his debt to Picasso and Francis Bacon is suggestive enough. He traces his own artistic development to a combination of formative influences, such as Christ, to whom he owes his sense of salvation, Beethoven to whom he ascribes his feeling for form, Gandhi who has aroused in him an insatiable passion for truth and freedom and

Marx from whom he has inherited his faith in the destiny of man.

Raza has the distinction of being the only Indian artist who is taken seriously in Paris. He reduces his motifs to their bare essentials and then animates them with the help of his vigorous, perceptive brushwork. As a colourist, he is unique. His pigment has a shimmering, seductive quality. He is not at all obsessed with the dichotomy between academic art and abstract art. He seeks the sheer joy of painting. Avinash Chandra, originally from New Delhi, now lives in London. He is a highly imaginative artist with an unfailing sensibility. He can abstract the essential spirit and structure of a landscape without reducing it to the level of a dreary epitome of esoteric symbolism. In fact he has no interest at all in anything that has no direct and intimate bearing on his visual experience. His palette has a terseness unmistakably European retaining at the same time its Indian warmth and sensuousness. He has of late acquired a new, well-deserved reputation as a book illustrator.

Another London-based Indian illustrator of distinction is Sheila Auden, the Bengali wife of the English poet's elder brother. She has a refreshingly feminine instinct for colour and design. Akbar Padamsee divides his time between Paris and Bombay. There is nothing creatively Indian about his work. For his idiom is too cold, tentative and urbane. But he is earnest and has a vision which his limited vocabulary, however, has yet to match.

Sculpture is a neglected subject in India—neglected by art schools, by the public, by the State, by the art societies and by the artists themselves. The Indian artist's reluctance to opt for sculpture as a medium of expression is due to a conspiracy of handicaps which include: (1) the difficulties in regard to the transportation of materials, their cost, storage and so on, (2) the limited scope for exhibition, (3) the exacting nature of the medium itself, demanding high professional skill and severe intellectual discipline, (4) the lack of adequate facilities for training in the art schools and (5) the distances making the sites of ancient Indian sculpture practically inaccessible to the art student. The current crisis in Indian art is best understood in the context of sculpture. The Indian sculptor groping in an artistic vacuum has the additional worry of having to work in a medium perfected by his great ancestors, and in a manner consistent with contemporary taste and sensibility. This is an exacting task by any standard.

Who are, then, those few dedicated, responsible sculptors? Among the seniors, Deviprosad Roy Chowdhury is better known than others. His work, patently Rodinesque, has romantic overtones and is neither modern nor Indian. For sheer virtuosity, however, he has few equals in India. Ramkinkar attacks his material with the fury and contempt of a matador. Sankho Chaudhuri, Prodosh Das Gupta, Dhanraj Bhagat, Chintamoni Kar, Piloo Pochkhanawala, Amarnath Sahgal, Davierwala, P. Janakiram and Raghav Kaneria are among the other sculptors who are modern without feeling culturally uprooted. In every twist and turn of their carvings, one notices the suppleness and seductivity characteristic of form in the round.

A number of problems confronts the present generation of Indian artists. These are aesthetic rather than economic. There is no dearth of patronage.

In fact there is a virtual boom in the Indian art market today, partly because of inflation and partly because of the spurt in tourism. But there is no quality in the kind of art one sees at galleries. It is unfortunate that Indian artists should choose to remain modern in a very superficial sense of the term. They have lost contact with their own heritage and they have yet to begin a meaningful dialogue with the West. What Herbert Read said about the American action painting in 1956 best sums up the absurdity of the present *avant-garde* trend in India: 'Wildly arbitrary . . . a reflex activity, completely devoid of mental effort . . . the product of a vacuous nihilism that renounces the visible world and even the inner world of the imagination, and scribbles a graph of its uncertainty on the surface of a blank consciousness.'

The situation of course does not improve with another typically Indian phenomenon: the proliferation of commercially-oriented but artistically uncommitted galleries. If anything, it worsens it beyond repair. I am aware that there is a number of dynamic, sympathetic and enlightened art dealers in Bombay, New Delhi, Calcutta and Madras, engaged in the serious task of providing a forum for India's younger artists. But their laudable efforts are not effective enough. For their attention remains confined to well-known artists rather than to new talents. Important painters or sculptors owing their fame and fortune to the initiative of an imaginative dealer have yet to emerge. There can be no Picassos where there are no Kahnweilers.

As for the system of art education, the emphasis continues to be on such methods, attitudes and techniques as are not merely pseudo-Victorian but dangerously stagnant. There is an atmosphere of self-deception and complacency in the Indian art schools entrusted with the serious task of providing an intellectual and technical base for the future artists of the country. The M.S. University of Baroda claims to be an exception. But even here the wrong trend is in evidence. It is a case of modernity with a vengeance. The artists belonging to the Baroda School fancy themselves to be ahead of the West though their sources of information and, tragically enough, inspiration are foreign magazines and reproductions.

The museums of India are even less attractive and congenial than the art schools. Display, presentation, classification: these are shocking, quite apart from the uneven and unrepresentative range of the exhibits themselves. There is not a single modern masterpiece of significance in any of our public collections. Even the National Gallery of Modern Art in New Delhi contains only mediocre works by Indian artists, known and unknown. If three-fourths of these exhibits were not merely withdrawn but destroyed, India would be richer, not poorer. The sole exception seems to be the National Museum in the capital which is worthy of India's rich artistic heritage, thanks to the zeal and perseverance of Dr. Grace Morley who has organised it.

The Indian artist has achieved economic security, but at the expense of something priceless: aesthetic integrity. The Indian collector buys paintings not because he loves them, but because he has money. Also, he assumes that art acquisitions will enhance his social respectability. Thus a painting becomes not a source of pleasure but a mere status symbol. Who are the

patrons the Indian artist can rely on for constant sales? Members of the diplomatic corps who are too polite to be critical of the *objets d'art* they acquire, partly out of curiosity and partly for propriety's sake: tourists on the souvenir-hunting spree: art-dealers with the obvious and justifiable objective of reselling and manufacturers of greeting-cards. Large-scale institutional buying tends to be progressively on the increase: but still there is no genuine art consciousness in India. No healthy art movement is possible where there is no climate of creativity, criticism and connoisseurship.

And now that problem of perspectives. How does the Indian artist, for example, acknowledge through the medium of his own work what he owes to his country? In other words, what are his values and ideals, interests and challenges? How Indian should his art be and how modern? Will his art endure, if even at its best it is no more valid than pastiche? His basic handicap is not a lack of direct contact with the modern movement but his philistine contempt for the ageless art treasures of his own country. Questions such as these always unnerve the immature Indian modernist in love with his own image. In spite of his mock heroics, he cannot produce anything exciting or revealing, unless he learns to draw on sources that are authentic and perennial.

It is no doubt tempting for the present generation of Indian artists to pick up the clichés discarded by the West and fancy themselves to be involved in a global movement. The fact remains that the delicate Indian sapling of modernity wears a sickly look. It is anaemic, sterile and irrelevant. What else can one expect from an overdose of artificial stimulants? When will the plant receive natural nourishment and flourish in sunshine? Time alone can tell.

[A. S. Raman is a former Editor of the *Illustrated Weekly of India.*]

PACKAGE ADVENTURE

by Alec Matlock

THERE is a restlessness in most of us which is increasingly curbed by this complex society in which we live. We have to decide our future at the age of eleven and must not miss one step on the way to making our own *niche* in society. Having become established, we dare not deviate, lest we fall off this endless, moving conveyor belt.

Few have the courage to opt out of society and pursue their real interests and of those that do, many return, as they find that their 'free living' does not pay for the hire purchase on the television set, nor clothe their dependants.

These strictures will increase as our society becomes more complicated and we are warned that we will soon have another demon to deal with, increased leisure time. This will be one of the most difficult problems of all.

It is not enough for some people to work hard all year, to be able to lie in the sun on the Costa Brava for a fortnight. We read with envy of men climbing Everest, battling up the Amazon, and the explorer part that is in all of us dreams of being involved in some such expedition.

This is the age of compromise, and to satisfy the exploring urge there are on the market increasing numbers of adventure holidays; where one participates in rigorous travel, sharing hazards and adventure.

The Sahara, with all the magic and mystique of its name, is becoming an increasingly popular area for these adventures. Only a few years ago, one or two such expeditions were offered; now they have become so popular that, if you don't hurry, the Sahara is going to be spoiled before you get there!

I have made two Trans-Sahara crossings. The first as a passenger on one of those package adventures and the second time as an employee doctor Land Rover driver, for the same organising company.

The company stressed that though they provided the know-how, food and equipment, the success of the expedition depended on the resilience and co-operation of the members of the party, and on both expeditions this proved to be the case. One member not pulling his weight could ruin the trip for everyone else.

Any crossing of the Sahara is not without its hazards. The recent death of Bishop Pike in the Sinai Desert illustrates how easy it is to underestimate the dangers. There are abandoned vehicles on all desert routes, indicating that not everybody gets through!

I am a busy general practitioner, but I have made time to extricate myself from work and the family and, starting from the oasis of El Golea, four hundred miles south of Algiers at the end of the tarmacadam road and start of the desert proper, spent a month travelling through the very heart of the Sahara; sharing the experience and enjoying it with a dozen or so people whom I had never met before, from different walks of life and of

different nationality, while being shepherded round by professional, experienced desert travellers.

El Golea is a large administrative oasis of about 15,000 inhabitants with a magnificent ruined fort, Ksur, a reminder of the days when the Tuarag Nomads were masters of the desert. We set off south from El Golea, spending the first night at Fort Miribel, a disused French Foreign Legion Fort, which took away any thoughts of glamour from the Foreign Legion and gave some example of its stark brutality: a mud fort in the middle of a barren, featureless plain.

From Fort Miribel to In Salah we crossed the Tademait Plateau which is similar to a bleak, five hundred mile long aerodrome runway, as wide as it is long, with a perpetual wind blowing on it and which is freezing at night.

In Salah was, until the turn of the century, the base for the warlike Tuaregs and a crossroads for camel caravans and traders. It is not so many years since slaves were sold there. Then, on through the Arak Gorge where there is some vegetation and game; gazelle and moufflon (mountain sheep).

Travelling so far meant a good deal of sitting in Land Rovers, but at the end of the day, when camp was set up, there was a tremendous amount for every one to do, with fuel to be fetched, fires lit, Land Rovers serviced and tents erected. All this apart from routine cooking and washing up.

From the Arak Gorge the countryside becomes more broken and interesting. We travelled the Great Hoggar route to reach Tamanrasset, 4,500 ft. up; a delightful oasis only developed over the last 70 years. It is clean, with tree-lined streets, and looks fresh and in good order. There are two hotels and several cafes; even a cinema is trying to establish itself.

The Hoggar are vast granite masses, partly covered with lava. Time has eroded them into fantastic shapes, resembling the lunar surface.

After a few days in Tamanrasset, which included a trip up into the Hoggar Mountains to the Hermitage of the French priest, Charles Foucauld, soon to be canonised, we set of south for Agades in Niger, passing through some of the most beautiful scenery in the whole of the Sahara. Stretches of golden sand, broken from time to time by curiously shaped outcrops of rocks resembling giant sculptures.

From Tamanrasset south there is less traffic and one navigates mainly by looking for the wheel marks of the great trans-Saharan lorries that pass this route. We crossed the Algerian-Niger border at Inguzzam, then struck south for Agades.

In Northern Niger there is some vegetation and, further south, an almost East African type of scrubland. This area is frequented by Nomads with their flocks of sheep, goats, cattle and camel. Game was plentiful; gazelle and ostrich would race away in the distance as we drove by.

Agades, one of the main crossroads of the Sahara, was an active bustling market centre, with the camel caravans unloading their cargoes of salt and dates in the market place, and bartering them for grain.

A trip from Agades into the Air Mountains revealed a completely different landscape as some of the foot-hills are enforested, and inhabited

by a completely different ethnic type, with their beehive huts, quite different from the Nomads' tents.

Then real adventure—the crossing of the Tenere Desert. It is not very many years since this was first negotiated by a motor vehicle. It is called the 'dreaded Tenere Desert' and consists of five hundred miles of flat sand between Agades and Bilma. It is swept by sandstorms on an average of once every two or three days, and no one is allowed to cross without one of the few guides who know its routes and dangers. In this five hundred mile stretch, there is only one water-hole, marked by a single tree—the only tree in the Tenere Desert.

The Tenere is magnificent. The miles of flat sand are like an eternal beach. There are two routes, the easier one to the north, which is uninterrupted flat sand, and a more difficult route to the south, which on my second trip we crossed with guides through the sand sea to explore the rarely visited oasis of Fachi, with its medieval fort structure.

And so on to the Bilma Oasis, with its salt mines and gardens. A pause for rest; then north to Djanet and the foot of the Tassili plateau.

I have climbed and spent a few days on the plateau twice, and it is similar to my visual image of Conan Doyle's *Lost World*. You climb up from the lush oasis of Djanet, through a barren rocky strata, to come up at 6,000 ft., to this fascinating changing landscape where there are trees and water and fantastic rock shapes that have been carved out by the gales. One of the main objectives of the expedition was to study the profusion of pre-historic paintings and carvings in this area; the Tassili Frescoes. Some frescoes are not cave paintings, but drawings cut into the overhanging ledges of the warrenlike canyons of the plateau. They are spread over a large area. Concentrations of the best are found near to approaches of the plateau. They include figures of elephants, giraffe, hippopotami and rhinoceri, which disappeared from this area some thousands of years ago.

The journey back from Djanet is very much the journey home; but one has another view of Algeria; the mushrooming oil wells of this great oil power and the oasis of Ouargla. Then back to El Golea, and you could be having breakfast in El Golea and dinner in London on the same day.

The physical demands of the expeditions are invigorating rather than arduous, and the women fared just as well as the men.

There was always a flexible programme and where somebody had a particular interest, if at all possible, the organisers provided an opportunity to pursue it. Most things were decided by general discussion, with the final decision left to the Expedition Leader.

In a month or five weeks one got accustomed to this exploring, travelling way of life and became adjusted to the routine. It was difficult to break away and rejoin the pettiness of the complicated social structure we have fashioned for ourselves. Admittedly the expedition was expensive; but it is all a question of priorities. Someone who might decry the cost would quite happily purchase a monster shiny new automobile each year to polish on his weekends off, and worry about it being scratched on the crowded

English roads. Thanks to the organisers of 'adventure holidays' it is possible, while you are slaving away at the office or factory, to plan and achieve your Walter Mitty dream of being a Saharan Traveller.

Expeditions such as the one that I have described involve little danger. They have made great contributions to geological and archeaological discovery. On both expeditions I have been on, new cave paintings were discovered. A route five miles parallel in the desert can reveal completely different landscapes and a variety of hidden wonderment.

The Sahara is fascinating and virtually untouched, but there is a danger that in the not too far distant future, it will be overwhelmed. Already, plans are laid for a tarmacadam road running from El Golea to Tamanrasset by the end of 1972.

The desire for these new packaged 'adventure holidays' where the individual pits himself against nature and explores new areas and territories in the comforting hands of professionals is a healthy one. It has the side bonus of communication with primitive, though proud, and interesting peoples. By the very nature of the travel and your own physical contribution, you come back physically fitter than when you started out.

You are richer by your experience, and to me this is so much more important than having, during the annual vacation, lowered your golf handicap by two!

IN DEFENCE OF 'TESS'

by Rosemary Benzing

TESS of the d'Urbervilles has been misunderstood. On the one hand[1] it is criticised as being unconvincingly full of coincidences. On the other it is defended[2] but as a moral fable rather than as a novel in its own right. Arnold Kettle takes the theme of 'Tess' to be the destruction of the English peasantry. He makes some sensible points about the effects of poverty on Tess's life but his extremist view disregards Thomas Hardy's own conception of the novel and hence has limited value. A moral fable according to Kettle preaches a point of view or tells a moralistic tale. As long as it communicates the moral, credibility of character and situation cease to matter. There are improbable happenings in 'Tess' which cannot be satisfactorily defended. But we do Hardy a grave injustice if we fail to notice his fine and subtle characterisation.

Hardy is writing about 'a pure woman' and in the general sense *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* is a psychological novel. Tess's background is accurately sketched. She has a foolish, arrogant father, given to delusions of grandeur and bouts of drinking. He is obviously unstable. Her mother is irresponsible. So Tess, forced to mature early in life, becomes oversensitive. Her pessimistic view of life is natural in the circumstances. Her sense of guilt—and it is guilt rather than poverty—which first leads her to Alec, is consistent with this trait in her nature.

Alec's character is more finely drawn than is generally admitted. His role is to seduce Tess but he is not merely the boorish rake. Sufficiently perceptive to see that Tess is 'mighty sensitive' he treads carefully and two months pass before the seduction, slow moving by Trantridge standards. Nor is it a question of rape. Tess freely accepts his lift partly from fear but influenced by a very ordinary pride in triumphing against his former mistress. His conclusions though wrong are reasonable. Moreover he is willing to help Tess and cannot be blamed for her silence regarding her baby, Sorrow.

Now the main theme begins to emerge. Tess, on returning home, feels 'despondency' and 'her depression was then terrible'. How often do we use that word today? And compare the doctor in *Jude the Obscure* written only a few years later, on 'new views of life' and 'the coming universal wish not to live'. To-day, as the mental hospitals fill, can we deny that Hardy was something of a prophet?

How perceptively he characterises Tess's treatment of Sorrow when, torn between remorse and maternal love, she 'strangely combined passionateness with contempt'. Tess gets more than her share of suffering. Having withstood public shame, she must now lose the child. And the strain shows in the unnatural shine of her eyes during the wild ritualistic Baptism. It is a girl inured to suffering who eventually meets Angel Clare; a girl whose heightened sensitivity too keenly accuses her of wrongdoing. This she is

determined not to repeat, even if it means jeopardising her chance of happiness.

There is something mystical about Tess that isolates her from the other dairymaids. Angel first notices her discussing the ability of a soul to leave its body when the owner is alive. She speaks from experience and without hallucinatory drugs. And Angel is attracted. Tess returns the feeling but it upsets her, so she discourages him from the beginning.

Hating Alec as she does, it is still hinted that she might have married him had he asked her. Certainly she feels she belongs to him morally. Gradually Angel breaks down her defences and excuses but she still worries and her happiness is strained. Fluctuating between public joy and secret fears, her mind is in turmoil. And the letter incident, censured for its improbability, is important in symbolising the constant flux of her emotions. Its impact is more effective than logic. Her state of mind becomes the dominant theme. A 'highly charged mental atmosphere' surrounds her, capable of intense mood swings. At the wedding, she is elated but at the least sign of change in Angel the old feeling of doom prevails. It is in this mood, convinced of her own unworthiness, that she allows Angel to reject her.

Just how unrealistic is Angel's hypocrisy at this stage? Several factors must be remembered. In that age of inequality it took courage to marry below one's rank. Angel's parents were snobbish. So was Angel, but to a smaller extent. In rationalising the action to his parents who were already disappointed by his rejection of the Church as a career, he tended to build up Tess's moral qualities out of proportion. Disillusionment then came with an added shock. Besides, he has behaved towards Tess, unlike the girl in London, with extreme respect, and so feels doubly cheated. His action is much the same as hers, but he has worried about it. We know of Tess's anxieties but Angel does not, and it is up to her to convince him. She fails to do so. Angel's behaviour is despicable but it is convincing. And it is through Tess's essential honesty as well as Angel's idealism that the two separate. Tess is left a little more depressed, with eyes again shining unnaturally.

Tess is not the only girl to lose Angel. The other dairymaids never came so close to gaining him but all are upset. Retty Priddle has even less resilience than Tess and attempts suicide. Marian gets by, but with drink. Only Izz is 'normal'. Hardy is telling Tess's story, but from time to time he generalises. Can we have any doubt as to his message?

The last section of the book has weaknesses which are impossible to defend. In essence however, most of it is convincing. Alec, already seen as a man of moods, is just the type to undergo a religious conversion and then backslide. But we need time to adjust to the idea. Alec then meets Tess. By now she is poor, though not through cruel fate but her own pride. She need not have given so much to her family and could have claimed help from Angel's parents. But it is easier to accept assistance from Alec. For one thing he has wronged her and indirectly caused her subsequent marital tragedy. And having lost all to him there is no more to lose. For

another, there is the old feeling that morally she belongs to him. Having had and lost her taste of happiness she has also completely lost the will to live. So, when not one but a series of events goes wrong for her family, she eventually, but only after much argument, decides to live with Alec openly as his wife. Significant in persuading her is the argument that Angel will never return, which does seem reasonable as no reply to her letter has been received. It is in a mood of depression that she moves in with Alec. Presumably she is still in this state when Angel returns. Moreover the visit comes as an acute shock. Her beautiful eyes again reflect their unnatural shine and it is the voice of insanity which utters: 'Too late, too late'. With full impact she feels the force of what she assumes to be a lie. Ironically, this time he is innocent but he pays for an earlier sin. Tess's mood has sunk from depression to utter despair, and in the precarious balance of her emotional make-up the next swing will be to elation. She has an idea. With the implacable logic of insanity she reasons that Alec's death will atone for her sin. If she kills Alec she no longer belongs to him and is free to follow Angel. All this takes but seconds. The deed is done and the end inevitable. The conclusion contains all the poetic majesty for which it has been praised: the gigantic ace of hearts spreading its blood across the ceiling; the strange atmosphere of night on Stonehenge; the black flag flying at Winchester. All will be remembered. But under Hardy's poetic inspiration lies a plan which has been worked out from the beginning. Tess, the sensitive heroine, driven several times near to breaking point, can no longer take the strain. Insanity creeps in and it is with the unnatural calm of which the mentally sick are capable that she can meet her death quietly with the words: 'I am ready'.

'Tess' was ahead of its time. But to-day its message is clear. It is the theme of a pure woman, driven by suffering to madness.

References include:

1 *Hardy the Novelist, an Essay in Criticism*, by Lord David Cecil, published by Constable, 1943.

2 *Introduction to the English Novel*, by Arnold Kettle, published by Hutchinson. *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*, by Thomas Hardy (Macmillan).

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO TIBET? (Part Two)

by Peter Elstob

IF, as some authorities have suggested, the next World War will be fought in Asia between Communist China and an alliance which would include India, then one of the major tactical features will be the 2,000-mile long Himalayan mountain range. Until recent times this three-to-five-mile high, two-hundred-mile wide natural 'Great Wall' which forms the northern boundary of the Indian sub-continent was practically impassable. It was only when man learned how to move soldiers and weapons through the air that the great barrier lost some of its importance.

But it is still a military precept that a war is not won until the foot soldiers of one side are in possession of the strategic land areas of the other. In any future conflict such as we have postulated it would be necessary, sooner or later, for large bodies of troops and all their material to be moved long distances across some of the most difficult ground in the world.

If that ever becomes necessary then mountain-ringed Tibet lying north of the central mass of the Himalayas and with access roads to both India and China will become of prime strategic importance. All this is, of course, well known to the governments of both countries; India is acutely aware of the importance of her border areas and of Chinese infiltration or worse into the areas of the dissident tribes of the North-East Frontier Area, while Tibet, together with Nepal, Bhutan and Sikkim have always loomed large in Communist China's long-term planning.

In June, 1950, the Korean War broke out. By the end of September, when the United Nations Forces were driving the North Koreans back, the Chinese became nervous about the implied threat to them. On October 2 the Indian ambassador in Peking was sent for in the middle of the night and told that if American soldiers crossed the 38th Parallel—South Korean soldiers didn't matter!—China would intervene in North Korea's favour. The Indian government strongly advised the U.N. against American crossing of this line but her advice was ignored and China came into the war.

For a time it looked as though the conflict might escalate into the Third World War and in the circumstances the undefended 2,500-mile long Chinese-Indian frontier was an obvious danger and the immediate occupation of Tibet by China was a logical strategic move. Nevertheless although Chinese forces entered Chamdo in East Tibet on October 29, 1950, they did not move on and occupy Lhasa until September 1951.

To-day it is almost impossible to determine the reason for this prolonged delay. It may have been that the Tibetans were expected to force their government to welcome the idea of becoming a part of China but it is more likely that the Chinese were unsure of Indian and United Nations reactions. They need not have worried for India almost immediately acknowledged China's suzerainty over Tibet and when the Dalai Lama's government asked

the United Nations to help, pointing out that 'In Korea aggression is being resisted by an International Force while similar aggression in Tibet is passing without notice', no Great Power could be found to support them. And when tiny El Salvador tried to bring up the imminent threat of a Chinese take-over of Tibet Great Britain proposed that the matter be dropped from the agenda. This was strongly supported by Portugal and South Africa but it was India's assurance that the whole question could be settled by peaceful negotiation that persuaded the delegates to shelve the matter.

Knowing there was no hope of outside help the Dalai Lama sent a delegation to Peking for terms. Without referring back to Lhasa they signed the 'Agreement on Peaceful Measures for the Liberation of Tibet'. Despite certain irregularities this was accepted by the Lhasa authorities which meant that although up until then and from 1912 Tibet had undoubtedly enjoyed *de facto* independence (and probably *de jure* as well) that independence had been surrendered.

But it was not an unconditional surrender. On the contrary: in return for allowing the People's Liberation Army to enter Tibet, for allowing the Tibetan Army to be placed under Chinese command and for the Chinese to take over Tibet's external affairs, the Tibetan's obtained a number of solemn undertakings. Among these were promises to maintain the existing political system of Tibet and the status and functions of the Dalai Lama, to protect the monasteries, to ensure freedom of religion and not to compel reforms.

In those euphoric days of the dawn of the Chinese People's Republic it is probable that these promises were intended to be kept and it was genuinely believed that after a generation or two of enjoying the blessings of communism and the company of the Chinese the Tibetans would be overjoyed to become part of China, welcoming the cooperatives and abandoning their outmoded religion. If this was so the theory was never tested for events moved too quickly.

In September 1951 the People's Liberation Army advanced from East Tibet into Lhasa, the second step in their move to the southern slopes of the Himalayas. Almost immediately they began to turn Tibet into an armed fortress, building roads along which to move up guns, tanks and military supplies. This meant that even to man the long frontier with a skeleton defence large numbers of soldiers had to be brought into southern Tibet. In order to feed them two-thirds of the food produced in Tibet was commandeered and the consequent food shortage killed off many of the weak and elderly during the first winter. Tibetans were forced to build the roads and the harshness of their conditions and suffering of their families bred great discontent among them.

It was not long before a widespread movement of passive resistance modelled on Ghandi's teachings arose. Known as 'Mi-mang' which can be translated as 'belonging to the whole people', it was an underground organisation at first confined to the Lhasa region. Its activities consisted mainly of the placarding of walls, the mounting of demonstrations and non-cooperation with the occupying authorities. Later, when rebellion broke out, its organisation took charge of the civilian resistance in Lhasa.

The Chinese responded with even stricter controls which broke all their undertakings given at the time of the signing of the agreement. By an interlocking system of committees they were able to keep tabs on practically every Tibetan except the fierce nomadic tribes of the north and north-east. The supreme authority was the Preparatory Committee for the Tibetan Autonomous Region which in turn was divided into two equal bodies: the She-tsang Kunghui, a Working Committee under the Chinese Communist Party and the She-tsang Chunchu, a Military Committee under the Chinese Liberation Army. The whole country was neatly parcelled into zones; one around the metropolitan area of Lhasa, three in western Tibet, two in eastern and one each in the north and the south. Each zone was further split up into districts and they in turn into cooperatives. The districts contained between two and four hundred cooperatives whose average number was about 50 people belonging to seven or eight families.

Every city and village was completely controlled by three more committees, one of the Communist Party, one of the army and a Security Committee. They determined who worked, what food was allocated and who was imprisoned or flogged. Movement was strictly controlled and no journey from which a return could not be made in daylight was allowed by anyone without permission from all three committees. Yet it was not these harsh controls, so unfamiliar to the easy-going Tibetans, but the Chinese insistance on changing the traditional methods of food storage, supply and distribution and their land reforms—the transference of farm land from private to public ownership together with the idea that crops grown on such land belonged to the community—that triggered off the active resistance which finally led to an armed uprising in East Tibet.

The two great fighting tribes, the Khampas and Amdowas, had been united by the Chinese for use against the Japanese. The union lasted, and after the Second World War these tribes armed themselves from the huge stockpiles of arms and ammunition in China. About 12,000 Kuomintang soldiers deserted from Chang Kai-shek's armies and settled in the Kham and Amdo area. In 1952 most of these joined some 70,000 men from the two tribes in an attempt to drive the Communist Chinese out. It took all the strength of the available forces to put the rebellion down and the Chinese let up on their policy of sweeping land reforms in East Tibet.

In 1953 Tibet was hit by the worst floods ever recorded. Most of the crop was lost and widespread famine followed. The superstitious Tibetans were sure that these disasters were the result of the Gods' anger at Chinese desecration of their temples and their ridiculing of the ancient religion. The Chinese noted the growing feeling against them and the increasing rejection of all their reforms, particularly by the young Tibetans, many of whom who had at first welcomed the modernisation of their country. They realised too that it was not possible to feed the ever-growing numbers of their soldiers in the country and the Tibetan people. These things caused them to abandon the plan of converting the Tibetans to communism and gradually absorbing Tibet into the Chinese People's Republic.

Instead a policy of sinicizing Tibet completely was adopted. Old and sick

Tibetans were left to die as quickly as possible; any Tibetan who dared voice opposition to the occupation was to be eliminated, those who wanted to escape to India were not to be prevented from doing so and the young were taken away from their families and turned into good Chinese-type communists either in China or by intensive indoctrination on their home-ground. These measures reduced the Tibetan population while at the same time a steady stream of young males poured in from China. It was made compulsory for them to marry Tibetan girls after which they got special houses and land for settlement. Children of these marriages were considered wholly Chinese.

This policy turned dislike of the Chinese into intense hatred and unrest increased. Late in 1955 the Khampas revolted again; soon the whole of Kham and Amdo were involved and the fighting continued for three years.

By the spring of 1958 the rebellious tribesmen were facing virtual extermination from the better armed and more numerous Chinese soldiers. After razing their crops, burning their houses, destroying bridges and culverts and leaving the very old and the very young behind, the 20,000 survivors took to the mountains and made their way south. In Central Tibet, thanks to help from Lhasa, they were able to replenish their arms and ammunition and to find food. When they had regained their strength they moved to the mountains south and south-west of the capital and made contact with the 'underground'. The 'tribal rebellion' had become a national uprising. Lhasa grew increasingly restless and the people were only stopped from open rebellion by the Chinese threat to shell the Dalai Lama's palace with the heavy field pieces ringing the city.

But the tension increased daily and on March 10, 1959, a huge crowd surrounded the Norbulingka Palace outside Lhasa because they believed that the Dalai Lama, who was living there, was about to be kidnapped by the Chinese and flown to Peking. They refused to disperse until he had personally promised that he would not voluntarily visit the Chinese army camp. The success of this demonstration touched off other rebellious actions: about 70 members of the Tibetan government, mostly young minor officials, joined the leaders of the crowd in a declaration that Tibet no longer recognised Chinese authority; the Khusan Regiment, the Dalai Lama's bodyguard, declared that they would no longer take orders from Chinese officers. They took off their Chinese uniforms and donned Tibetan ones again.

After six days of increasing tension the Chinese moved up their artillery and disposed their troops for attack. The Tibetans armed themselves as best they could and prepared to fight. For some reason which has never been explained the Chinese fired two or three shots which fell harmlessly near the Dalai Lama's palace. This caused him and his family to slip out late at night and escape to India.

At two o'clock in the morning of March 20 the Chinese started shelling the Norbulingka and at dawn the fighting proper began. It raged in and around the capital for three days before the soldiers were able to subdue the desperate Tibetans, killing at least 10,000. The revolt spread and the

resistance army of Eastern Tibetan tribesmen and underground fighters from all over Tibet attacked Chinese military camps and installations in many places. But the final issue was never in doubt and the superior numbers, arms and training of the Chinese enabled them to reassert their control. Many thousands of Tibetans were wounded and imprisoned and many were later executed. Thousands fled to join the Dalai Lama and these exiles today number about 100,000. In Tibet the rebels fight on, ambushing Chinese convoys, raiding army camps and dumps and sometimes engaging in battle until the Chinese can bring up reinforcements. As late as July 27 last year Lhasa radio reported that an armed uprising in Nyemo country, central Tibet, had been crushed.

A week or so after the Great Rebellion had been reported completely smashed, the Chinese abolished the last remnants of Tibetan rule, replacing it with a military dictatorship, and although the Tibet Autonomous Region was proclaimed in November 1965 actual power is exercised by the Chinese army and the autonomy is a fiction which no one believes. After the rebellion which the Chinese were sure was encouraged by India and the United States all pretence of friendship for India was thrown off. The Chinese seized nearly 15,000 square miles in Ladakh and built a military road across the area. They offered to recognise Pakistan's claim to Kashmir because their interests are obviously best served if the sub-continent is divided. For the same reason they offered to recognise Bhutan as an independent sovereign state and to give her technical and financial aid and they moved troops into Tawang in the North-East Frontier Agency and encouraged the rebellion of the Nagas in the same area.

In October 1959 Indian Communist Party leaders were told in Peking that the time for peaceful penetration had passed and they must turn their parties into an efficient fighting organisation like those of Russia and China. The results have recently become apparent in the activities of the Naxalites.

The main reasons why Chinese forces have not moved down to the foot of the Himalayas yet are the activities of the 25,000 Tibetan guerrillas and the vicious factional fighting that went on in Tibet between 1966 and 1969 when pro-Mao and anti-Mao forces struggled for control. That fighting ended with the victory of the Maoists but only at the expense of the party and absolute power for the army.

All the signs are that Tibet is being built into a military base for a move south in the fairly near future. The network of military roads capable of carrying the heaviest vehicles has been built, airfields, rocket and missile sites constructed, troops intensively trained in mountain warfare and subjected to live fire and very large numbers of soldiers concentrated tactically. (The missile and rocket installations are defensive, for China's long term policy is to maintain her long north-west facing frontier intact with her nuclear deterrent and her ability to take casualties by the million and to expand southwards with conventional forces.) Practically every monastery in southern Tibet as well as all large public buildings have been turned into barracks. Large inter-connecting caves have been dug into the mountains in which ammunition and other supplies are stored. But whereas at

first the emphasis was on defence and the fortifications were a kind of Maginot line, today and for the last year or so the theme is 'preparation for war' and the troops believe the war will be soon. Accurate estimates of strength are difficult to obtain, for Tibetans are forbidden to come near the military areas on the border, but it is a well-informed estimate that China has two or three armoured divisions, three or four airborne divisions and perhaps 30 infantry divisions in the entire country. The armoured divisions are lighter in tanks and heavier in supporting infantry and anti-tank guns than either European or American ones and Chinese transport still depends heavily on animals and foot power with thousands of Tibetans trained as carriers.

As elsewhere in China the military are now in complete control and civilian officials are no longer able to enforce 'Party Rule'. Tibet is controlled by the 'Three-Way Alliance', a combination of the victorious groups of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, and their rule is so strict, with mass arrests followed by public beatings and executions at any sign of opposition, that there is very little sign of resistance in the towns and villages. Guerrilla activity continues in the mountains and along lonely roads but it cannot prevent the steady build-up of forces along Tibet's southern frontier opposite Nepal, Sikkim and Bhutan and further east opposite the troubled North East Frontier Agency of India.

The deliberate policy of reducing the Tibetan population and increasing the Chinese has already made the numbers about equal. The population of Lhasa has doubled and that of Shigatse increased six times. In both these places and in other towns the Chinese actually outnumber the Tibetans. It is China's announced intention to raise the population of Tibet to five million in the next ten years and to ten million by 1990. If the Tibetans continue to decrease their position by the end of the century will be akin to that of the American Indian in the United States.

India's chance of sharing power with China, the 'two powers in Asia' theory, has been lost by her humiliating defeat when China decided to use force. The Chinese withdrew after seizing about 15 thousand square miles in Ladakh and elsewhere because they decided that the time had not yet come to continue their move south. But India is 'Enemy Number Three' and there is no longer any chance of a resumption of even the apparent friendship of the early years of Independent India and the new Chinese Republic. The latest in the series of actions designed to undermine India's power to resist China's attack, is the Peking-taught and Peking-supported militant communist splinter party in India known as the Naxalites who started their activities in Nepal in 1967 with a six-week peasant revolt in which dozens of 'bourgeois class enemies' were brutally murdered. Since then the movement has spread over much of India, straining the resources of the police, and it is now estimated that the pro-Mao active revolutionaries number at least 25,000.

When the United States pulls out of Asia as she will in the next two or three years and China no longer has to worry about the threat to her of a defeat of the communist forces in south-east Asia, her leaders—the new

generation of soldiers who are quietly replacing the aged generals of the Military Affairs Commission—will think about the next step towards a Chinese-dominated communist Asia—the conquest of India. That step will mean taking over the strategically vital southern Himalayan lands, the states of Nepal, Sikkim and Bhutan, the North East Frontier Agency and Nagaland. It may be by then that those semi-autonomous states will cooperate with China in the setting up of a Himalayan Confederation which will be another 'autonomous region of China' like Tibet. If so it will not be long before their people discover that they are second-class citizens in their own land.

What would happen next is impossible to say with any precision but we know that Communist China is a huge country and that despite internal quarrels and enormous difficulties her people are filled with energy and fired by a religious belief in her destiny. The great majority of Chinese are young and believe implicitly that their country will dominate all Asia in their lifetime. What has happened to Tibet, the virtual wiping out of her people, their customs, traditions and religion and the creation of a military base for southward expansion, is a small but important part of that long-term plan.

['Whatever Happened to Tibet?' (Part I) was published in the August number of the *Contemporary Review*.]

The May issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes articles by W. A. Darlington, Paul Rose, M.P., Patrick O'Donovan and a poem by John Masefield.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

QUARTERLY FICTION REVIEW

by Rosalind Wade

The First and the Last. Ivy Compton Burnett. Gollancz. £1.40; *Dolores*. Ivy Compton Burnett. William Blackwood. £1.50; *Head to Toe*. Joe Orton. Anthony Blond. £1.75; *Paris Peasant*. Aragon. Jonathan Cape. £1.90; *A Soldier Erect*. Brian Aldiss. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £1.75; *Lacy Bowes*. Michael Coony. Chatto and Windus. £1.50; *Sheila*. Gunard Solberg. Gollancz. £1.80.

It is a coincidence that two of the season's most talked of publications should be posthumous novels. There the parallel begins and ends, for the two authors in question, Dame Ivy Compton Burnett and Joe Orton, could scarcely be more different both in outlook and in the circumstances of their deaths. Dame Ivy, who became a legend in her own lifetime through a reputation for stylish elegance in dialogue and plot, passed peacefully away in 1969 after several years of acute physical suffering, while Joe Orton, young and brilliantly successful, met his end violently at the hands of a murderer during the same year. Both novels, *The First and the Last* by Ivy Compton Burnett (Gollancz, £1.40) and *Head to Toe* by Joe Orton (Anthony Blond, £1.75), command attention not merely as curiosities but for their own genuine quality. To take Dame Ivy first; immense difficulties faced the publishers in preparing her manuscript for the press. It was discovered hidden in the upholstery of a sofa and had not been revised. However, as it stands it provides a fascinating blue-print of the manner in which she approached the task of creating character, through long stylised conversations between members of a family group. The task she set herself was formidable. Inevitably, the reader tends to speculate on what the subsidiary characters are doing and thinking during their unavoidable silence.

The First and the Last opens with a leisurely Edwardian country-house breakfast at which Sir Robert and Lady Herlot preside over the offspring of two marriages.

Immediately, tensions are revealed between thirty-two-year-old Hermia and her overbearing step-mother. Hermia has decided to enter into partnership with the head-mistress of a local school and leave the parental roof. The three or four sections of dialogue in which this momentous decision is discussed are, for Dame Ivy, uncharacteristically credible. Hermia is being slowly suffocated in a home where literally nothing is demanded of her. That the brave venture fails through incompatibilities of temperament and because she is ill-equipped to sustain the pressures of a normal competitive society tempts the reader to wish for a closer account of the school and its personnel. Alas, this would never have been Dame Ivy's objective although she thoroughly understood such matters. *The First and the Last* was clearly intended to be yet another jewel in the author's crown, to set alongside such established successes as *Two Worlds and their Ways* and *The Present and the Past*.

It is usually of interest to admirers of an important novelist to make comparisons between the later and immature works although the early novels are not always readily obtainable. In 1911 Ivy Compton Burnett published her first novel, *Dolores*, which had a mixed reception and soon went out of print. Now William Blackwood have re-issued *Dolores* (£1.50) with an introduction by Professor Charles Burkhart. The contrast in style and attitude with the later novels is startling. The bare-bones of conversation which eventually almost completely replaced narrative are here embedded in the leisurely unfolding of a complicated plot. For such a young, unpractised novelist Ivy Compton Burnett displayed a remarkable understanding of temperamental inconsistencies. In his most interesting preface Professor Burkhart compares *Dolores* to *Middlemarch*. George Eliot had died only thirty years earlier and all her novels, published by Blackwoods, were still in print. It is more than possible that Ivy Compton Burnett was strongly influenced by them at the time: yet what ultimately directed such a total change of manner and technique remains a mystery.

Far more endurance and application will be required for the enjoyment of the second posthumous novel, *Head to Toe* by Joe Orton (Anthony Blond, £1.75). Joe Orton's greatest achievements were two plays, *Entertaining Mr. Sloane* and *Loot*, for which he obtained the *Evening Standard* Drama Award. He was only thirty-four when he was found battered to death in his Islington flat and it was not generally known that, when a very young man, he had written a novel while working in a chocolate factory. It might have been assumed that he would attempt to portray the mundane surroundings of his employment. Instead, he chose to disseminate his observations in a Swiftian type of allegory. Gumbold, around whom the novel centres, is displayed as a credible person in incredible situations. He finds himself accidentally on the head of a giant many miles tall. The creature's ears and nostrils are seen as holes in the ground; in each one there is a prisoner crying out for help. Gumbold wanders on over the vast territory of the giant's bulk, accompanied by an unappetising creature named Vulp, beset by wild animals and near-lunatics. . . 'The cloud had thickened overhead and the gloom deepened until he fancied he saw shapes, faces, creatures all claw and teeth, intent on destroying him. He called. No one answered. Not even an echo. He waited until he could be certain that Vulp had cruelly deserted him and then struck out into the wood once more . . .'

One thing leads to another in this nightmarish world. Gumbold is mistaken for a woman and persecuted by fore-runners of the Women's Liberation Organisation. He witnesses the perpetual warfare between the Right and the Left Buttocks and is thrown into a dungeon from which he miraculously escapes. He travels the entire length of the giant's digestive system before finally achieving freedom. It is all so energetic and ingenious that the reader is tempted to speculate as to the kind of novel Joe Orton might have written had he decided to express his youthful censures of society in some form other than fantasy—and indeed to regret that he did not do so.

Fantasy of a very different kind is to be found in *Paris Peasant* by Aragon, translated by Simon Watson Taylor (Jonathan Cape, £1.90), making its first appearance in this country though originally published in Paris in 1926. *Le Paysan de Paris* was one of the first 'surrealist' novels and so forms an integral part of the movement which had its origins in France between 1918 and 1924.

At the time of writing it, Aragon was a young ambitious man with every prospect of success as a writer. Then, without warning, he severed all ties with the group which owed so much to him and from then on devoted all his resources to the propagation of Communism. He appeared to wish to disown this 'breviary of modern sensibility', as *Paris Peasant* has been called, yet it remains a criterion of the basic specifications of surrealism—that the tangible world contains hidden messages which for transmission merely await the interpretation of the artist. Whether all the exponents of surrealist art achieved this aim during the two pre-war decades is uncertain, yet there can be no doubt that Aragon himself reached the objective and went far beyond it.

Superficially, the nostalgic glimpses of pre-war Paris can be compared with Christopher Isherwood's pen-picture of Berlin during the late nineteen-twenties. But that would be to consider only one aspect of *Paris Peasant*. Told in the present tense, the slenderly-strung-together narrative seems to pick out every nuance of mood and emotion as well as the slanting light and shade of seedy French squares and alley-ways . . . 'Like the daylight under the door, sighs filter through the walls' thin board . . . Climbing this narrow stairway that winds round a glass ticket booth one finds oneself at the same level as the manager's office. Beyond is a sort of lounge which houses at the end the mean, dirty lavatories. Since using the bar entails ordering a drink most of the spectators content themselves with staring into it disconsolately from the doorway' . . . Or, in a different mood . . . 'This last word, no longer formulated, melts in the mouth. The same thing happens with the whole vocabulary of life, for it expresses the process of change, never the state of life itself. I was forced to admit to myself the inadequacy of pure thought to render an account of what possessed me . . .'

Aragon's later books include poetry, novels and (with Andre Maurois) a parallel history of the U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. Yet it is doubtful, despite his remarkable present re-surging energy, if he will ever again achieve such an outstanding work as *Le Paysan de Paris*.

Nothing could be further removed from surrealism than *A Soldier Erect* by Brian Aldiss (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, £1.75), which has topped the spring best-seller lists for many weeks past. It is a sequel to an earlier novel, *The Hand Reared Boy* and now follows the soldier hero to war in the Burma campaign. No doubt as many people will be reading *A Soldier Erect* for its startling honesty and frankness as to follow the further adventures of young Horatio Stubbs. The journey of the fictitious regiment, the 'Mendips' to the Far East *via* India, is recounted in closely-observed detail and with commendable realism. Inevitably, the rash of expletives comes to mean less and less; what jolts the reader into concern is the blunt commentary on sexual deviations and practices from onanism and homo-sexuality to brothel-hunting, which are apparently the prime concern of all army personnel. The questions arise; does army life of itself promote such universal crudity and if so what will be the reaction of the professional soldier on his return to civilian life in a society where some taboos still operate, despite recent 'permissive' legislation?

More significant in the present context is the extent to which too-frequent passages describing purely physical functions positively diminish a novel's overall impact. The Victorian novelists tended to discuss rather than report personal relationships and are often criticised for being insufficiently explicit. Yet a close examination of the plots of such writers as Dickens, Hardy, and George Eliot confirms that they were by no means unaware of adult or sophisticated problems. How these should be conveyed has concerned

authors throughout the centuries. Nearly eighty years ago the publisher and journalist, Arthur Waugh, contributed an article to the first number of *The Yellow Book* called *Reticence in Literature*. He surveyed the scene from the *Heraclidae* of Herodotus to Swinburne and the then 'new decadents' in an attempt to chart a course between 'the prudery of the manse and the effrontery of the pot-house' and to discover a standard of good taste acceptable to the 'hale and cultured man'. Brian Aldiss cannot be blamed for going far beyond this modest norm. It is not his fault that the unvarnished portrait of men shipped half a world away to fight a 'forgotten' war is brutish and unpalatable.

It is always a pleasure to discover a promising first novel. In *Lacy Bowes* (Chatto and Windus, £1.50), Michael Coony displays much initiative and originality. He was born and brought up in Eire and places his story in the attractive reaches of unexplored territory around Kilkenny. The time is the present but the unconventional assortment of characters might have stepped straight from a Maria Edgeworth novel. Lacy Bowes is an engaging uninhibited young woman running wild in company with her equally unsophisticated twin-brother. Their father is universally referred to as 'the Captain'. The dogs are named Pedro and Madam Maud Gonne. The general disorder of the untended mansion is refreshing. One has the feeling that if the happy-go-lucky way of life has not yet changed in the large Eire households it will remain unaltered until the end of time. Writing in the first person, Michael Coony appears to understand every thought and impulse of his wayward heroine.

Another first novel equally deserving of attention although for totally different reasons is *Sheila* by Gunard Solberg (Gollancz, £1.80). Here again is a story of youthful aspirations and frustrations but on a more mundane plane. The white boy, Wayne Devine, is in love with a black girl, Sheila Smith. Living some forty miles from Chicago, they meet in cafes and at the University to muse upon their parents' 'smug, thin-centred' lives and to consider their 'draggy' college teachers who continue to think of Hemingway and Steinbeck as modern authors. The story is unfolded through a technique of closely related thought, action and comment. Each sentence has its moment and the effect is one of closely controlled energy. . . 'Trees, up close and blurry don't seem to be made of anything. Trees, fences, mail-boxes, zip . . .' or again:

'I
have
heard
them
and know they are there
just on the other side
of awareness . . . the indistinct thing . . .'

With this and similar deviations from the conventional lay-out of the printed page Gunard Solberg seeks to strengthen his hold on the reader's attention. Such eccentricities are not and never will be important. What commands admiration for *Sheila* is the young author's acute observation of detail and his ability to convey emotion about a familiar theme.

Also received: The Union by Gillian Becker (Chatto and Windus, £1.75). This novel has a background of unusual interest, South Africa in 1948 at the time of the fall of the Smuts' government, when the Afrikaner Nationalist Party took its place. The chief character's concern for the growing dilemma of the black Africans should have emerged earlier in the narrative. The

unexciting opening chapters, when a half-dozen widely dissimilar men and women meet under one roof and become emotionally and politically involved, occupies too much of the arena for too long a time. The author's first novel, *The Keep*, to which *The Union* is a sequel, first set the scene for the young idealistic hero's period of study at the University of Johannesburg.

The Bedroom Sailors by Peter Baker (Cassell, £1.75), provides light reading of the better kind. Peter Baker has written several novels mainly on the theme of the small boat at sea. In *The Bedroom Sailors* a young married couple acquire a yacht for their honeymoon and attempt to sail to the Bahamas in company with a strangely assorted group of passengers. Trouble dogs them but their true testing time comes when the *Pretty Penny* runs into the inevitable storm. Then, the joint determination to cheat death by drowning reveals each member of the party in an unexpected light.

Williwaw by Gore Vidal (Heinemann, £1.75). This is an important re-issue of a work long out of print; a remarkable first novel written by the then unknown Gore Vidal at the age of nineteen. At first it was classed as a war novel but, on re-reading, this graphic story of a hurricane battering the Aleutian islands is seen as a saga of the ocean, rather reminiscent of Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea*. Most noticeable is the terse, natural dialogue and the economy of words when merging one dramatic situation into another. It is mature and rounded throughout and must rank as one of the finest novels ever written by an author under twenty years of age.

THE ENIGMA OF HESS

Motive for a Mission. James Douglas-Hamilton (foreword by Alan Bullock). Collins. £3.50.

'Do you mean to tell me that the Deputy Fuehrer is in our hands . . . Well, Hess or no Hess, I am going to see the Marx Brothers': thus spoke Winston Churchill to the Duke of Hamilton on Sunday, May 11, 1941, when the news of the unconventional arrival of Hess was broken to him at Ditchley Park, near Oxford, where he was spending the week-end. However, after the film-show was over around midnight he spent three hours in close examination of every conceivable question relating to the flight, its origin and purpose. The next day the Prime Minister with Hamilton returned to 10 Downing Street. The Foreign Secretary, Anthony Eden, was informed of the bare facts and arranged for Ivone Kirkpatrick, the German expert, to fly with Hamilton to Scotland to identify the German. Meanwhile the German wireless had announced that Deputy Fuehrer Rudolf was missing.

The whole story is retold in a new book, with access to the Hamilton Papers, by James Douglas-Hamilton, second son of the Duke, who read History at Balliol, was President of the Union, and is now in legal practice at Edinburgh. He has had access to the Haushofer papers in the Federal Archives in Koblenz and the Library of Congress and to letters preserved by his brother Heinz Haushofer at Hartschimmelhof. He is thus able to throw new light on one of the most fantastic episodes of World War II, on the in-fighting between Nazi leaders, and on Anglo-German relations since the Treaty of Versailles.

Much of the story depends on the friendship between the Duke of Hamilton and Albrecht Haushofer, who was a brilliant student of foreign affairs and a close friend of Hess. Albrecht was the son of Major-General Karl Haushofer, a geographical imperialist, who had married Martha Mayer, daughter of a Jewish merchant of Mannheim. So Albrecht had a half-Jewish

mother, to whom he was devoted to the end of his life, when finally he was murdered by order of Hitler. Karl Haushofer was a Professor of Geopolitics in 1921 and Hess was one of his students at the University of Munich; together they organised the Foreign Organisation of the National Socialist Party, the Foreign Institute and 'The League for German Nationals Abroad'. As a student at Oxford at this time I well remember meeting and distrusting these strange emissaries of Pan-German Imperialism, who imagined they were imitating some equivalent British body, such as Empire Loyalists. Albrecht was a much more complicated person than his father; he regarded France as the dedicated enemy of Germany, and Britain as an essential friend. He did not accept geopolitics as an exact science, and preferred to call himself a lecturer in political geography. But he was in fact much more. He was a sort of personal adviser to Hess, especially on Germany's relations with Britain and the U.S.A. Strictly speaking he was a second-class citizen, because of his mother, but Hess not only protected him, but enabled him to make frequent visits abroad, and especially to Britain.

Like Adam von Trot (see Christopher Sykes' brilliant study), Albrecht Haushofer was the victim of a 'Troubled Loyalty'. On July 27, 1934, he wrote to his parents about his 'conflicting obligations'. He wanted strong German leadership, he wanted modifications of the Treaty of Versailles, he wanted to see Germany's self-respect restored, but he hated the racist régime. His Reports impressed Hess and many more of the German leaders at one time or another, but he had made dangerous remarks about Ribbentrop and Goering. In fact he was only kept alive because it suited Hess and later Himmler, in case of an appeasement move made by Britain. As James Hamilton writes 'from 1934 onwards he furnished information on Britain to Hess, and believed it was absolutely essential for Germany to live in a state of peaceful co-existence with Britain'.

Albrecht Haushofer tried to get into direct contact with Hamilton in September 1940, but the British authorities (including the secret service) held up or mislaid the relevant letter and then engaged in delaying tactics. No copy of the letter is revealed, but evidently it was meant to be a preamble to peace-feelers with Britain to be made by Hess. Meanwhile Hess arrived in Scotland, not far from the home of the Duke of Hamilton and not far from my constituency, Kilmarnock. The news quickly spread in Ayrshire.

Some questions must now be asked. Was the Haushofer-Hamilton relationship of any importance? If Hess had not arrived in Britain, would anyone have cared very much about the relations between a German professor and a gallant and charming Scottish nobleman? James Hamilton is at great pains to show that his father had never met Hess, though he may have been present at functions during the Olympic Games in Berlin where Hess was present. Some of us are accused of spreading rumours of such a meeting. My name was specifically mentioned. Heaven knows why. I hardly knew Albrecht Haushofer, though Clydesdale (as he then was) asked me and others to meet him at lunch at the House of Commons.

I went to the Olympic Games held in Germany in 1936 for other reasons. First of all my friend was another Albrecht, Albrecht Bernstoff, who had been Minister in London and had a wide circle of British friends. He had been degraded by Hitler and was working as a clerk in a bank; I stayed at his flat. Secondly, I did have a long talk with Hess, which was arranged for me, because of a certain remark that Hess had made about Edward VIII, namely that he was the only person who could stop a second world war, and I had

the permission of the Prince of Wales to raise this matter with Hess. Finally, although I was a Junior Minister (Civil Lord of the Admiralty) I went to Germany to make up my own mind about our foreign policy. After all, I had been in one war and seen most of my generation obliterated. In fact I saw a lot of Germany, including the revolting race bureau at Weimar, labour camps where the youth of Germany was drilling with spades, distinguished Jews in disgrace mostly introduced to me by Bernstoff. So much for a personal digression.

James Douglas-Hamilton has written an interesting book and pieced together an intriguing story relating to his father and Albrecht Haushofer. I think it helps to explain the mission of Hess. But there are many unanswered questions. From my own interview with Hess, I regarded him as a gramophone for Hitler. He admired Lindbergh because he was the first pilot to fly solo East across the Atlantic; he admired Clydesdale (as he then was) because he was the first pilot to fly over Mount Everest and he had read *The Pilots' Book of Everest;* he was determined to be the first pilot to fly from Germany to Britain with an offer of peace in the midst of a great world war. But his political intelligence was commonplace and his real knowledge of Britain pathetic.

Albrecht Haushofer was finally shot on April 23, 1945, together with a distinguished varied group of survivors from the Nazi tyranny; his father and mother committed suicide on March 11, 1946. Albrecht Haushofer was deeply involved in the Resistance, both the Wednesday Society and the Kreisau Circle and in other groups, partly communist but mostly patriotic Germans. Some of those involved were working both for the Resistance and also for Himmler. Albrecht Haushofer even survived the July plot 1943-44, as indeed did Himmler who lied and lied again and finally destroyed most of the leading figures of the Resistance. It is a grim story, but as Alan Bullock writes in his foreword to the book: 'the author provides the fullest and most convincing explanation I have seen of why Hess came to make his flight to Britain . . . this is a considerable achievement'. I agree.

KENNETH LINDSAY

A HAPLESS INVENTOR

From Rock and Tempest. Kenneth Walthew. Bles, £1.90.

Captain George William Manby, born 1765, should have been a happy man. As Barracks Master at Great Yarmouth he became obsessed with saving life at sea. He devised the mortar-propelled lifeline and breeches buoy for rescuing crews from stranded ships, an unsinkable boat buoyed by casks, a lighthouse identifying signal, and virtually founded the R.N.L.I. Other inventions included a whaler's harpoon gun, a percussion-firing gunlock, a double-firing gun, a portable fire-extinguisher and women's fireproof clothing. He even propounded a scheme for a convict colony in Greenland, of all places.

In return he expected recognition, monetary reward, a knighthood, but encountered mainly frustration, for he was wilful, eccentric, often his own worst enemy. In this ably researched biography Kenneth Walthew writes:

> 'He met obstruction and prejudice where he might have expected the greatest encouragement—from the very people he was trying to save. Three kings and a queen treated him with an indifference verging on contempt. Successive governments regarded him as a crank and a nuisance, and the help they gave was tardy and parsimonious. It never occurred to Manby that he himself might be partly at fault.'

His story is thus a deeply human one of good intentions gone awry, softened by Mr. Walthew's sympathy with an oft-perplexing subject, a 'bouncing, miniature dandy'. When he came to London to petition M.P.s, Ministers and Royalty and demonstrate his lifeline over the Serpentine—rescuing an assistant lodged in a tree, as in a ship's rigging—the Dukes of York and Kent were impressed. But the Admiralty stayed aloof, Prime Minister Perceval decided against public expenditure on the device pending investigation by a Committee.

Then it was recalled that in 1792, nearly twenty years earlier, an Arts Society award had been made to a Royal Artillery sergeant, John Bell, for a similar invention for equipping ships with a line-throwing gun. An outraged Manby protested that even before that, as a youth, he had built a mortar and attempted to shoot a line over Downham church tower, broken a window, and angered the rector. He was therefore no 'plagiarist and liar' in claiming the invention.

The Committee eventually awarded him £2,000 and recommended that he survey the coast for sites for life-saving stations. He thought his fortune was made, but by 1815 only 45 sets of equipment had been ordered. Poor Manby. Unlucky again, as he was when he went on a whaling voyage to test his harpoon gun and the harpooners slyly sabotaged it; and when he died, poor and lonely, at 89.

One is grateful to Mr. Walthew for resurrecting this Norfolk worthy who deserved better of his country—and himself—and makes a better story as a failure than he could have done as a success.

TREVOR ALLEN

A SPAN OF TEN OCTAVES

My Life and Times: Octave Ten 1953-1963. Compton Mackenzie. Chatto & Windus, £2.30.

Words used by Sir Compton Mackenzie in praise of the literary qualities of the late David Keir—'enthusiasm, industry, painstaking accuracy and elegant lucidity of his style'—apply equally to himself as we look back on the nine previous volumes of his autobiography and savour the charm of the present and final one. Eight years have passed since the first appeared on his eightieth birthday in 1963, and those of us who were present at the Foyles launching luncheon and overnight at the publishers' party at Carpenters' Hall cherish the memory of his bonhomie and gay determination to see the project through. This he has done, and although, inevitably, much of the tens of thousands of words may be described as chit-chat, a large part of each instalment contains nuggets of personal experience and observation—and reminders of twentieth-century history—for which we are truly thankful.

My Life and Times: Octave Ten presents the years 1953-1963 and opens at the time when the author returns to Scotland and sets up house in Drummond Place, Edinburgh. He had much to do redecorating, putting up yards of bookshelves, rewiring the electricity and generally restoring the dignity the house had enjoyed 'until the Second War had over "popularised" it'; and all this coincided with a great deal of broadcasting. In one programme he talked about cats with half-a-dozen on his lap one after the other. 'Every cat behaved kindly, and I had a number of letters, some of which I hope to reproduce one day when I make my collection of *Whiskers Galore*.' Radio interviews and discussions, reminiscences and other 'mike' appearances kept Sir Compton inordinately busy in his seventies, over and above his writing commitments. Also, being at the Scottish centre of things, he was always in constant demand among the resident and visiting celebrities in the Athens of the North.

As everyone knows, Sir Compton takes pardonable pride in his amazing memory, and this combines with ease and grace of language to make him a prince of raconteurs. In this medium of print his brilliance is subdued; but the man shines through, whether reporting a conversation about *enosis* with Archbishop Makarios, or conducting a dispute with the Inland Revenue, or recalling some delightful repast enjoyed with trusted friends.

Looking through his eyes we see the world an ever-exciting spectacle. Infirmities creep upon him, but he ends his book with brave sincerity:

> 'My emotion as I write these last words of a year by year record of a long life is one of gratitude. I have been happy and fortunate, *Homo Felix*, and I am still very happy and fortunate. As I lay down my pen on this June 13th, 1970, the feast day of my favourite Saint Anthony of Padua, let my two last words be DEO GRATIAS.'

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

WORDSWORTH'S HAWKSHEAD

Wordsworth's Hawkshead. T. W. Thompson. Edited, with Introduction, by Robert Woof. Oxford University Press, £6.

A tribute of grateful remembrance is due to the schoolmaster-historian, the late T. W. Thompson (1888-1968), who retired in 1944 from Repton to his cottage at Hawkshead and spent the remaining twenty-four years of his life there and at Windermere researching into the written and oral records of Hawkshead and neighbourhood, and in particular investigating the traditions associated with the schooling at Hawkshead Grammar School of William Wordsworth and his brothers. The author's research stretched over sixty years, and until the present editor, Mr. Robert Woof, guided it into print it was the best-known unpublished book on Wordsworth, rightly described by him as 'a considerable imaginative act, a portrayal of a society in action. The book's fascination is in its duality; the everyday persons of the small town come alive in their dealings with one another; and, at the same time, there is the extra dimension: one is constantly brought back to Wordsworth, what he must have known, or what he could have known'.

Inevitably, Ann Tyson, the much-loved 'dame' with whom the Wordsworth boys boarded at Hawkshead and afterwards at Colthouse, comes alive in Thompson's patient reconstruction of period and scene. We see this kind and faithful soul, with her joiner husband Hugh Tyson, caring for her handful of boarders and religiously keeping simple accounts of food and fuel and lighting, clothing items and shoe repairing. We see her telling her peasant tales by candlelight to the boys—described by Dorothy Wordsworth as 'half as long as an ancient romance' and by William as 'homely and rude':

> ... It was the first
> Of those domestic tales that spake to me
> Of Shepherds, dwellers in the valleys, men
> Whom I already loved ...
> And hence this Tale, while I was yet a Boy
> Careless of books ...

There were no School Rules regarding the hours in the evening by which the Grammar School boys had to be indoors—or Wordsworth broke them. We have his testimony that his joy was:

> To wander half the night among the Cliffs
> And the smooth Hollows, where the woodcocks ran
> Along the open turf.

When morning school began at 6 o'clock in high summer, Wordsworth and another boy would often get up at 3.30 and:

> ... for the better part
> Of two delightful hours we stroll'd along
> By the still waters of the misty Lake,
> Repeating favourite verses with one voice,
> Or conning more.

These and other lines in *The Prelude* reflect Wordsworth's happiness while boarding with Ann Tyson, though we are left to wonder whether she was aware of his nocturnal comings and goings. Orphaned of both parents, his need of communion with the seventy-five-year-old woman was such that after his first year at Cambridge he went straight to her dwelling:

> ... with new delight,
> This chiefly, did I view my grey-hair'd Dame,
> Saw her go forth to Church, or other work
> Of state, equipp'd in monumental trim,
> Short Velvet Cloak (her Bonnet of the like)
> A Mantle such as Spanish Cavaliers
> Wore in old time.

Thompson's record is packed with fascinating detail of the Lakeland village and its personalities, the Grammar School and its organisation; and the second part of his book, 'More Local Inhabitants', extends his researches with minute accuracy. Mr. Woof's five Appendices are of particular interest, two of them drawing attention to poems written by the brothers Charles and John Bernard Parish, contemporaries of William Wordsworth. In an eloquent tribute to T. W. Thompson, his former Headmaster at Repton, Lord Fisher of Lambeth, says, 'We found that he was a real expert on the real gipsies . . . and could speak Romany . . . I did not know then of his passionate study of Wordsworth. I saw him once after he had retired to his beloved Hawkshead and saw then this other great and consuming and ennobling passion of his life'.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

RATIONALISING THE IRRATIONAL

Apparitions and Ghosts. Andrew MacKenzie. Arthur Barker. £1.75.

It is refreshing in a period during which psychic research has most resolutely betaken itself into the ESP laboratory, to read the works of those relatively few labourers in the outside field of spontaneous phenomena. It is even more refreshing to find the author of an avowedly non-technical work aimed at the educated general public, unequivocally subscribing to the doctrine of the cardinal importance of the psychology of the percipient—for if, as is more or less universally accepted today, the apparition is a visual hallucination, then the structure of the phantasmogenetic personality is indeed of critical interest.

Mr. MacKenzie invites us to share the viewpoint that describes a spirit as a psychological phenomenon, the explanation of which must be sought in the processes of sense perception'. To share it, but also to add to it. And what he himself would add is a survivalist explanation, and the possibility of a telepathic methodology of manifestation.

This business of rationalising the irrational is inherently difficult, but at least Mr. MacKenzie makes a good start by taking the trouble to satisfy himself that the allegedly irrational is, to the best of his conscientiously applied criteria, genuinely situate beyond the borders of rationality. He is careful to rule out simple—or compound—errors or the compounding of delusion due to psychosis. What remains is the putative raw material of hallucination, and the interesting thing is that Mr. MacKenzie finds that this raw material

conforms to a pattern. His cases, he tells us, form a natural group—a group essentially identical with the case patterns outlined in the early publications of the Society for Psychical Research.

As long ago as 1886, Edmund Gurney, evaluating the assemblage of case material reported in *Phantasms of the Living*, commented on the great preponderance of visual phenomena among recorded hallucinations of the sane. Whereas with hallucinations of the insane, the proportion of auditory to visual phenomena was frequently of the order of about three to one. These observations, says Mr. MacKenzie, have been borne out by his work. He has also recorded additional data. It seems, for instance, that the majority of spontaneous cases occur when the percipient is relaxed—'It is when the "guard" of the personality is down, as it were, that impressions can emerge from the subconscious, and on occasions this impression takes the visual form of an apparition'. About one-third of the experiences reported to Mr. MacKenzie occurred in either hypnagogic or hypnopompic states, and he comes to the tentative conclusion that people of relaxed and passive personality are the most likely class of percipients.

Many of Mr. MacKenzie's cases are, as he is the first to admit, non-veridical, but in this particular context that is not important. Far more significant is the successful demonstration of the temporal continuity and extraordinary constancy of the hallucination spectrum.

This book, together with its predecessors, *The Unexplained* (1966) and *Frontiers of the Unknown* (1968), constitutes a parapsychological trilogy of case histories and informed commentaries which provide one of the most balanced, critically thorough, authoritative and reliable introductions to the subject of psychical research available. It is a pleasure, as well as a duty, to recommend it without reservation and with complete confidence.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

PSYCHOLOGICAL EXPLANATIONS

Homo Psychologicus. John Cohen. Allen & Unwin. £2.50.

Professor Cohen insists in his Foreword that it is not his intention to postulate 'Psychological Man' as the counterpart of an obsolete 'Economic Man', but simply to draw attention to a number of phenomena on which a psychological explanation can shed some light. For a psychologist, human beings are not only the *object* of study but the source of *knowledge*. Because psychology is strategically placed to study not only the effect on people of their external environment but also of their internal perceptions and thought processes, it can make valuable contributions to topics not normally associated with it.

Each chapter of the book is a self-contained essay devoted to a particular theme though many of the chapters themselves are subdivided into sections, each dealing with a theme or viewpoint. Three chapters are devoted to man as an individual. These discuss creativity, psychology and literature, and man's experience of time. Three further chapters are devoted to social topics; secrets, work, play and leisure, and the malaise of culture. Two introductory chapters provide a background against which these topics can be evaluated.

Professor Cohen's approach is philosophical and his examples and references are drawn from every field of knowledge. On creativity, he ranges from Leonardo to William Blake to Picasso, and from Galileo to Leibniz to Sir James Jeans.

By refusing to confine himself to any particular period or to any particular

field of study, the author has indeed demonstrated that a psychological treatment is viable. The very richness of his allusions, however, does tend at times to detract from the argument—smacking perhaps more of literary gamesmanship than of serious debate. For all this, the book is both stimulating and entertaining on a subject that could easily become dull. DAVID FREAN

ARISTOPHANES' PLAYS: A NEW TRANSLATION

Aristophanes' Plays translated into English Verse by Patric Dickinson. Two volumes. Oxford Paperbacks. 75p each.

This version of the Comedies of Aristophanes is primarily intended for the stage and should receive a welcome from both actors and their audiences. Though the language sometimes lapses into undisguised prose, the effect of it on a modern English audience may well be not very different from that produced on an Athenian one by Aristophanes' iambics. The conversational style and loose rhythms are eminently suitable for humorous dialogue and for most, if not all, of the longer speeches. The words flow naturally and are easy to speak and to read.

In certain speeches the translator has rightly adopted a more formal rhythm. Possibly this technique could have been applied more thoroughly and more widely. The speeches of True Logic in *The Clouds* are in a loose form of blank verse, but they still do not contrast sufficiently with the inanities of his opponent. In some plays the address of the chorus to the spectators is translated into long trochaics. This is good, but it may be asked why this was not done for the most moving of them all; the Epirhema in *The Frogs*, a passionate plea for civic justice, deserves better treatment than it gets. In the same Comedy the "bottle of oil" joke loses its point unless a strict metre is used.

Mr. Dickinson has experimented with the choric passages, not always successfully. There is much that is excellent. Some of the lyrics, notably hymns, are finely turned into English poetry, and in a number of the choruses there are exciting rhythms, but too many of them read like chopped up prose. Sometimes it would appear that there has been a deliberate determination to escape from the lightness of the Greek. "Thrum-thrum-thrum" is an uninspired rendering of the musical "threttanelo". The agitated women of *The Lysistrata*, at their first entrance, might be discussing the price of cheese. The chorus in *The Birds*, on the other hand, is excellent, preluded by the utterly delightful songs of the hoopoe. K. S. LAURIE

SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES

Soledad Brothers: the Prison Letters of George Jackson (Jonathan Cape £2.50 hardback: Penguin and Jonathan Cape, 35p paperback). This is a remarkable collection of letters, grim and cheerful, violent and dedicated, by a young black revolutionary, George Jackson, who has been continuously in prison since 1960. Brought up in the black working class ghettoes of Chicago and Los Angeles, he was sentenced at the age of eighteen to 'one year to life' for second degree robbery in driving the getaway car used after robbing a petrol station. His release, entirely dependent upon the yearly reviews of the Parole Board, has been consistently refused. There seems little doubt from other sources that racism is rampant in Californian prisons, and that the prison guards, themselves anti-black, encourage the white prisoners in attacks upon the blacks. Jackson rightly or wrongly denies that he has ever used violence except to

protect himself or his fellow black prisoners. He is clearly a person with great natural intellectual ability and a very remarkable courage and determination, which has become more grim and dedicated as the years have passed. As these letters written from prison from 1964 to 1970 show, glass house conditions, including seven years of solitary confinement, have produced the black revolutionary, a member of the Black Panthers, a communist determined to lead a violent crusade against the 'fascist' whites of America upon his release. Yet there is warmth and feeling behind the bitterness and the violent words. During the ten years in prison he has educated himself by wide reading; but of course all his book knowledge must be set against the lack of adult experience in the world outside. He is now awaiting trial, charged with two other black prisoners known, together as 'the Soledad Brothers', with murdering a white prison guard at the Soledad prison in January 1970 shortly after three black prisoners had been shot dead by a guard. He claims that this is simply a baseless charge to ensure his continued imprisonment, if not his death, since conviction carries a mandatory death penalty. More than anything else, this book is an indictment of the Californian prison system.

The Environmental Handbook (a Ballantyne/Friends of the Earth Book published in association with Pan Books, 40p). This 'action guide for the U.K.' edited by John Barr derives from the American Environmental Handbook edited by Garrett De Bell. It sets out in challenging manner the damage being done by man to his environment. Kenneth Allsop in his Introduction describes the contributors to this symposium as 'a brains trust of some of the best minds now studying the pathology of ecological injury, each matter-of-factly lays on the line the present circumstances in his particular field'. It is a woeful story, and followed in this volume by action proposals to awaken public opinion to the growing hazards and to the need for more planning and environmental controls. There is a short contribution by Barclay Inglis against supersonic transport. This subject is dealt with at length in a separate volume published under the same auspices, **Concorde: the Case against Supersonic Transport** (35p). In this popular 'documental source book', the author paints a frightening picture, including hazards in flight, pollution of the upper atmosphere, damaging effects of the sonic boom, airport noise and the huge costs, for no worthwhile return. If all this is true, one wonders how the Concorde ever reached the drawing board, let alone being built.

In **The Heirs of Donne and Jonson** (Chatto and Windus, £1.90) Professor Joseph Summers gives comparative critical judgments on the two named poets, treating Donne 'even more inadequately than Jonson . . . simply because he is generally better known and better read today'. He is right in thinking that most contemporary readers are likely 'to miss a good deal of Jonson's range and strength and art'. The loss will be theirs. In the five chapters that follow he discusses Suckling, Herrick and Carew ('Gentlemen of the Court and of Art'), Henry King and George Herbert ('Gentlemen at Home and at Church'), Richard Crashaw and Henry Vaughan ('A Foreign and a Provincial Gentleman'), Andrew Marvell ('The Alchemical Ventriloquist'), and Andrew Marvell again ('Private Taste and Public Judgement'). The new view of these seventeenth-century poets as 'heirs of Donne and Jonson' should provide much stimulating reassessment of their qualities.

LIBERAL POLICY AND LIBERAL PERFORMANCE

are reported fully in the

LIBERAL NEWS

Fortnightly · Price 5p

Ask your newsagent to order a copy for you now, or in case of difficulty, write for specimen copy to LIBERAL NEWS, 2-6 High Street, Haverhill, Suffolk.

BACK ISSUES

For sale and wanted to buy

We receive continual demands for back issues of **CONTEMPORARY REVIEW** from individuals and libraries wanting to complete their collections. Since we cannot always satisfy these demands without diminishing our own archives we will pay good prices for single copies and complete volumes offered to us. Copies 1866-1900 are in special demand.

Please send full details to:
Back Issue Dept., Contemporary Review,
38 Farringdon St., London E.C.4.

ORDER FORM

To THE SUBSCRIPTION MANAGER,
CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, 38 FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

I enclose herewith my cheque for ...., for a year's subscription
[For rates, see inside front cover]

Name ....

Address .....

....

THE WORLD TODAY

STUDENTS OF CURRENT AFFAIRS, to be well informed, need the facts. In THE WORLD TODAY, the monthly journal of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, experts bring to the general reader up-to-date and reliable information on world affairs. Authoritative and objective, THE WORLD TODAY not only deals with international problems but also includes articles on internal political and economic conditions in individual countries, written by authors with first-hand knowledge. Short comment in 'Notes of the Month' puts current developments in perspective and provides a background to events of international significance.

MONTHLY

Price 28p (5s. 6d.) per copy; £3.25 (£3 5s.) per year post free.
(In USA and Canada $10.)

Published under the auspices of the
ROYAL INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS
LONDON
by the Oxford University Press, Press Road, Neasden, London, N.W.10

MIDDLE EAST FORUM

A quarterly journal published by the Alumni Association of the American University of Beirut. The only independent periodical in English from the Middle East, about the contemporary Middle East, written by leaders of Middle East public life and thought.

Single copies: LL.4.00, $1.75. Annual subscription: LL.15.00, $5.00. Back copies for the past 5 years also available. P.O. Box A.U.B. 1751, Beirut, Lebanon.

Printed by H G LEATES LTD., 45-47 Alexandra Street, Southend-on-Sea, Essex, and published by the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW CO LTD, 38 Farringdon Street, London, E C.4 Tel 01-455 3638 All business matters should be addressed to the publishers

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

106th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

MAY 1971

PATRIALS ONLY
Paul Rose, M.P.

DRAMA CRITIC'S DILEMMA
W. A. Darlington

THE WESTERN HUDSON SHORE
John Masefield

EAST-WEST TRADE — AS SEEN BY A HUNGARIAN
Tamás Sattler

and many other articles together with an eight-page Literary Supplement.

30p

☆ Full Contents Inside Cover

Contemporary Review

Incorporating The Fortnightly

May 1971 Vol. 218 No. 1264 Founded 1866

Contents

		Page
Patrials Only	PAUL ROSE, M.P.	**225**
East-West Trade—As seen by a Hungarian	TAMAS SATTLER	**230**
Drama Critic's Dilemma	W. A. DARLINGTON	**235**
Does the Leopard . . . ?	GERALD MORGAN	**240**
The Western Hudson Shore	JOHN MASEFIELD	**245**
China's Population	V. D'ALTON	**250**
Holy Kiev	STOWERS JOHNSON	**255**
Tourism in 1971	L. J LICKORISH	**260**
The French Cinema: Three of the Best Directors	JAMES MORTON	**264**
Indigenous Weapons	THOMAS LAND	**268**
The Ballymurphy Estate	DESMOND BOWEN	**270**
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT		**273**
Earl of Longford, Paul Wilkinson, Richard Whittington-Egan, James Morton, Trevor Allen		
SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES		**279**

Editor:
ROSALIND WADE

Associate Editor:
BETTY ABEL

Editorial Advisers.
PROFESSOR SIR HERBERT BUTTERFIELD
PROFESSOR SIR DENIS BROGAN

Fine Arts Correspondent:
ERNLE MONEY, M.P.

Annual subscription (incl postage): U K £3 90 U.S A. and Canada $13 50

© 1971 Contemporary Review Co. Ltd.

Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 Incorporating The Fortnightly

May 1971 Vol. 218 No. 1264

PATRIALS ONLY

by Paul Rose, M.P.

THE 'Little Oxford Dictionary' does not contain the word 'patrial' but if the meaning is 'pertaining to the fatherland', as I discovered in a large ancient volume, the pronunciation is less certain. However you pronounce it, the word now has an ugly connotation. Signs reading 'Whites Only' at the ports would be unacceptable but the 'right of abode' is to be given to 'patrials' — free to come and go as they wish and to live in the United Kingdom. Curiously, therefore, in a Bill aimed at limiting immigration the right to live in Britain is conferred upon twenty or so million people, who, with the exception of the Anglo Indians, happen to be white. It is hardly surprising, therefore, if the concept of patriality is universally regarded as a euphemism for Whites only. 'Patrials only' sounds respectable if only because of its unfamiliarity.

It is this that led Keith Raffan (Chairman of Pressure for Economic and Social Toryism) to say — 'We in P.E.S.T. cannot but deplore the proposed Bill, which can only do great harm to race relations in this country. The distinction drawn between patrials and non-patrials can only be described as racialistic, as it will in effect discriminate against coloured commonwealth citizens.'

At least one Conservative M.P. with a courageous record on race, Mr. John Hunt (Bromley), put the issue frankly on second reading:— 'Whether we use the words "new Commonwealth", "tropical" or "non-patrial" what we mean is those born with black or brown faces. It will enhance the honesty and credibility of our debate if that fact is freely and frankly acknowledged from the start. It is possible in some circumstances to justify control of immigration on a racial basis. What cannot possibly be justified is the euphemistic pretence that nothing is further from one's mind than discrimination of this kind.'

At the other end of the Conservative spectrum, if the scriptures may quote the devil, the following analysis was presented to the House of Commons:— 'In Nazi Germany there used to be a phrase, *Grossmutter nicht in ordnung*, that is to say, "Grandmother not in order". It meant that if there was one

grandparent who was Jewish, whatever might be the other three-quarters of a man's escutcheon, he would be subject to the restrictions, the discrimination and the persecution which were imposed upon that race. We, conversely, are saying that such is the magic of birth within this country that one quarter of such descent is sufficient to mark a man out from the rest of humanity and to make him one of us.'

I wish I had the gift of expression of the man responsible for that description during the second reading — a certain descendant of a Welsh Immigrant to England called Ap Hywel, better known to Wolverhampton skin heads as 'Our Enoch'. It is of course a curious irony that the privilege of patriality has been bestowed on a million descendants of those liasons during the Raj, and the grandchildren of the offsprings of immigrants born here, whom many of Mr. Powell's followers would like to see back in the land of their fathers.

However, if you have an Irish grandfather and live in Australia, you have rights which the last Government took away from British Passport holders and first created two classes of citizens to avoid immediate obligations to Kenyon Asians. It would be extravagant to talk of the Nuremburg Laws, or South Africa's Immorality Act. Britain has traditionally voted in bed and indeed the number of marriages across the colour barrier is one of the nightmares afflicting racialists today, as it must have afflicted those concerned at the waves of Celts, Saxons, Jutes, Normans, Hugenots. Jews, Poles, Ukrainians and other assorted non-patrials over two millennia,

Consequently, the Immigration Bill is basically a public relations exercise, to appease the pressures from the xenophobic and obsessional racialist clamour to which successive governments have capitulated. They have yet to learn the lesson that you cannot appease or outflank those to whom racial and national feelings compensate for an innate sense of inferiority, insecurity or passion for power by exploiting such feelings. Indeed, the Bill hardly affects numbers, the total number of employment vouchers for Commonwealth citizens having fallen to less than 4,000 by 1970. Its irrelevance is due to the need to placate the demand that 'something has to be done'. It creates a climate of bitterness while not tackling the real problems of housing and social provision or community relations at their source. Harsh sounding divisive words and minor irritants are flaunted while very little is done towards appeasing the real wishes of the extremists. This makes relations more difficult while ultimately disappointing those who expect to see fewer coloured faces in our streets as a consequence of Government action.

But there is one feature of the Immigration Bill which has caused universal concern and which may well be amended. It derives from what at a recent meeting at the Indian High Commission was referred to with some feeling as 'cheap coolie labour'. It is a provision which should cause Trade Unions to throw their weight behind a massive campaign were it not for their traditional slowness to respond to the implications of actions outside their normal sphere of influence. For the implications of the new registration rules are such that a ready pool of second class non-citizens could be

used to undercut standards since, unlike past immigrants, freedom of movement, employment and permanence of residence will no longer be the right of Commonwealth Citizens entering Britain, unless, of course, they are patrials. It was perhaps unfortunate that Mr. Michael Fidler, M.P., at the first sitting of the committee stage told us that 'the principles are stated in black and white.' Whether or not the slip was Freudian, the fact is that the spectacle of the President of the Jewish Board of Deputies defending this principle and thereby clothing it with some respectability is one which caused an instant and almost unanimous reaction on the part of a section of the community fairly well qualified to judge the implications of the concept of 'patriality'.

It will mean that whereas one Jamaican immigrant will share the privileges of citizenship, another will be here on sufferance and both will feel unwelcome. Two classes of Commonwealth immigrants will work and live side by side and, unless the Government concedes the point, the police will be saddled with the invidious job of distinguishing one from the other. They will also be vested with wide powers of search, akin to those in respect of drugs, in order to search for illegal immigrants. Inevitably registration with the police and the fact that every brown or black face will now evoke reasonable suspicion is going to be a source of friction. To add another irritant to the already delicate relationship between police and immigrants will inevitably exacerbate existing tensions. There is the faint whiff of South African pass laws, or Soviet travel restrictions, in tying a man for a fixed period to a fixed job renewable at the employer's or Home Secretary's whim in a particular locality, only to be sent home to his Bantustan across the sea when he is no longer needed.

By unifying the law relating to aliens and commonwealth citizens the Government could have tidied up this messy sector of the law. What offends the liberal conscience is the application of the least attractive features of the law relating to aliens universally in the context of patrialism. Citizenship is not basically affected, but confusion and disharmony remain in new forms.

Hedging round the stay of commonwealth immigrants from year to year for the 2,000 artisans and 2,000 professional people who compose the annual total of new arrivals with these bureaucratic restrictions seems illogical. It will be impossible for the potential citizen to obtain a mortgage, difficult to obtain insurance or credit, or to move from an unsatisfactory job, while being possibly subjected to the petty tyranny that derives from insecurity. His children may be educated for five years in Britain and arbitrarily sent home. And yet it would seem that in other respects the current citizenship law affecting the would-be immigrant remains unaltered.

Some of us may be forgiven for considering that the provisions of the Bill detract from Mr. Heath's oft repeated statement that those living in Britain would be treated like everyone else. Immigrants already here will be subject to a means test before their children are allowed to enter. More objectionable in an age of enlightenment on mental health, they may be subject to removal from Britain for the sin of entering a mental hospital.

The discretionary powers to deport acquired by the Home Secretary 'if he considers it to be in the public good' is an arbitrary administrative power of decision which extends a much criticised formula in our law. Public interest is served in safeguarding national security, but this frontal attack on individual freedom not subject to appeal is a feature of the Bill which must concern those interested in civil liberties, quite apart from their attitude to race.

Similarly the provision allowing for the deportation of a whole family where the father is to be deported, is an untenable proposition. Here discrimination on the basis of race is compounded by writing in the inferior status of the wife into a Bill. It would appear that if a wife is deported, the husband may stay. Children over eight may remain if their father is deported, so that the sanctity of the family cannot explain this illiberal proposal.

However, patriality can be obtained after five years' residence so that aliens and commonwealth citizens are effectively subject to the same tests at this stage, while the voucher system applies to the commonwealth immigrant. Proof of good character and sufficient knowledge of English will be required. Similarly it must be shown that there is the intention to reside here or take up employment with a U.K. organisation. This would not appear unreasonable, but the spirit in which the law is operated is what is of ultimate importance. It virtually restates the present aliens legislation, but the absence of a right of appeal is crucial.

Again, the repatriation provisions might be said to be humane, were it not for the fact that actual encouragement to leave can only contribute to the sense of not being wanted, and so detract from efforts to integrate immigrants already here. But there is also a whole number of small restrictions in connection with entry conditions, the cumulative effect of which is significant and which impose an enormous burden on those attempting to challenge an immigration officer's decision.

It is not surprising therefore that the Bill has been condemned by a wide variety of organisations concerned with the rule of law, civil liberties and immigrant welfare. Like 'Immigration and Citizenship' they are convinced that 'It is designed to create a system of control which will make it increasingly unattractive to be an immigrant in Britain, particularly an immigrant outwardly identifiable by colour'.

The pressure may well mitigate some of the less wholesome features of the Bill, not least the involvement of the police in employment registration. The Police Federation in *Police* March 1971 complained bitterly that: 'It is evident that the Bill envisages a direct police involvement in its operation. In these circumstances, the lack of prior consultation with the official representative body for the police service is both discourteous and deplorable.' Similarly, the *Police Review* showed a remarkable insight into the problem which is a tribute to men who have to administer laws made by others and are concerned as much as anyone at the intrusion into personal freedom that is created by the Bill. 'Anything that makes a person have to go to a police station and be checked without having committed a criminal offence is likely to arouse fears and opposition.'

It is clear that the Department of Employment is likely to be saddled with the unenviable task of registration of non-patrials.

All this must be placed in the context of a Bill which in the words of the Rt. Hon. Roy Jenkins, M.P., 'greatly extends the number in theory by at least twenty millions who have a right to come and settle here but it does so on a highly discriminatory basis'. The patrial provision is seen as the new weapon and new terminology of discrimination in favour of the white commonwealth. It confers an unregulated right of settlement on some, while others are to register as second class citizens. Even the rights of dependants are downgraded to the level of immigration rules rather than statutory rights. Administrative discretion is widened at every level.

The inevitable result, as demonstrations by immigrants in Britain have already testified, is to make every coloured immigrant feel unwanted. More seriously, British born youngsters educated here and otherwise qualified will find integration so much more difficult by reason of having a coloured face. The price is a high one for a Bill which does few of the things claimed for it and which will only feed the appetite of those whose real desire is compulsory repatriation. Meanwhile non-patrial British Citizens to whom we have a moral and legal obligation languish in Nairobi and read of the rights conferred on others with the most tenuous British connection. Such is the logic of Patrials Only.

[Paul Rose, M.P. for Manchester Blackley, is an Opposition Front Bench Spokesman on Employment, was formerly Chairman of the Back Bench Home Office Group and has served on the Standing Committee of both Race Relations Bills.]

The June issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes 'A Decade of Change in the Churches' by Cecil Northcott, 'Reflections on the Death of a Field Marshal' by Henry Williamson, 'Morocco Today' by J. G. Farley and 'Labour's Year in the Cold' by Rowland Summerscales.

EAST-WEST TRADE — AS SEEN BY A HUNGARIAN

by Tamás Sattler

THE economy of Hungary has undergone considerable changes in the last quarter of a century, the final effect being that the country today depends much more on foreign trade than it did before the war. At present not 10 per cent (as in 1939), but four times as much, that is, 40 per cent of the national income, is exchanged across the frontiers. The pattern of Hungarian imports in 1970 was as follows:

Raw materials, including fuel	22.6%
Chemicals	9.4%
Machines	32.1%

= 64.1%, that is, almost two-thirds of imports.

Of exports:

Food and livestock accounted for	22.2%
Machines	32.5%

= 54.7%, that is, more than half of all exports.

The data quoted indicate at the same time the trend of the change in the Hungarian economy since the war. Foodstuffs now account for only one-fifth of our exports, whereas they formed the bulk of it before 1939; the share of machinery — 30-30 per cent export and import — indicates that this branch of the Hungarian economy has developed especially strongly in the twenty-five years just gone by. In general it is a sign of a high level of development. And finally, the figures show that Hungary is poor in basic raw materials and fuel, or in other words that industry has developed in such a way as to make the country more dependent on imports of raw materials and fuels.

Let us take a look at the geographical pattern of Hungary's trade with the West. To simplify a little: trade with the E.E.C. formed 13.3 per cent of our imports and 15.7 per cent of our exports in 1970. E.F.T.A. countries and Finland accounted for 11.8 per cent of imports and 11.4 per cent of exports. Hungary is trading with practically all the countries of the world, the share of Western countries being around 32-33 per cent in 1970. In this, as may be seen, the E.E.C., E.F.T.A. and Finland participate with 25.3 per cent of imports and 27.6 per cent of exports. And to round out the picture still further, Italy in 1969 was first in our western exports and Britain seventh; West Germany was first in our imports and Britain fifth.

Our exports to Switzerland and Holland are considerably larger than those to Britain, which indicates at least some of the possibilities.

In the fifteen years 1953-1968, trade between the socialist countries of Eastern Europe and the industrial countries of the West grew at an annual rate of 11.5 per cent. Its share in world trade is about 6-7 per cent at present.

This is still a very low participation; and in spite of spectacular development, possibilities are far from being exhausted.

What are the reasons for this from a Hungarian point of view?

1. Barriers handicapping the free flow of trade, which were mainly erected during the cold war period, but in some cases still survive. The most effective ones are an obstacle to Hungarian exports: these are mainly quota restrictions and import licence regulations.

In the last few years there has been a certain trend, called liberalisation, towards relaxation of these quantitative restrictions. But a recent review by the E.C.E. Secretariat in Geneva shows that it is first of all the smaller countries of the West who have taken this road. In the more powerful economies there is still a substantial difference as far as socialist countries are concerned. In Britain, for instance, out of 1,097 tariff positions, 1,080 are liberalised in relation to O.E.C.D. countries, and only 882 are liberalised in trade with Comecon countries. West Germany is even worse, because the respective figures are 91 per cent for O.E.C.D. and 63 per cent for Comecon countries — whereas Norway has liberalised 94 per cent of its positions for O.E.C.D. and 93 per cent for Comecon.

West European countries generally grant us the most favoured nation clause. This means, *de jure*, that there is no tariff discrimination. But, as stated in article 24 of G.A.T.T., tariff unions and free trade areas form an exception, and the integrated countries are under no obligation to grant to third countries, outside the integrated area, the same advantages as they do within the community. This leads to tariff discrimination; and the further enlargement of the E.E.C. is bound to mean a tariff disadvantage for countries outside the community, even though non-discrimination, *de facto* and *de jure*, may in fact be practised. The U.S.A., neither *de jure* nor *de facto*, grants us favoured nation status.

Then there are non-tariff barriers galore. These may include everything, from discriminatory government and private procurement to so-called border adjustment rules which are designed to counterbalance the effects of indirect taxes, to restrictive administrative and technical regulations such as slow clearance of import licences, and in cases of doubt the classification of a product in the higher tariff category. About the provisions of the levy system on agricultural produce of the E.E.C., the E.C.E. Secretary states that 'they are much more serious impediments than tariffs and tariff reductions'.

2. Co-operation between firms in western countries is very common. Even U.S.A. firms, which are generally less interested in such operations, avail themselves of the benefits afforded by co-operation. Let me quote such well-known examples as Rolls-Royce engines for the Lockhead TriStar, or the sophisticated programme of the Intersat venture. But when it comes to suggestions of co-operation between eastern and western companies, managers in the West often ask: What is co-operation? Well, of course, we all know what it means. Production sharing, and the supplementing of each other's manufacturing capacity; joint investment projects including those in third countries; transfer of technology, through licensing agreements and know-how agreements, and so on. What really matters is the long-term community of interests of the firms involved. And here comes a difficulty which lies mostly outside the economic sphere. It is the influence of

politics, a certain mistrust, lack of personal contacts, lack of information about the other party's intentions and interests.

Hungarian trade policies are against barter business; and it should be stressed that forms of co-operation must not be confused with bartering, nor, either with simple forms of international sub-contracting. Hungarians do not deny that in many fields our technology is less advanced than that of some western economies. What we want is to improve and modernise, by way of co-operation, our export structure, and to increase our opportunities of entering western markets. Consequently Hungarian businessmen are not interested in taking over technologies of yester-year, but favour co-operation based on the most up-to-date technologies, even on technologies of tomorrow, since our interest lies in accelerating our technological progress. We cannot do this in all branches of our industry, agriculture and building construction, but we can do it in selected priority spheres, and this is our strategy.

On the other hand, Hungary not only requires new technologies; it also offers them, in fields where we are traditionally well advanced and developed.

We are dealing here with economic relations between countries of differing social structures. Many questions, therefore, in the juridical, commercial and financial fields still await clarification; and this, in my opinion, will continue to challenge our mutual attention for quite a period ahead of us. A pre-requisite is to create, in western as well as in eastern countries, a macro-economic environment in which firms find it attractive to co-operate, even across the frontiers of different social systems. This environment must be assisted by a combination of different incentives, such as tariff and tax reductions, credit facilities, cancelling of quantitative restrictions, and so on. Exact criteria should be elaborated for the utilisation of such special arrangements.

Perhaps I am not mistaken if I consider international co-operation as being not only a concern of firms? Governments ought to sponsor it effectively, and this necessitates a broad spectrum of economic measures both in bilateral and multilateral trade policies.

3. Marketing is not only a popular slogan: it is becoming a real system of multifarious activities with a strong element of interdependence. In Hungary the marketing of products on both the domestic and the overseas markets creates different but closely related tasks. Home marketing becomes an absolute necessity as the economy becomes mainly a buyers' market, and this is now the case with a number of products.

Overseas marketing becomes a 'must', because of the keen international competition, and this must be coupled with an understanding of the local particularity of the given market. Imagine a Hungarian company beginning to sell its products, for instance, in Cameroun. There having been very little activity by Hungarians in this market in the past, hardly anyone in our country knows the local habits, the peculiarities of the people and their consumption, the special features of the economy and its needs. This, of course, is an extreme case. But marketing in Britain and other western markets also has its special features; and the world, moreover, is changing

very rapidly. What was true for a given market a decade ago is not necessarily true today. We are aware of the fact that we have not kept pace with this change and development.

And there is another factor also: we have extended our markets with great speed, and are trading today with almost every country in the world. We have not managed to elaborate sufficiently the specific marketing technique required for many of these markets, and we could with advantage improve still further our knowledge of the British market.

Efforts are being made to catch up in this respect. In Hungary the Chamber of Commerce regards it as a trade promotion activity of the utmost importance to help to disseminate modern marketing techniques, and a lot of lost ground has already been recovered. Help in this field from countries with traditionally great dependence on foreign trade, like Great Britain, is always welcome.

4. Information also is a commodity, essential for trade. Although this again is a two-way channel, I would nevertheless like to stress that in my experience the average Hungarian businessman knows more about Britain than his British opposite number knows about Hungary. And unfortunately one sometimes finds this low standard of information even in those circles which seem to be very interested in trade with my country. The scene in Hungary is also changing with great speed, and the British ought not to be in arrears in this respect!

The importance of co-operation has already been stressed, and the selling party obviously wants to safeguard industrial property, above all if he is selling the most up-to-date technology. There follows the need to become acquainted with Hungarian patent and trade mark legislation, which was modernised in the course of 1969. Satisfactory arrangements can be made, with care and circumspection, and the example of many western companies is evidence enough that commercial interests can be negotiated and settled to the satisfaction of both parties.

This is only one example out of many. Our economic reform is now more than three years old, and still not enough is known in Britain about marketing possibilities, methods and means in our country. This applies also to most West European business circles.

5. Organisational differences in economy exist between countries in the East and those in the West. Differences, but not handicaps. In Hungary we endeavour to adapt organisational methods to the specific nature of the production and distribution, to comply with the requirements of trading and servicing activities. We do not intend to sever the overseas trader from the Hungarian manufacturer or the consumer. Manufacturing and marketing activities can be united within one organisation, if this makes more practical sense than their separation. In other cases several manufacturing firms unite their efforts in setting up one common marketing organisation for their overseas transactions. And further examples could be enumerated, as we seem to be quite flexible in applying organisational principles. This is mainly because Hungary is a country dependent on foreign trade.

Governmental planning is also often mentioned as an obstacle, alleging bureaucracy, and difficulty in assessing who is the real decision-maker. Trying to be impartial, I really do not find any more bureaucracy in the administration of a Hungarian firm than in the administration of a British firm of similar size and scope. Only a few weeks ago when discussing the problem of advertising for one of the major engineering firms here in Britain, I was told that the decision needed prior consultation with no less than 40 members of the staff!

The fact that firms are owned by the State by no means necessarily signifies that the State, or some State authority, has to interfere in decisions of the firm or company. Decisions are made at a level where information relevant to the given decision is optimal (or this, at least, is what we strive for). And in most cases this is at company level. On the other hand, let me recall that in western economies decisions of paramount importance also require government consultation and in some cases government approval. This applies not only to decisions in the infrastructural field (nobody in this country would contest, for example, the need for the question of the new London airport to be investigated by government commissions), but also for transactions of international character. Negotiations between Rolls Royce and Lockheeed were very much a government concern, on both sides of the Atlantic.

Purchaser and seller in socialist economies, as elsewhere, have a clash of interest. Both seek higher revenue: the important considerations for the socialist society being an overall progress. If you regard the economy as a set of very different vectors, then the State cannot afford to direct all vectors towards one goal. But it has to ensure an economic, social and financial environment in which the main result is the intended development. Or to apply another approach: Hungary's trade policy favours the open market based on reciprocity. We allow influences of the world markets to flow into our economy. On the other hand, we do not wish too great a spontaneity to prevail and therefore apply conscious government control of the economy. The combination of these two factors is the ultimate objective.

There are of course also some special features in our banking, financial taxation and foreign exchange systems and their organisation. It is impossible to go into detail here, but when I sometimes listen to complaints by western businessmen, I cannot help thinking how many countries with non-socialist economies have non-convertible currencies, and that France, the nearest neighbour of this country, has a centrally controlled foreign exchange system. So, in my opinion, organisational differences can and must be bridged, and this depends only on the will of the parties. Do not forget that non-socialist economies have been in existence for several centuries, and have evolved economic organisations which form the subject of teaching at universities, thus becoming familiar over a long period. Socialist economies cannot look back on such a mass of historical experience and tradition. Furthermore they have constantly to improve their performance.

[Dr. Tamás Sattler is the permanent delegate of the Hungarian Chamber of Commerce to the United Kingdom.]

DRAMA CRITIC'S DILEMMA

by W. A. Darlington

A MAN may very well spend a long and happy working life as drama critic on one of the 'serious' (as opposed to 'popular') newspapers. After forty-eight years of service to the *Daily Telegraph* in that capacity I make this statement with confidence. And though I have now left the field of play I am still in the game — as a linesman, let us say — and I still find it entrancing.

All the same, the job is an impossible one, as I found out many years ago, and can see more clearly than ever from my present detached standpoint. It is so utterly impossible that I can think of no other professional man whose duties are so incompatible. If I am to invent an analogy for the predicament in which my colleagues and I find ourselves, I must turn to the law. It is as if a group of barristers, most of whom have a marked talent for advocacy whether as prosecuting or defending counsel or both, were to find themselves hauled suddenly to the High Court Bench. They would no doubt do their best to be judicial and might make quite a good show of impartiality; but most of them would have fierce battles with their temperaments in framing their summings-up. And how would such a Bench react if, in addition to their normal work, its members were expected to spend endless hours in deciding trivial cases which should not be a High Court's business at all, but had somehow escaped the vigilance of local magistrates?

This analogy is by no means perfect, but it does define in part the dilemma on which the drama critic is impaled. He is appointed to his post by an editor who will expect him to deal with the theatre as a whole — to write imaginatively about drama at the high level where it ranks as an art, and to be a helpful guide to those of his readers — the vast majority — who regard it simply as entertainment and want to be told where to go for a nice night out. And unless he is gifted with a quite extraordinary elasticity of temperament, he is unlikely to be able to reconcile these two very different duties. This will be seen very clearly if we look at the matter from the editor's point of view.

What sort of man is this imaginary editor of ours likely to look for? Well, he may not care much for the theatre himself, or think it specially important; but he is certain to know that a great many intelligent people who have no opportunity or intention of going to the theatre enjoy reading about it. His first concern will therefore be to find somebody who is a good enough writer to attract a following. He will probably make himself a list of such men, including in it any members of his own staff who seem to answer the description; and then will begin a slow process of shortening the list, striking out the names of those whose style of writing or way of thinking are not quite what he wants for his paper. He asks for advice and suggestions from anyone he thinks might be helpful, and gradually his list dwindles to a manageable size so that a final choice can be made.

It will be noticed that I have laid considerable stress on the leisureliness of these proceedings, imaginary though they are. This is because experience and observation have shown me that on the solider papers an editor is likely to know well in advance when the need to find a new critic is likely to arise, and can take his time. Even when, as happened some years ago, a leading critic died with no successor earmarked, the search for one was conducted at a calmly deliberate pace, the day-to-day work meanwhile being done by temporary substitutes.

It is clear from this, I think, and anyway it is confirmed by a glance at the reference-books, that when the appointment is made it is unlikely to go to a man whose qualifications are mainly theatrical. The editor wants not only a writer, but a writer whose achievement, or whose promise, suggests that his opinion as a playgoer will be worth having. If he is some sort of theatre man already, that is all to the good; but if he lacks experience now, he will very soon pick it up. In other words, the man has been chosen for his individuality, his personality, his character and his record — and the editor's first demand of him is that he should show these qualities in his work. Second to this, but almost equally important, is that he should show himself, or turn himself into, a competent newspaper-man, who knows how to write to rigid deadlines both of time and space.

So now we have our new critic installed; and he knows very well, from the manner of the installation, what his first duties are. He is being trusted to write in an interesting and lively style, expressing opinions worth having on the theatre. He is expected to tackle his subject at every level from the highest pitch of artistic, poetic or intellectual achievement down to the broadest efforts of popular show-business; his chief care must be to pay to the drama that respect which every serious critic owes to the art he seeks to serve, and to do everything in his power to raise the standard of popular taste. He starts off, full of hope and high enterprise, and very soon finds out that he has been given an impossible assignment. The scope of his job is too wide for any one man to encompass.

He has been chosen because his tastes, like Edward Lear's, are 'refined and fastidious', and his natural bent is to write for playgoers of discrimination. In the ordinary way of things one would not expect a man of that description to have much liking for the kind of run-of-mill entertainment which commonly tickles the tastes of popular audiences who ask nothing better than to experience over and over again the jokes, the thrills or the sentimentalities with which they are familiar. To the more austere kind of critic, all such entertainment is anathema and to have to sit through it is genuine torture; while even to those more catholic-minded souls who love the theatre at all its many levels the sheer repetition of uninspired farces or hackneyed light comedies soon becomes a bore. If he has an equable temperament he can still enjoy this kind of thing when it is effective of its kind — reacting to good craftsmanship even when good art is totally absent. Yet even he is liable to grow steadily more demanding and less tolerant as his experience piles up. He notes with growing astonishment the number of shows which seem to him inept but are hailed with delight and

given long runs by audiences in search of easy laugher and little else. And so, as a guide to such people, even the critic least hard to please becomes rapidly less and less reliable.

In general, however, the experienced critics make real efforts to get themselves down to the popular level, praising anything that seems good of its kind, and confessing themselves honestly when, faced with something technically bad, they suspect that popular audiences may like it.

There is a young dramatist who recently put some of the leading critics into an awkward situation. He wrote a play which the critics said with one voice was very bad. The popular vote went the other way, the author had a gratifying success, and in due course wrote another play. This, according to the critics, was every bit as bad as the first; but because it might, for all they knew, have in it the same popularity-factors as its predecessor and be in for a similar success, they approached it with caution. Next day it was obvious that each of the two critics whose notices I read had had this possibility in mind and had felt that he ought to look into it; but neither of them succeeded in accounting for it to his own satisfaction.

One of them made his bewilderment quite clear:—

> 'We slide back into a world of people with no opinions, no work, no money problems, no children, and no interest in anything except marriage and bed. Why the sexual skirmishes of such blank wraiths should hold the attention of real people has always baffled me. But as it does, I had better hide my blind spot.'

The second notice also showed withdrawal and incomprehension:—

> 'Not my play. But there are still audiences for saucy impropriety. Perhaps they do not expect crisp characterisation, an alert sense of fun, a relish of modern manners, and a few hilarious surprises along the way. I'm sorry, but I do.'

Both these critics, it will be observed, were writing their notices under protest — protest so strongly implied as to be almost explicit — that the whole order of drama to which this particular play belonged was beneath serious criticism. Each of them was reacting as the high court judges in my imagined analogous situation might have done if required to waste time over trivial issues which a lower court should have settled. But in drama criticism there is no lower court. The critic has been appointed to deal with the theatre as a whole, and must give his opinion on what his personal sense of values tells him is trivial nonsense. And that opinion, as shown by the extracts quoted above, is more than likely to be contemptuous.

I saw this particular play on its second night, and entirely agreed with my first-night colleagues' view that it was rubbish, without even the saving grace of being a good specimen of its rubbishy kind. And yet, no more than a week later, I was told by an intelligent young woman of my acquaintance that she thought it an excellent entertainment, exactly suited to her need. Unconscious that she was acting as spokeswoman for a great mass of undiscriminating opinion, she went on, 'When I go to the theatre I just

want to be able to sit back and laugh. Life's difficult, and I want to get away from it for a bit'. In other words, she does not *want* stage characters to seem like real people; she prefers the blank wraiths of fantasy.

She and the critic are in fact at opposite ends of a ladder, and never the twain shall meet. He would be ready and willing to help her to climb it, but since she has no intention of climbing and indeed turns her back on any such suggestion, contact is never made and contempt becomes mutual. It is an absurd situation, and if the drama critic feels a sense of ill-usage at being forced into it he has at least the justification that no other member of the critical faculty is called upon to cope with any such dilemma. No literary critic, for example, is ever required to give a serious verdict on a run-of-the-mill short story in a women's magazine. These stories may be quite well written — indeed, they have to be, since it requires a fair degree of craftsmanship to wrap up the Cinderella plot yet once again in its modern disguise of She Married Her Boss, and achieve an air of freshness — but they do not rank as contributions to literature. Why then, enquires the drama critic fretfully, should the stage counterpart of these slushy affairs be submitted to his judgement on a public occasion with as much ceremony as if it were an important work of art?

The answer lies in the nature of the theatre itself. It is at one and the same time a temple of art and a house of entertainment, and there is no neat line of demarcation to show where the one ends and the other begins. If it were possible to say that the art department is upstairs, high-class entertainment on the ground floor and show-business down in the basement the critic's task would be much simplified; but in fact the work of these various departments is intermingled in the most bewildering way. Besides, the art is in itself composite, and the critic cannot afford to ignore even the most predictably bad play unless he is prepared to miss some spark of genius in the acting.

All-out, full-blooded, emotional acting is not much in fashion in these days, though there are signs that the taste for it still exists even among the most sophisticated audiences. It should not be forgotten that in the days when such acting was the rage nobody questioned that a very bad play might be a very good vehicle. Irving in 'The Bells', Forbes-Robertson in 'The Passing of the Third Floor Back', Martin Harvey in 'The Only Way' or 'The Breed of the Treshams' drew crowds, and drew tears from those crowds, wherever they went. I have never yet heard any good judge suggest that any of these plays were better than effective hack-work; but the acting that went into these shoddy pieces had about it something sublime.

Here lies the very heart of the drama critic's dilemma, in the fact that a leading player may give a performance of very high artistic quality in a play which has no artistic quality at all. As a man of the theatre, the drama critic must not only attend such performances, but must bring to them his deepest and most subtle powers of appreciation. He cannot therefore maintain (as his literary counterpart is able to do) that the journeyman pieces in which such performances occur are beneath his critical notice. On the contrary, he must sit through a hundred such pieces on the off-chance that an actor may find in them an opportunity to display his finest talents.

In the very rare cases in which this does in fact happen, the critic's enjoyment is its own sufficient reward. But in the great majority of such cases, where the actors have failed to breathe inspiration into uninspired material, the critic is left sitting sadly through one more wasted evening. It is not his fault that he cannot be entertained by familiar, hackneyed stuff; it is not the fault of popular audiences that they can. Tastes must be allowed to differ. But the trouble is that, in the English theatre at any rate, the tastes of the more discriminating playgoers differ so violently from that of the general public that an abyss has opened across which the two sections hurl expressions of mutual contempt. 'Egg-heads', yells the larger body, and 'Philistines' replies the smaller; and the critic, knowing that it is his duty to bridge the gulf, yet uneasily conscious that his personal sympathies lie with the egg-heads, hovers above the scene hoping that some way of compromise will appear.

I lay stress on the English nature of this dilemma, by the way, because in America the attitude of the critic to the popular taste is sometimes very different from anything that happens here. I have known a case in which a New York critic, having condemned a play which then had a popular success, wrote a second article admitting that his former judgement must have been wrong. To this man, evidently brought up to believe that the democratic principle held good even in regard to the arts, *vox populi* was quite literally *vox dei*. A play which the public liked could not be a bad play. It is a kind of judgement which could hardly happen in this country, where the critic, having been asked for his personal opinion, answers according to his own standards and is not disturbed if, by the standards of somebody else, he is 'wrong'.

He is almost certain to be 'wrong' according to the standards of the so-called Philistine, and it is from the intelligent Philistine that the newspaper critic gets his loudest complaints. The kind of man I have in mind is usually a very admirable citizen, and may be a man of high standing and importance. But he does not like art, and says so with complacent vigour. He goes to the theatre for an evening's amusement, and cannot imagine any other reason for going.

He reads one of the more solid newspapers, and makes intelligent use of the various services it offers him. If he has money to invest, he will very likely turn to the City pages to learn how things are and hopes that the paper's staff of experts may have some advice to give him. If he wants to bet on a horse-race, he turns to the appropriate page in search of an attractive tip. When the notion seizes him to go to the play, he feels that he has a right to get similarly sensible advice from the man who looks after the theatre column. But that fellow — he knows from disgusting experience — is no use at all. He spends his time writing a lot of nonsense which nobody can possibly want to read about plays which nobody can possibly want to see. Why can't the editor engage a competent tipster, and have done with it?

So he sits down and writes a letter to the editor, suggesting this. He gets a polite answer, too; but nothing comes of it. As an ancient proverb almost said, you can't make a sow's purse out of a silk ear!

DOES THE LEOPARD . . . ?

A Background to Soviet Expansion

by Gerald Morgan

RESEARCH into a particular phase of Russian expansion in Central Asia brought the realization of how unfamiliar we are with the building of Russia's empire in Asia as a whole. What follows may help in a general way towards understanding her motives today.

The expansion had its origin in Tzarist ambitions to become a leading power in Europe and by the end of the eighteenth century a great deal of progress had been made in that direction. In the matter of territorial expansion she was still behind in the race, but she made the most of the opportunities offered by her geographical situation and with the help of brilliant Foreign Ministers like Gorchakov and Giers the empire was built mainly in the nineteenth century, with quite phenomenal speed and with considerable apparent endurance. If one ignores the attribution of imperialism there is every reason for proper Russian pride in the result.

There may have been no specific objective, indeed there was a fair amount of opportunism, in the building process but there were certain long term aims. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the principal one was access to the oceans; Russia's only ports towards the Atlantic were on the Baltic. Ultimately, with the object of reaching the warm waters of the Mediterranean she wanted control of the Black Sea, the Bosphorus and Dardanelles. Furthermore if she could gain at least political control of Persia she could acquire ports in the Persian Gulf and on the Indian Ocean. Thirdly, in the Far East what she most needed were ice-free ports on the Pacific.

There were of course other aims; for instance colonisation was important. That was relatively easy because the climate of most of Asia was no bar; there was no problem of sea communications, the tribes of Asia were backward and in any case very few were warlike except in respect of their own inter-tribal feuds and conflicts. This last characteristic introduces another Russian aim. A country intent on modernization and empire building does not want tribal conflicts along her immense land frontiers. These backward tribes and minor races, mostly nomadic, had no notion of borders and no respect for Russian frontiers. Their frequent clashes hindered the increase of trade and occupied large Russian garrisons. The best way to secure the frontier was to occupy these tribal territories and that very practical aim was a considerable factor in the empire building process. Finally, although indefinable, perhaps the spirit of Chingis Khan was at work, in the reverse direction geographically speaking, and that implies too a certain lust for power for its own sake.

No review of Russia's Asian expansion can omit Eastern Europe, for that was where the Eastern Question really began. It has long been a Russian characteristic to exploit weakness. The weakness in this case was the Ottoman Empire, which then reached from the Persian Gulf to Buda-

pest and from the Caspian to Algieria. Left to her own devices Russia would probably have acquired the Balkans, the Black Sea and the Bosphorus and as much of Turkey in Asia as she thought she could digest, if not all at once then gradually. There was a considerable body of opinion at the time in England which thought that the Christian races then under Muslim Turkish rule would be better off under Russian Orthodoxy, but on the whole the European powers, in different combinations at different times, always decided to support Turkey, the 'Sick Man of Europe'. This happened twice in the first half of the nineteenth century in wars between Russia and Turkey. Each time Russia gained a certain amount of territory, although on each occasion the western powers forced her to disgorge much of her gains. But meeting determined opposition in Eastern Europe was one reason for increasing her activities in the Middle East where there were plenty of opportunities for exploiting weakness whilst at the same time distracting the attention of the European powers from her aims in Eastern Europe.

One great advantage of exploiting Persia, Afghanistan, and lesser states and khanates such as Merv and Khiva, was that all such moves could also be seen as steps towards India, to the particular embarrassment of Britain, who was the strongest power protecting the *status quo* in the Mediterranean. The conquest of India had been a dream of Peter the Great but how seriously it was ever considered in the nineteenth century is another matter. Even at the height of the series of Anglo-Russian crises in Asia, the most intelligent men in the Indian Civil Service, such as Mortimer Durand and Ney Elias, did not believe Russia intended to invade India, nor did Lord Curzon. But plans to meet such an eventuality naturally had to be drawn up and to the extent that the threat occupied a great deal of British diplomacy and British arms it can be said that Russia was achieving an important aim, in fact two aims, for the distraction of Britain and her own territorial expansion went together. It was less recognized in those days that in the face of determined opposition Russia has always shown a tendency to withdraw.

In the Middle East, in the early 1800's through war with Persia, Russia gained Georgia, considerable territory in Caucasia and Armenia, and maritime control of the Caspian Sea, as well as several small khanates in trans-Caucasia. It was not difficult to acquire influence in Persia because the country was in little better shape politically than Turkey and because Britain only belatedly realized that Russian influence there was a potential threat to India. But having realized it Britain was at least able to establish her influence over the southern half of Persia which included the ports Russia coveted so greatly. Later this was to deprive her of access to Europe's oil supplies.

Russia also did her best to gain influence over Afghanistan. She supported Persia in a war to recover her former province of Herat and also launched a campaign against Kabul. This was too much for Britain, for Afghanistan was part of the *cordon sanitaire* she was gradually drawing round the Indian peninsula. But it took two wars with Afghanistan before, under a ruler who preferred Britain to Russia, she agreed to accept British influence.

At about the same Britain also concluded a treaty with Persia.

By the middle of the 1870's Russia had come to recognize a British sphere of influence in the Middle East and her overt activities in the region ceased, though she continued fairly intensive subversive activities in the states along India's border. In the case of Afghanistan these subversive activities paid particularly good dividends, for Afghanistan bordered not only Persia but India, China and Central Asia as well, so that she was able to create tension almost when and where she needed it to further her expansion.

Between 1865 and 1885 Russia had acquired in quick succession the khanates of Tashkent, Samarkand, Khiva, Khokand, Transcaspia and Merv. Bokhara became a vassal state in 1869, although it was not sovietized until 1920. These countries were all weak and backward but were all potentially valuable, and their annexation completed the incorporation of Russian Turkestan in the empire. Naturally, the nearer these acquisitions to India the stronger the protests from Britain, seeing each step as an increasing threat to her sphere of influence protecting the Indian sub-continent. It is interesting to recall that, in the case of Khiva, the Tzar sent an emissary to London to assure the British Government that the proposed military expedition was primarily punitive and that no permanent annexation was intended.

This episode introduces an interesting point about the expansion in the Middle East and Central Asia. Annexation was nearly always achieved by means of a military expedition and the subsequent administration of the territory was always a military one. With the usual preference of soldiers for direct action rather than diplomacy, Russian military governors often took matters into their own hands and acquired territory without the knowledge of the Foreign Ministry. The result was that the Foreign Ministry frequently had to explain away the actions of the army and was often at loggerheads with the War Ministry. It seems possible that the permanent control of Bokhara, though it would doubtless have taken place in due course, was precipitated by the army refusing to withdraw after a campaign. Another example was the occupation of the Chinese district of Ili, which was described in a previous article in the *Contemporary Review* (The Sino-Russian Border Dispute. May 1970). Similarly in 1891, Colonel Yanov summarily ejected Francis Younghusband from the Pamirs on the grounds that he had been ordered by the Military Governor of Turkestan to annex the Pamirs for Russia. The action had not been authorized by the Foreign Ministry who, faced with a vigorous British protest, at once disowned Yanov's action. However, in 1896 Russia acquired most of the Pamirs by amicable agreement with Britain and Afghanistan and thus rounded off her Central Asian expansion.

A characteristic of officers of the Imperial Army of those days has possibly been overlooked by historians discussing the threat to India. Those on garrison duty tended to be bored, to drink a good deal (the British sailor's late lamented rum ration would have no more than filled a hollow tooth compared with the Cossack soldier's daily quota of vodka) and they longed for active service and promotion. Wherever British travellers met them their

talk turned to war. Russian officers were confident that they would soon invade India and boasted of the ease with which they would conquer the country. It would only be natural if such unintentional propaganda had its influence on British planners. Moreover there was no proper means of checking these tales. Whilst Russian explorers, both soldiers and civilians, were encouraged to travel everywhere in Central Asia and their geographical findings were published by the Imperial Geographical Society, successive Viceroys of India refused permission for British explorers to travel beyond the Hindu Kush. There was no proper intelligence system in the Indian Government till the Viceroy, Lord Dufferin, established an Intelligence Department in 1885.

In the Far East as far back as the seventeenth century Russia had already made considerable gains in Siberia and along the Amur river, although following war with China she agreed not to penetrate the Amur region. But the greatest expansion took place in the nineteenth century. The two chief reasons were firstly that the region was far enough away to be of relatively small concern to the European powers and secondly the weakness of China. It was fairly easy, given the immense frontier with China, to put pressure on one area, namely Central Asia, whilst concentrating the main effort farther north towards the Pacific. If she had wanted to absorb Chinese Turkestan, now Sinkiang, she could have done so in the 1860's during the Muslim rebellion against China, but she was content to establish a strong influence there whilst concentrating on the main objective. By then she had occupied and begun to colonize all the region north of the Amur river up to the Pacific, as well as Sakhalin, and she had gained the ice-free port of Vladivostok. (We are apt to forget that Russia had occupied Alaska till she sold it to the U.S.A. at this time and that the Tzar laid territorial claims to the American Pacific coast as far south as California.)

By the end of the century the ambitious trans-Siberian railway had been completed, which speeded the development of the region as much as did the earlier trans-Caspian railway in the Middle East, and she was also constructing the Manchurian railway for China as part of her future designs on Manchuria. Lastly she had leased from China the Liao-Tung peninsula with Port Arthur which was another ice-free port.

But at this point Russia was challenged by Japan, and her defeat in the war of 1904-1905 resulted in the loss of the Liao-Tung peninsula. That war postponed all hopes of further penetration in China and indeed ended her main period of expansion in the Far East. Only twelve years later, and less than half the time that has elapsed since the end of the Second World War, came the Revolution.

After the second of the wars against Turkey, Russia had ceased to challenge the Powers in Europe. Instead, she made the best and most logical use of her geographical situation to expand in Asia where the opposition was negligible or at least weak. As there was clearly no finality about Russian expansion it may be said that the Revolution left her with unfinished business in Asia and surprisingly little time elapsed before she took up the threads again. Thus she never lost interest in Sinkiang where she continued to maintain

her consulates and a powerful military presence to guard them. Apart from her industrial interests there was a strong religious link between the Muslim population there and her own Muslim population across the border. The Muslims are the militants of Central Asia, and so this link could one day become a vital factor.

One attempt to continue the unfinished business came to an end, when, having occupied Manchuria during the Second World War, this time at the expense of Japan, she was forced to withdraw again in 1940 in face of the success of Chinese Communism.

Today Russia is still occupied with the same concerns. For example, we may note how she exploits all the weak spots in the Middle East although apparently still careful not to risk a major confrontation. She may well remember the lessons learned in Europe during the last century and again in the Russia-Japanese War, when she was forced to withdraw from so much of the territory only recently gained. In the Far East in the face of China's growing strength this is no time for taking risks, but her increasing strength in the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean, her interest in the re-opening of the Suez Canal and the strategic highway she has just completed through Afghanistan and Pakistan to Karachi all take us right back to those long term aims. Although the alignment of the forces facing Russia are not the same, the ambitions themselves are just as valid.

[Colonel Morgan's interest in China and Central Asia began during his service as a subaltern, first in Hong Kong and later in North China. His biography, *Ney Elias: Explorer and Envoy Extraordinary in High Asia*, will be published this summer by George Allen and Unwin.]

THE WESTERN HUDSON SHORE

by John Masefield

In a long life's first independent day,
As a Septembral mistiness grew bright,
I saw the Hudson River where it lay
Westward, all silver in the windless light.
There, like a giant guard,
Ranked as a rampart, proud yet battle-scarred,
Were precipices silent in array.
Endurance in eternity grown gray,
Sentinel in implacable regard,
Watching the ending of another night.

'What is the cliff?' I asked. 'The Palisades.'
Thereafter, daily, I would look across
And watch the silences of their brigades,
Enduring their eternity of loss,
The sun, the wind, the cold.
Often I watched the setting sun glow gold
Down to their summit at a day's decline.
I saw no dwelling in a rocky line,
No lighted window starred the dusking shades,
Sombre the fort, from rampart-top to fosse.

Often I wondered what the rampart hid.
What was it that the cruising eagle saw
Below the forest tree-tops as he glid
Searching the rock for quarry for his claw?
Was it the West, untamed?
Manless, as yet, with creatures yet un-named,
With ashes of the Indian camp-fires strown,
The earth as yet unploughed, the grass unmown,
Where nothing of adventure was forbid,
And knife and bullet gave the only law?

Whatever wonder or alarm might be
Beyond those clouds aflame as the sun sank,
I felt that something great awaited me,
Awaited all who sought beyond their rank.
There, in that haunted ground
By present search the future might be found . . .
The hardly-hoped, new, unexpected thing,
That must be sought-for, seeing naught would bring
The pearl within its nacre from the sea,
Or nuggets from the mountain torrent's bank.

Daily that solitude of frontier lured.
Before the winter struck I rowed to find
What people, by such rampart reassured,
Beyond such wall, were wonders of mankind.
I neared the rocks; I saw
The eagle and the cranny-nesting daw;
No sign of human life but screes and crags,
With scanty sumach showing scarlet flags,
An ebb that passed, an iron that endured,
In stony silence daunting to the mind.

But in a gully, as I came to land,
A couple, lad and lady, stared at me,
Seemed, for an instant, prone to lend a hand,
Then, doubting, changed their minds and let me be.
They seemed about to speak . . .
I made the boat secure within the creek,
I wished to speak to them, but did not dare,
(Myself a boy) and, wondering what they were,
I left them to the river and the strand,
And picked my way through boulders up the scree.

Above the cliff the timber scattered sparse
In land no coulter yet had made to yield.
All was untended waste, of unfenced grass,
An untamed naught, not forest and not field.
No sight of house, no farm,
No church-bell struck, no dog barked an alarm,
Save for the flies, no moving life at all.
Naught but the splendid silence of the Fall.
Whatever dangers lurked to see me pass,
None gave a symptom, nothing was revealed.

But, pushing on awhile, I found a track,
I followed as the latest hoof-marks led
(Hoofs going westward, that had not come back)
Into a grassy woodland just ahead.
I paused: I heard no sound.
I seemed alone upon a no-man's ground;
Saw nothing but October-coloured trees
From which, at times, a leaf, by slow degrees
Came rustling to the seepage rotted black
From branches still in blueness overhead.

But the sun southing, it was time to go.
I meant to ask those friends, as I returned
What farms were westward; surely they would know.

But both had vanished thence I soon discerned.
All desolate the scene,
Rock to the sky in majesty of mien,
Rock above water, water below rock,
Waiting the dawn when destiny should knock.
I pulled into the trouble of the flow
Eyeing the patches where the sumach burned.

I travelled to that rocky coast no more,
But often thought about that vanished pair.
Seemingly sole possessors of the shore,
Often I wondered who and what they were.
Three ships about to speak
The strings of rolled-up signals at the peak,
But then, by impulse, never broken-out,
Their nation and their nature left in doubt,
For memory (regretting) to restore,
And fantasy (regretting) to make fair.

What could that couple, man and girl, have been?
Had they come fishing? Was their boat at hand?
Were they two lovers, being King and Queen
In two young hearts, supreme o'er sea and land,
Where, in that Jersey side,
(Seemingly peopleless) did they abide?
Had they but spoken, what would they have said?
If questioned, what reply would they have made?
Why should their apparition come to mean
Something too great for me to understand?

Long afterwards, I trod New York again,
Earth's loveliest, liveliest City, shining new:
And new friends asked, who never asked in vain:
'Come up the Hudson and enjoy the view . . .
Old Yonkers from the West.'
They took me, straightway, to the very crest
Just where I once had climbed, but, oh, what change,
All the old waste was utterly made strange,
With traffic hooting onwards in a chain
And all the Sunday merry with ado.

There, underneath, the Hudson sought the sea,
Beyond, a miracle of city shone,
City, where only forest used to be,
The lovely New York City thrusting on . . .
All shining city now,
There Yonkers lay . . . I well remembered how.
I said. 'I worked there, many years ago,

I rowed once, to the gully here below . . .
Two strangers saw, and almost spoke to me,
Later, I looked for them, but they were gone.

'Strange that that man and girl should haunt me so.
Say, could it possibly have been that you
Came, one October Sunday, just below,
And saw me pass . . . were you the very Two?'
They answered: 'No . . . not we . . .
Though we were living near, it could not be.
Then we were still in Puritanic days,
Our Sunday morning passed in holier ways.
Forget the couple that you didn't know,
Take us instead and try to make us do.'

Friendship is sunlight scattering man's cloud,
Making a life a sunbeam's spangled dust,
Soon they were showing me, when time allowed,
How far the energies of Man had thrust
Bringing that shore to use,
Giving, and promising to give, no truce
To that unknown alluring Jersey shore.
The distance I had hungered to explore,
Was now inhabited, adorned, endowed,
Its Might-Be, brought to Being by Man's Must.

All, changed or not, those friends together showed.
Westward and northward, seeing all, we went,
Through forests where autumnal maples glowed,
Up golden miles of turbulent ascent;
Past West Point, flagged and fair;
By clearings that old pioneers laid bare,
And gave, or kept, the Dutch or Indian name,
Each having still its little touch of fame,
Its storied ferry, or remembered road,
Or, on the green, its laurelled monument.

After long years, those glad companions built
A woodland mansion near the rocky crest
That in my youth the setting suns had gilt.
I lived for days in that enchanted West,
Walked there, and came to know
The unknown country that had lured me so.
There, as the destinies decreed, I learned
The change that follows when a soul has earned
Leave to proceed . . . as earthly flowers wilt
So mortals change and enter into rest.

They died, but, dying, left that house of theirs*
To be a seat of knowledge, home and shrine
To those who track the Hidden to its lairs
Down in the depth of cosmical design.
To probe beneath the crust
For ancient rocks that made the modern dust;
To bore beneath the bottom of the sea;
To learn the doings of eternity,
The frosts and fires of immense affairs,
Incalculable, splendid and divine.

Still, therefore, now, my thoughts turns every eve
To that great wall of rock, with fancies fond,
Of what the Sun, in sinking, must perceive,
By me, unseen, undreamed of and unconned.
Thus far the search has gone:
Over the River, into Jersey, on,
By bridge, by ferry and by multitude
Into the secrecies where none intrude,
Into realities where none can grieve
Feeling the certainty of Truth beyond.

Such are the links between the rocks and me,
The lure that seemed to promise, and the thrill
That what the promise seemed might come to be
Spite of all punishments that thwart us still,
Chains of old time, old lacks,
The stones in wallet on the pilgrims' backs;
Then, spite of all, the unexpected friends,
The widening of the scope that never ends,
The Sun forever sinking in the Sea
Lighting a path to consecrated will.

*This stanza refers to the fact that the Lamont estate at Palisades, New York, was willed by Mrs. Lamont at her death in 1962 to Columbia University, which established there the Lamont Geographical Observatory.

[John Masefield, O.M., was Poet Laureate of Great Britain from 1930-1967. 'The Western Hudson Shore' was written as a memorial to his friends, Thomas and Florence Corliss Lamont. It has not been previously published in the United Kingdom. It will appear later this year in the United States in *The Thomas Lamonts in America* (A. S. Barnes & Co., New Jersey).]

CHINA'S POPULATION

by V. D'Alton

THE spectre of China's teeming millions has for centuries haunted the rulers and peoples of the West. Even to-day, statistics and estimates regarding China's population vary widely and wildly, and in recent decades, as though gloomy foreboding were not a sufficient goad to exaggeration, politics have been called upon to make confusion worse confounded.

On the one hand, occidental statesmen are only too ready to describe reunified China as a menace to the peace and the liberty of the world. And when they are at a loss for any credible motive for aggression, there is always the legend of overpopulation at hand. Confucian man's unrestrained fecundity, so runs the argument, must eventually bring about a crisis. The rulers of Cathay, pressed by sheer necessity, will be forced to lead their hundreds of millions of famished subjects to war in a desperate resolution to burst the bounds of their present frontiers in search of food.

And on the other hand, although for many hundreds of years the Chinese did not know that any advantage could be drawn from counting their own numbers, they have latterly become much more propaganda conscious. The vision of the numerous people of Han united in a resolve to face a threatening, puzzled and terrified outside world is surely made more effective by raising their pretended numbers from a mere four hundred to six hundred, eight hundred or even a thousand million!

In former times in China demographic considerations were not treated as being important. Successive dynasties kept a periodic tally on the numbers of their subjects but even the most puissant monarch was too wise to intrude on a sphere where the Chinese paterfamilias held a sway as absolute as that of the Son of Heaven over the whole realm. The Rulers contented themselves with keeping a register of the number of households and left it to those who might be curious to find a convenient multiplier if they wished to count heads. The last reliable result obtained from this arithmetical exercise, made in the middle of the nineteenth century, just before the Europeans began, in 1840, their serious assault on China, yielded a total of 250 million people. Since then, the Manchu Empire has been shorn of territories seized by Russia in the North, and of Outer Mongolia: but all these lands were then so thinly populated as to make little difference.

The whole of Europe, west of the Urals, is roughly as large in extent as the China of today: each has about 10 million square kilometres (say 3,800,000 square miles). By 1840 regular censuses had become common to most of Western Europe and the results of these, complemented by reliable estimates for the rest, yielded a total in that year for the Western subcontinent of 230 million. Europe was on the threshold then of a great economic upheaval, but there was not as yet a radical difference between its basically rural structure and that which existed in the Chinese Empire.

In the East, after the Revolution of 1911, an attempt was made to carry out regular quinquennial censuses through the medium of the newly formed Chinese Postal Administration. This institution, organised on modern lines to absorb and centralise the functions of the age-old regional Letter Offices, was admirably suited to the purpose, for its tentacles reached out over the entire Empire and its network of communications included even the remotest little hamlet on the farthest flung frontier. But difficulties arose. The town postman and the rural courier on whom the ultimate duty of collecting completed returns from households fell, were not minded to rush in where Emperors had feared to tread. They filled in the returns themselves. This might in itself not have been fatal to the accuracy of the census: but another more insidious trap was soon discovered.

Once the modernised Post Office had won the confidence of the people, the new service began to expand with such extraordinary rapidity that financial problems inevitably arose. The Administration was intended to be self-supporting and had therefore to keep a sharp eye on expenses. But the thousands of postmasters of every degree scattered over the face of the country were avid for more men and more money to meet their ever-expanding needs. To them, the Census came as a gift from Heaven: the logic of it all was too simple — the greater the population, the greater the number of men and the more money needed. The population of China began rapidly to expand!

After years of penitential service in the Interior, I was given a seat in the Directorate General in Peking, and found myself concerned with the very department dealing with the compilation of, by this time, the very suspect census returns. Among the first batch of forms that came into my hands was one sent in by the enterprising postmaster of a comparatively little known riverine port on the Upper Yangtzu, some fifteen hundred miles from the sea. Having recently spent six months' exile in the port concerned, I was astonished to observe the claims advanced. The population of this little walled country town had, it appeared reached the phenomenal total of 700,000 souls. Had this claim been accepted, the return would have put the town in the same bracket as San Francisco, Boston, Mass., Liverpool, Hamburg and Marseilles.

The atmosphere in the Directorate was by then fairly resigned to persistent exaggeration, but when research revealed that the enterprising postmaster proposed to make this return a foundation for a substantial increase in his budget, an official enquiry was ordered. Grapevine communication came to the rescue and before the cumbersome machinery of an investigation could be set in motion an amended return reducing the claim from 700,000 to a relatively credible 100,000 was received and grudgingly accepted.

It is not suggested that this incident was typical of the entire operation. But even when inertia damped the enthusiasm of ambitious petitioners, matters were not improved. As soon as provincial authorities realised that the census would not serve their purpose, it became a burden to them and, to keep the peace with their own subordinates, they resorted to the practice

of giving the last preceding figures an automatic increase each time the quinquennial inquiry came around. In the course of a frustrating tour of inspection, I formed the conclusion that District Directors had tacitly agreed to a five-yearly increase of 20 per cent.

The result, was that the Post Office published figures, although adopted by many official and quasi-official reference books, were far from reliable. The last aggregate, published whilst the Japanese Invasion was well under way, gave a total of 470 million and this was the figure quoted by Chairman Mao Tze-tung when he addressed the nation on the inauguration of the People's Republic in 1949. In 1953, the new régime carried out a 'Direct Census', which gave a total of just under 600 million. As far as was humanly possible, this operation was completed in a serious and methodical manner. But the result obtained is not entirely free from suspicion partly because it is difficult to believe that a Direct Census could have been completed in so brief a time, under prevailing conditions.

The entire country was very far from being pacified after nearly half a century of anarchical civil wars. Large areas remained under the control of defiant war lords, millions of armed and unpaid soldiers, owing allegiance to no-one, still roamed the countryside and the streets of every large city were choked with millions of uprooted, homeless refugees. Even the future of Manchuria still hung in the balance. Moreover, the figures themselves show a disquieting tendency to conform to a uniform ratio of increase when compared with the last previous post office returns.

In 1953, the population of Europe was also hovering in the region of 600 million and, all things being equal, one might have been inclined to accept China's claim to a like aggregate. But, during the interval between 1840 and 1953, all things had been far from equal. Europe had undergone a drastic and social and industrial revolution of a novelty and an intensity previously unrecorded in the history of mankind. And this metamorphosis had been accompanied by an explosion of population equally unprecedented.

I give but a few of the many examples available. The population of England (the term as used here includes Wales) had registered a net increase of only 2 million in the two hundred years between 1600 and 1800, during which social and economic conditions had shown little basic change. This was a gain of less than 10 per cent. But, in the full flood of the industrial revolution, the population was trebled, leaping from 13 to 39 million, between 1831 and 1931: a threefold increase in one half the time. Belgium, the first of the continental countries to follow the same economic path, doubled the number of its people in less than 70 years. The population of Holland, a very late starter, jumped from two to 13 million, most of the increase having taken place during the present century. Even Russia, where the movement to the factories only began effectively with the building of the Transiberian Railway, showed a sudden increase of 35 per cent in less than the 30 years preceding the outbreak of the First World War.

On the other side of the picture, Spain, only moderately affected by the industrial contagion, with a population almost equal to that of England in 1830, shows less than one third of England's increase since that time.

During the century that concerns us, and except for Manchuria, which had to all intents and purposes become part of the economy of industrial Japan, China underwent nothing faintly resembling the drastic transformation of Europe. At the time of the First World War a few embryonic industries appeared in the coastal ports where foreign influence made itself felt: but the spreading cancer of the civil wars prevented even these from expanding and they were for the most part stifled by the Japanese Invasion. For the rest, the great bulk of China's vast interior remained unaffected by the changes of the machine age. Its rural economy remained basically what it was in 1840 and had been for two thousand years before. There was no such stimulus here to an increase in numbers such as had taken place in Europe: and there were many factors that militated heavily against even such a modest natural growth as one might expect in an average rural society.

The civil wars that almost tore the country asunder were not particularly lethal on the battlefield: but they resulted in the uprooting of millions of people from their homes, and the dispersal of countless families from their native villages. The breakdown of civil administration had as its consequence colossal death rolls from flood and famine. Of the latter, one of the worst which afflicted the provinces of North China in the early 1920's, claimed over ten million lives and drove as many more in the character of indigent beggars on to the streets of the cities. Added to which the Japanese Invasion lasted eight years and affected more than half of China's Provinces.

An important consideration is that the industrial revolution in Europe was accompanied by significant advances in medical science and public hygiene, leading to a drastic fall in the ratio of infant mortality and an appreciable lengthening of the average span of life. No such alleviations were the lot of China where up to the end of the first half of the twentieth century death infancy was as high as in mediaeval Europe and where a man of 50 is even today 'old' and one of 60 'venerable'.

Turning from the general to the particular: at the time of the Direct Census in 1953, England had a population of 48 million. At the time of the last post office census, the province of Shantung in China, with an area equal to that of England and Wales, was credited with 32 million people.

Shantung is an attractive land. Its Western portion includes rich alluvial soil watered by the Yellow and Huai Rivers. But the Eastern portion, comprising one third of the whole, is hilly and relatively barren. There are possibly a dozen cotton mills in the suburbs of the port of Tsingtao, a ring of light industries around the capital, Tsinan, and some well developed coal miles along the province's only trunk railway line. Shantung's railway mileage is, even to-day, under 500, as compared with England's *ten thousand*: and the province boasts 900 miles of all-weather roads in contrast to the *one hundred and seventy thousand* that exist in England.

There remains the one big demographic miracle of our century, the settlement of Manchuria by the Chinese. Shantung was the chief contributor. At the height of this migratory movement, in the years between 1915 and 1935, many thousands of farmers left the hard soil of the Eastern High-

lands every year for the virgin fields of Manchuria, and the net drain on the province for the entire period can scarcely have been less than 5 million souls. Yet the compilers of the Direct Census would have us believe that in 1953 Shantung had a population of 51 million, 3 million more than England and Wales at that time.

Undeniably, China suffers from severe maldistribution of population. Nine provinces, which can be described as maritime or as being part of the Central Plain with an area of 1,500,000 square kilometres (estimating over 500,000 square miles) have nearly 350 million inhabitants (according to the census). Three Western Provinces, together with almost uninhabited Chinghai, account for 1,250,000 square kilometres (say 400,000 square miles) but have barely 30 million people. The present régime is taking energetic steps to correct this dangerous imbalance by the construction of new railways and highways, the re-allocation of industries and by schemes of irrigation and re-afforestation.

The overall present density of China's population is barely one fifth of England's, a quarter of Japan's and only half of India's. Thus, there is very little ground for thinking that the pressure of population alone is likely to force the rulers of China into such a desperate remedy as a foreign conquest. Contrasted with the deluge of humanity the West poured over the universe, Chinese emigration beyond the bounds of the Empire has been insignificant.

HOLY KIEV:

Religion Old and New

by Stowers Johnson

THERE were trams in Khreshchatik Street, where, despite a slight shower of rain, crowds of people were walking as if it were a Mediterranean *corso*. The street was once a gully outside the fortifications of Yaroslav's wall. Now, tall buildings, all post-war constructions, have gone up like cliffs on either side in a strange style; ceramics, coloured tiles, balconies and railings, spires, towers, architraves and arches, columns and balusters, from which rectangles of steel and plate glass seemed only just beginning to assert themselves. There were flowers, green trees and beautiful gardens, hordes of people dressed as 'workers' everywhere; the strangest medley of architecture one could imagine, but framing a stereotyped monotonous population if one judged by externals. I walked amongst them to Kalinin Square where No. 8 is preserved as a literary memorial museum because Taras Shevchenko lived here in 1859.

On October 18, 1905, Constantin Paustovsky was a child standing in the Square when the citizens crowded round the then Town Hall in demonstration. He tells how (*My Life Story, Vol. I, 16*) he saw the Czar's police and the Cossacks gallop across the crowd, mowing them down. As I came up Kreshchatik and saw all those solemn townspeople with heads down, I fancied how an *Intourist* guide would comment: 'They have no need to demonstrate now except in praise and thanksgiving on May 1!' Between pavements and gardens there was an open-air Book Bazaar. The press was so thick one had to elbow one's way to get a sight of the volumes on the tables. The customers were keen and hungrily searching for titles. What books, I wondered, could be in such short supply? Certainly not the Marxist-Leninist productions. They were always housed in smart emporiums, empty of customers, where you could take your pick and meditate. The guide-book puts it so delicately, naively, if one reads between the lines: 'The Kievites are fine judges of *belles-lettres*. They like delicate lyrical poetry, short stories with sharp conflicts and novels with profound generalisations. That is why so many people always throng around book markets. Interesting new books can be found here for every reader. Frequently, one can see behind the counter, instead of salespeople, those who wrote during the quiet night or in the morning hours the lines of the books that are now on the shelves. "An autograph, please", the readers ask of their favourite authors.'!

A little further on I found 'The Passage' where up steps under arches was a shopping centre we in England would call a 'precinct'. Everywhere along Kreshchatik chestnut trees flourished and well-watered gardens blazed with huge flower blooms, combining with the breadth of the street to make the most energetic display of quick architecture in Europe, for in a fantastic conjuration it had all sprung vivid from the ruins of war.

Conversely, in the square down Vladimir Street almost hidden by chestnut trees and lilacs is all that remains of the Golden Gate of Yaroslav's Wall whose bricks and stone masonry were once world-famous for their gate of gold. Bogdan Khmelnitzky the Cossack and hero of a popular rebellion passed through when in 1648 he entered Kiev in triumph to unite the Ukraine to Moscow, but in 1751 they buried the gate under earth 'to keep it in preservation', and forgot it was there until excavations in 1832. At the end of Vladimir Street above the rose gardens on a high pedestal stands the massive bronze equestrian statue of Khmelnitzky with an arm outstretched towards Moscow. Russian tourists had just left their coaches so I walked with them to stare at the Cossack hero. It took twenty years before in 1889 the statue could be erected on that mount, for the Czar was nervous about glorifying a man of the people and a rebel, while Kievites were not enthusiastic about paying for the bronze nor, as today, over-anxious to celebrate closer ties with Moscow. Today he served as the background for an outdoor photographer who sat at his table-desk among tempting enlargements of his art, whispering half-saucy, half-complimentary enticements to the more photogenic of his passers-by — mostly women, who simpered, hesitated and considered the matter. When his clients had gone, he expounded on cameras and trade. Peasants were not good customers he asserted, and for the others it depended on what they were wearing. Now children, that was another matter, everybody wanted pictures of children. 'Except the children!' he added with a grin, busying himself as a mother and child approached.

Those tourists had been taken across the square to the bell tower gate of St. Sophia's. Like a processional monument in white on green, topped with its gilded, pear-shaped dome, it stood in baroque splendour ornamented with two-headed eagles, crowns and scrolls of stucco whose humorous-faced cherubs seemed yet sensible enough to spread wings to harmonize with the design which bore them up. Once the visitors had passed below the belfry, within those gates there was no reverence, only an atmosphere of wonder or of compelled attention to the hectoring voices of the guides. The ancient cathedral was now merely a historical museum with book-stalls and refreshment booths and not a place of worship. Built in 1037, through nine centuries its walls had survived fire and pillage, neglect and restoration. Here and there, below the stucco, the restoration authorities had laid bare the ancient brickwork of the eleventh century in specimen display, while above the domes blazed out in a re-lay of new gold leaf. The twelve domes, all pear-shaped, rose in steps towards the tallest central one, combining to make a pyramid cluster. An elaborate model illustrating the cathedral as it was in Yaroslav's City in 1037, the sarcophagus, probably of Yaroslav, with its popular tree decoration in relief, its ridge roof and acroteria at the corners and of course the antique objects in glass cases, were seized upon by the guides who used them as motives for authoritative rhetoric in voices of command, rather than of appreciation, marshalling the peasants and workers along in their trade union parties like wondering, uncomprehending sheep.

I could not help thinking that perhaps when, after the Mongols had

destroyed the Upper City in 1240 and St. Sophia stood for many years with the western part ruined, the arches broken, and with weeds and brambles creeping within the walls, perhaps the shepherds gave more understanding to the ancient stories in the frescoes and mosaics? Far away from one conducted group a child was questioning her father about these unknown figures on the walls. Who were they? And why? And he was explaining. But when he noticed me listening he faltered and fell silent in a guilty confusion. I knew he was teaching religion to a child under age, an offence in the Soviet Union. 'They are only fables,' he said apologetically. 'They do not matter.' 'Yet you are afraid,' said the child and continued, 'I am frightened also. I am afraid of them.'

But there was no harshness in those marvellous mosaics and frescoes; the wonder of the Slavonic world was in their faces, whether Archangel Gabriel or Annunciate Virgin; or those delightful musicians, jesters and masqueraders of the prince's entourage. And where the nineteenth century oil painters had been restoring, the softer browns had made them kinder still, while the twentieth century Russian academic restorers lent a sweetness of line to this, sometimes, alas, over-sweet. The branch-shaped pillar was strange to me and the wealth of picture work overwhelming: only when for a moment or two one could be alone without assertive voices hammering one's sensibility, some of that glory the ancient artists had intended would return. The guide-book had declared: 'Magnificent interior and exceptional pageantry of rites and services stunned ignorant, deprived of any political rights and socially oppressed people, diverted them from class struggle for the better life.' Were not these communized peasants just such? And after 'Fifty Years'!

I walked back to contemplate once more on the concave surface of the central apse that most Russian of all the mosaics, the eleventh century Praying Virgin, the most resolute slavonic figure of a woman raising her either hand in adoration. Against the golden background she stood upon a dais decorated with precious stones, dressed in a deep blue tunic below a violet mantle. Under her red belt the gold-embroidered kerchief was fastened gleaming white and clean laundered, and the Russian boots on her feet were bright red. Below this composition were the gentle faces of the disciples arranged on both sides of an altar in celebration of the Eucharist: floral ornamentation, white line on dark blue background made the mosaics sparkle.

As I came out of the cathedral some guide had said, 'Time for photographs!' and away went the little precision instruments clicking docilely to order. I left them and went into the old orchard. The grass was long and there was a forlorn, neglected look about the trees. An elderly woman was filling her bag with fruit, calmly surreptitious as if she had long been accustomed to doing this but had no right, while her husband kept watch for her from a distance. When her bag was full they went off together, but as if unwilling to assume responsibility he did not relieve her of that heavy load which made her rather more than conspicuous.

After driving round to the funicular station I left my vehicle by the re-

freshment buffet in Government Square, an unfinished square with one line of huge pillars in front of Government Offices—all that exists of a plan interrupted by war. Several people shrugged their shoulders suspiciously before I dicovered what premises hid behind that grand colonnade. The path along the cliff-top gardens was easy to find where it led to a high pavilion with seats placed in the ideal spot to command that best view of the whole Dnieper River, Trukhanov Island, the sunny beach, the Contract Fair, the Podol, the grain elevators and factories, the bridges and all the faraway stretches of blue water, barge laden, that came wandering from the forests and the green steppes. Rising out of the trees below was the tall statue of St. Vladimir upon his chapel; he held his great cross and stared down towards the footbridge and the sands where he baptised all those Kievite heathen in his time. It was not easy for Prince Vladimir to become enrolled among the saints, so angry were the Greeks with Nestor's *Lives of the first Russian Saints* compiled in the Lavra Pechera. He, Vladimir, the Greeks declared 'was a mere libertine who scorned no means to satisfy his insatiable lust. His harems failed to satisfy him so he dishonoured Rogneda and abandoned her. He had done the same with the daughter of the Korsan prince. He married off the dishonoured girl to one of his men-at-arms. The same Vladimir had mendaciously demanded the sister of the Byzantine Emperor in marriage and only a miracle had saved her from disgrace. An eye disease which affected him forced him to repent and to keep his promises. Was this a fit candidate for sainthood, whose baptism had been forced upon him by difficult circumstances and was not the result of his own free will?' (*Kiev Rus*. 555)

The denigration of Stalin did not seem all that dissimilar, I thought, as I drove back by Khreshchatik to Taras Shevchenko Street, going towards the Brest Litovsk Road. Though it was evening, I stopped outside St. Vladimir's Cathedral and went in. Still thinking of this Prince who, before disbanding his harem, had earnestly tried to re-establish the old Slav gods, I was quite unprepared for what there was to see.

The Cathedral was full of standing worshippers packed so close it was not easy to move between them. Tapers were being sold and lighted, candles burning, and the icons were being reverenced, petitioned and worshipped. I moved to pass up the stairs but there was a queue before two women furiously form-filling at the counter from proferred passports. It was for christenings, I was told, and all these parents were booking in for their children, justifying themselves with the State document of identity. I passed upstairs, edging through the crowd, and saw the choir of men and women with their conductor preparing to sing. Large and sincere nineteenth century religious paintings hung here, actually painted by Nesterov and Vasnetsov, but to me very reminiscent of Burne-Jones, though softer, kinder than he. A huge mural of the Ride to Jerusalem, the Ass and the carpet being spread, was seen ideally from this gallery, but when I came to look down into the congregation the fervour upon those worshippers appeared close to ecstasy. I was astonished and came down to mingle with those devoted people with their prayers, obeisances and brown candles. Someone touched my arm and

pulled me to one side. The priest was coming to the icon. He was a young man, very handsome, with longish hair trimmed at the back of his head. His bearded assistant swung the censer as they passed from icon to icon and the congregation made recognition.

Then the choir sang with powerful intense voices that were carried everywhere by amplifiers, and the Service began. Young men and women and older folk. As I moved around the Cathedral I saw they were all in wrapt devotion, those in new, up-to-date clothes and those in old-fashioned styles of dress. There were cripples, men with war injuries, some on crutches and several without a leg. The priest stood and sang from his book. The old Church Slavonic I could not understand, but he seemed as grand and majestic as his voice when he led those thousands in devotion with the choir coming in like a tide, an invocation of strength in this atheistic land. The vast oil painting showed Mary looking straight down the aisle in a dark, wistful stare while her babe held out his arms. The priest passed through the gate, and sang again, and went behind the Iconostasis.

But the Service seemed not to be over, for, as I left the Cathedral, many more were entering, young, energetic men and women, the adolescent as well as the old, and they were not sight-seers, and there were no guides or lecturers with them.

TOURISM IN 1971

by L. J. Lickorish

OVER six million overseas visitors came to Britain in 1970, 16 per cent more than in 1969 which was itself a record-breaking year for the country's tourist movement. There were, in addition, nearly 800,000 visitors from the Republic of Ireland. Spending by these visitors, including fares paid to British carriers, is estimated at £570 million, equal in value to the country's fourth largest export to the world as a whole and the second largest U.S. dollar earner.

The year had special significance for the tourist movement through the implementation of the Development of Tourism Act 1969. Four co-equal statutory Boards, the British Tourist Authority and the English, Scottish and Wales Tourist Boards, came into operation, taking over the functions of the British Travel Association and the voluntary Scottish and Wales Tourist Boards. The legislation embraced three separate subjects: firstly, the establishment of the statutory bodies with powers to promote and develop the country's tourist and holiday trade, both from overseas and within Britain; secondly, the introduction of the Hotel Development Incentives Scheme, providing badly needed financial resources for the hotel industry; and thirdly, provision for the registration and classification of accommodation for visitors.

These changes reflect the rapid growth of Britain's tourist movement in recent years. It was only in 1963 that the number of overseas visitors to the country reached two million, and by 1969 it was becoming clear that further growth would require greater consideration by the Government of its policy towards tourism. This would involve the possibility of attracting substantially greater numbers of overseas visitors to Britain and the consequent need to foster the development of services and amenities for them and for the growing numbers of British people with time, leisure and a vastly improved ability to travel about.

Much of the earlier visitor traffic, both from home and overseas, could be catered for by the travel trades, the resorts and the resort areas in the country without massive investment in new facilities. Present opportunities for greatly increasing tourism in Britain involve the much more difficult problems of investment in new resources, the re-development of existing resorts and the creation of new resorts and resort areas.

B.T.A. has forecast that overseas visitor traffic could well exceed ten million by 1975 and their spending could approach £1,000 million. Benefits from this growth trade to the national economy are badly needed but tourism is not simply a major factor in the Balance of Payments. Visitor spending brings trade and prosperity to many parts of the country, helps to conserve historic buildings and attractive countryside and provides a profitable basis for the maintenance and development of leisure services to be used also by the resident.

While forecasts of overseas traffic are optimistic, the movement in the

reverse direction of British people travelling abroad, importing foreign tourist services reached a new record level of over eight million visits at a cost of more than £500 million. The number of British people taking main annual holidays in Britain is thirty million. This movement has been static for some years, but there has been a very substantial growth in second holidays and days and weekends away from home in the country's tourist regions.

The demand for leisure services, of which tourism forms an important part, has shown a rapidly rising trend in most industrialised countries, including Britain, and therefore the challenge to provide for this demand within the country itself in economic and commercial terms represents a major task. Expansion in the tourist and holiday movement is accompanied by change in shape and form. It is not simply a question of doubling the numbers of visitors to travel to the same resorts for the same attraction and on traditional itineraries. Tourism is essentially a movement seeking an interesting activity at an attractive destination with other people.

Fortunately for Britain, most of the changing trends favour the country's tourist services. We do not sell hot sunshine, but rather cultural and sporting activities including the wide range of increasingly popular hobbies enjoyed in a countryside of outstanding beauty and interest. London itself, with a combination of cultural, sporting and social attractions, is an international destination with a unique position. Many of the most important tourist attractions in Britain can be enjoyed over a long season, and throughout the country there are opportunities for inviting and receiving more visitors. The average room occupancy of British hotels outside London is only 55 per cent, in other words nearly half of the existing capacity is unused.

B.T.A. and the Tourist Boards have a challenging role in guiding development of one of the world's fastest-growing trades, with far reaching economic and social consequences. B.T.A. has the task of promoting visitor traffic from overseas, seeking the co-operation of national interests in Britain as a whole and acting as a catalyst to bring together the wide range of interests and authorities, institutions and commercial firms, each of whom must contribute their own component part if tourist development is to go ahead.

For this reason the Authority has established a series of consultative committees, widely representative of the key interests, each of which has a role to play in attracting or catering for visitors. In addition, special attention by all four statutory bodies is being given to research and to the study of methods and systems of tourist promotion and development to help and encourage all the interests concerned to play a more effective and, in commercial terms, a more profitable part in building up the tourist movement.

One of the principal tasks is to create the right conditions for an expansion both in traffic and in the services to cater for the traffic, which no Tourist Board can do by itself. The English, Scottish and Wales Tourist Boards have a special responsibility for promoting the tourist attractions of their own countries within Britain, and in this way to compete with the

foreign tourist areas which seek the attention of prospective British travellers. This competitive development of free trade and travel is the finest safeguard against restrictions in the form of currency allowances or other measures to limit our own people from travelling abroad if they wish.

One of the most important steps taken by the national Tourist Boards is the creation of regional tourist organisations, representing a co-operative of the major interests looking after the tourists and providing an effective link between local authorities, institutions and the providers of particular services. The national Boards have the duty of implementing the Hotel Development Incentives Scheme, which has had a remarkable effect in stimulating the development of accommodation. The hotel industry for many years was deprived of the incentive given by Government to manufacturing industry in particular to invest and expand its business. As a result, over 80 per cent of the stock of some 200,000 hotel rooms in Britain is more than 50 years old. Investment in new accommodation was heavily concentrated in London and was running at the rate of some 2,000 rooms per year. Thus, while some $6,000 million were being invested in new aircraft, including Boeing 747's, the other key component, accommodation at the destination, had an investment programme scarcely reaching £30 million a year. The Hotel Development Incentives Scheme has ensured that new construction in the period 1970/73 will exceed 40,000 rooms.

The first immediate step to improve Britain's competitive position in tourism has been secured by the legislation, but the Act also included the provision for the statutory Tourist Boards to play a more active role in developing tourist facilities as a whole. The essence of tourism does not lie in the plane seat or the hotel bed but in the provision of interesting things to do in interesting places.

The new trends will require development of resorts as a base for recreation, enjoyment and new pastimes. There is a growing demand for camping and caravanning and for holidays based on sailing or horse riding. The interest in culture involves not merely the conservation of historic buildings, towns and museums but participation in a more active way by the visitor to these places. Study courses and lectures are examples of changes in the organisation of holidays which will enable a growing number of people to benefit from the vast storehouse of the country's cultural riches, including the English language.

B.T.A. and the national Boards are confident that through promotion more visitors can be persuaded to travel off the beaten track, or enjoy new forms of holiday and to travel throughout the year. Already overseas visitor traffic to Britain shows a higher rate of growth in the autumn, winter and spring months than in the summer.

But these changes equally involve the development not only of basic services such as accommodation and transport, but also facilities and amenities, not the least of which is the conservation of our national heritage. It is here that the national Boards and their regional organisations have their particular role to play. The Tourist Boards' prime function in development is to encourage and experiment, to guide the interests concerned and

to bring those interests together, since no single one can create a new tourist destination or indeed a new tourist attraction. In recent years much research sponsored by the tourist organisations has already explored the tourist resources of the principal resort areas, but in most a strategy of development is lacking as yet.

The region itself must choose firstly to become a tourist area rather than to seek investment and development in industry, and secondly the forms of tourism suited to its resources. There is a natural discrimination, well understood by the pioneers of holiday-taking in the railway age which created resorts around our coast and throughout Europe. Visitors to Blackpool would be unhappy in Frinton. Many types of active holidays can be accommodated in the same region but not on the same piece of coastline or stretch of country. Development strategy is a co-operative task. Local Authorities and planners, with the co-operation of the residents who have a special importance as the host to the visitor, must choose the forms of visitor traffic they wish to welcome, bearing in mind the area's tourist resources. The invitation to come must be presented in marketing terms and within the discipline of the market; in other words, taking into account what the visitors themselves are interested in seeing and doing. The promotion itself must include the organisation of the visit, the tour or the stay which permits the special and unique attractions of the region to be enjoyed at competitive prices.

The Local Authorities and the tourist interests in the region will need side by side to embark upon a programme of providing information within Britain and overseas and simultaneously seek development of transport, accommodation and facilities for the activity in the area on which their business will depend. This form of tourism planning will make it possible to present an attractive image of the areas to the prospective visitor whether at home or overseas, and equally a clear guide to a series of developers who each in their turn will take decisions, usually of a commercial nature; whether to invest in accommodation, amenity or leisure activity, which together create a resort. There is no mystery in this form of development. There is a great need today to stimulate activity of this kind. New resorts and resort areas are being developed at a far greater rate in Europe than in Britain.

B.T.A. and the Tourist Boards, with their respective complementary tasks, can make a major contribution to national prosperity. Since travel and visitor spending are spread increasingly throughout the country and through a wide range of trade and businesses, success depends not only on close co-operation between the Tourist Boards, which is assured, but on co-operation with the wide range of interests catering for the visitor, stimulated by the regional and local tourist organisations which are being developed throughout the country.

[L. J. Lickorish is Chief Executive of the British Tourist Authority.]

THE FRENCH CINEMA: THREE OF THE BEST DIRECTORS

by James Morton

ONE of the most disappointing features of the last London Film Festival is that, of the three major films by the French directors Truffaut, Chabrol, and Franju, only the one, by Truffaut—*L'enfant sauvage* has yet been shown commercially in London. This had the indignity of being the bottom half of a double bill with a re-issue of Chaplin's *The Circus* at the Curzon. The other two (at the time of writing) have disappeared, as have so many good films from the Festival over the years. An immediate example which is called to mind is Melville's *Le Samourai* which has Delon as a French gangster formally eking out his last hours much in the manner, if not in the style of Maurice Ronet in *Le Feu Follet.*

If we are to see these films eventually, how have these directors, now with Bresson, Goddard and Rohmer, the vanguard of the French cinema, changed in the thirteen or so years since their first full length films?

In many ways, Truffaut seems to have turned full circle. In his first film, made in 1959, *Les Quatre Cents Coups,* he depicted, with great charm and distinction, the troubles of an adolescent boy growing up in Paris. Now, eleven years later, he has taken the true story of a boy found running wild towards the end of the eighteenth century and used as a scientific experiment by Dr. Jean Itard of the Paris Institute for the Deaf and Dumb. The child was found in a forest in Paris and captured, and this makes one of the finest sequences of the film with the camera panning through the forest following the boy in his attempted escape before dogs corner him, and he is finally smoked out.

In relating the child's situation with his gradual acceptance of confinement in clothes and surroundings and the experiment of Itard (played with consummate skill by the director), Truffaut mirrors the enchaining circumstances of *soi-disant* civilisation. (It is no secret that *Les Quatre Cents Coups* was semi-autobiographic.) Gradually, but this time in no way unkindly, Itard breaks down the boy's resistance and makes efforts to integrate him just as efforts of another kind were made to integrate Antoine Doinel in the first film.

Again and again Truffaut has returned to aspects of non-conformity and its position in society today. It cannot be coincidence that his first film, apart from a 1955 16 mm. short *(Une Visite),* was called *Les Mistons* and deals with a child's view of a brief summer romance which the children in their imagination (successfully?) endeavour to destroy.

Taking a line through all the Truffaut films there is a continual succession of misfits and mischief makers. Charlie the piano player in *Tirez sur le pianiste;* Montag, the fireman who opts to join the book people in *Fahrenheit 451;* Antoine Doinel, who is slowly, as the episodes unfold, being crushed by the petite bourgoisie conformity; Julie Kohler, the

revenging bride in *La Mariée était en noir* and, of course, Catherine in *Jules et Jim* are all rebels against their environment.

At the end of *Les Quatre Cents Coups* Antoine is an anguished captive in the celebrated freeze frame, a prisoner for ever despite his efforts; a view which is strengthened and confirmed by the succeeding stories. At the end of *L'enfant sauvage*, the wolf boy has temporarily escaped from the care of Itard to return to the freedom he once knew and has seemingly relinquished; but which has, in reality, been taken from him in the name of liberty and enlightenment.

The characters of Claude Chabrol's films suffer, but not from the twin diseases of conformation and repression as do Truffaut's. On the contrary, on the surface at least, they are enlightened and free. They have parties, and drive in fast cars through the open countryside in continuing images and montages of freedom of space and time. If they do work it is certainly not usually of the pen-pushing variety. The playboy champagne growers of *Le Scandale*, the scriptwriter of *Que la bête meurel*, the earlier *Les Cousins* and *Les Biches* live in the splendour of wealth. Their troubles are not an adjustment to their surroundings as with the characters of Truffaut but their adjustment or in most cases their lack of it to each other. 'Why' in *Les Biches* kills Frédérique not because the loss of her love is going to reduce her physical circumstances but for the loss of her love itself.

Chabrol's position in the French cinema falls quite neatly and distinctly into separate parts. After three fine films, *Le Beau Serge* and *Les Cousins* both made in 1959 and followed by *A Double Tour* in 1959, his work seems to have fallen apart by the high standards he had set himself. His film making went into a decline culminating with a financial disaster in *Landru* (1962). For a time he was forced by his backers to make commercial thrillers and these he nevertheless managed to imbue with ingenious and indeed arrogant touches as though, despite his straitened circumstances, he was able to cock a snook at his tormentors. One has only to compare them with the James Bond films of the period to realise this.

His period of critical exile ended in 1968 with *Les Biches* and from then on commercially and critically he has never been held in higher esteem. His films from *Les Biches* on, whilst retaining fidelity with his original tenets, have developed in a quite remarkable way. Throughout his work it is the personal relationship which has fascinated him. Almost constantly throughout his work (with the exception of the 'spoof-spy' thrillers) he has concentrated on the relationship of two people, very often of the same sex. Rarely does he step outside this; Serge and Francois in *Le Beau Serge;* Charles and Paul in *Les Cousins;* Christopher and Paul in *Le Scandale;* and perhaps to a lesser extent Charles and Hélène in *Que la bête meure!* It is interesting to note, and he admits this, that throughout Chabrol's films the characters often retain the same names. Now in his latest films, in which the characters are for once employed, Stéphane Audran, Chabrol's wife, takes the part of Hélène whilst Jean

Yanne plays *Le Boucher* Popaul. Can this be a corruption of 'pauvre Paul'?

Under the superficial framework of a police investigation in circumstances not dissimilar both to Fritz Lang's *M* and to *Maigret tend un piège* (the Simenon novel later made into a film with Jean Gabin as the inspector), Chabrol takes the opportunity for a detailed analysis of the relationship—or in this case the lack of it—between the schoolteacher Hélène and the butcher of the title. It is a logical extension of the rejections and failures of the previous characters, combatants of his earlier films culminating in a rejection of love and its resulting death and, as a natural corollary, the final self-rejection of Hélène and of the many Charles and Pauls of his earlier films.

The position of Georges Franju is quite different. He has made relatively few feature films although he is, in addition, widely regarded for his very much earlier *Le Sang des Bêtes* (1949), a documentary of the Paris abattoir. Like Chabrol, his first film *La Tête contre les Murs* was made in 1958, and in this study of a French asylum he contrasts the control over the inmates with the control exercised over an inmate, Jean Pierre Mocky, by his father. Of the many fine images in the films of Franju, perhaps one of the most outstanding is the sight of the inmates shuffling around their recreation yard barely touching hands in a mockery of the game of ring-a-roses.

In contrast to Chabrol and Truffaut, there is no set format for a Franju film and they range in subject over a wide field. But the outstanding link between all his films is twofold. Firstly, the films themselves have a nightmare quality, as if we are seeing pictures which we cannot believe; as if all is part of a dream from which we are to wake and put behind us its evil frames but which will nevertheless be pressed into our subconscious. Perhaps this is why, despite the comparatively few films he has made, the Franju images in preference to those of other directors are so readily called to mind. The scene in the asylum is one. One thinks of the burning horse running in panic through the streets in *Thomas l'Imposteur;* of Judex, the dead dove in his hand moving through the Ball (incidentally to the pre-Zhivago music of Maurice Jarre and how much better it was) and the scenes of Phillipe Noiret as Bernard, the proprietor of the land, and of Thérèse Desqueroux. Secondly they deal with, for want of a better word, the underdog.

Throughout the films, with the possible exception of *Pleins Feux sur l'Assassin*, there has been the eventual triumph of innocence, purity and love on the one hand over the stifling and, to Franju, corrupting circumstances of reality. Not always are the struggles by innocence and love successful. In *La Tête contre les Murs*, Jean Pierre Mocky's rejection of the world and his return to the debilitating asylum can be seen as defeat, but on the other hand it may well be that this is a triumph for him in the only way left to him. This is the one chance he has, which he takes, to defeat his cruel or at any rate unthinking and unfeeling father.

In this film we see the beginnings of the hallucinatory workings of

Franju. The mysterious boy, Jean Pierre Mocky, and the equally elusive and illusory girl, Anouk Aimee Arem, in the Paris sequences, shadow a time of war and a dream to allow us to bear the pain of existence.

By the time *Judex* was made (1963) the fantasies had proliferated. To begin to follow this film it must be understood that it was a 'remake' of, or at any rate an *hommage* to, an old serial thriller made by Feuillade in 1917 as an antidote to his more popular but more evil genius, the master criminal *Fantomas*. The film begins with a title's tribute to Feuillade and one recalls that the year the original Judex was made was the year in which the French army mutinied.

Now, in this loving reconstruction, Franju has produced a god (Judex) who renounces his supernatural and immortal powers for the love of Jacqueline. Relating back to the film 50 years earlier, so much is dreamlike and symbolic. The heroine in white, the villainess (the superb Diane Monti) in black. In a complete dream world, in so many instances, as seen through the eyes of a child, Judex becomes more and more fallible as his love for Jacqueline grows. More and more childhood dreamlike aides come to his rescue; dogs guard the captured Jacqueline; doves bring messages of her peril; finally the child's symbol of beauty and magic, Daisy, the circus acrobat, arrives as a *deus ex machina* when all else has failed. The dream turns full circle, for Daisy is not dressed in workday clothes but arrives at dead of night dressed for travel in her trapeze costume.

Two years later in *Thomas l'Imposteur* (1964), Franju took (from a novel by Cocteau) the story of a young fantasist who succeeded in deluding the authorities in France during the Great War and who deluded himself into believing in his status and rank. Finally, so that he did not have to give up his fastasies which had become his beliefs, he died for them.

Now in his latest film, *La Faute de L'abbé Mouret*, Franju has taken the matter further to its most successful and perhaps to its final conclusion. In this film which closely adheres to Zola's novel, *Serge*, the priest who in a godless community suffers a nervous breakdown, is restored to health and indeed life by Albine, the niece of a freethinker. Following his breakdown he forgets his priesthood and he and Albine grow up together in a primeval innocence in the gardens of Le Paradou with the enchanting legend which surrounds it and with its obvious symbolism as well. In a film of exceptional beauty Albine finally wills herself to die and Serge returns to, or is captured by, the monks. But now in a scene far transcending the prosaic sentences of Zola, Serge rediscovers his vocation in a dissolving image of the virgin as Albine or perhaps Albine as the virgin. This is an enchanting fairy story where Franju has fulfilled his chain of the triumph of hope over despair, of innocence over corruption, fantasy over reality, illusion over disillusion and finally rebirth over destruction.

INDIGENOUS WEAPONS: ISRAEL ARMS INDUSTRY APPROACHES SELF SUFFICIENCY

by Thomas Land

A SERIES of brilliant intelligence coups in France has brought the Israel aeronautics industry to the verge of putting an indigenous war plane into production. A vastly improved version of the French Mirage III-C aircraft, the war plane which decided from the outset the result of the Six Days War in 1967, is reliably expected to go onto the production line of Israel Aircraft Industries by the summer of 1971.

Israel has already developed a sophisticated naval missile and is believed ready to build a range of indigenous tanks. Nevertheless, according to N.A.T.O. sources, the overall military balance in the Middle East tends to be shifting in the Arab's favour as a result of Soviet expansion in the area.

Russia has invested some £1,600 million in Egypt alone over the past 15 years. Its accelerating arms supply is being reinforced by a contingent of Soviet military advisers estimated at 20,000 men stationed in Egypt.

Highly placed N.A.T.O. observers regard the Middle East as Russia's chosen field of expansion. They believe that the untimely death of President Nasser may well result in a more direct Soviet control over the modern but inexpertly handled Egyptian military machine, and 'it is this factor in the equation which leads to justifiable fears of the outbreak of what would amount to a Soviet-Israeli war. . . .'

This point is supported by the well informed London weekly, *New Scientist*, in an analysis of the Middle East military balance. Through a series of 'brilliantly organised intelligence coups, Israel has acquired the plans for the Snecma Atar 9B and 9C engines used in the French Mirage strike aircraft and the plans for Mirage airframes. Israel Aircraft Industries (the country's largest industrial enterprise) manufactures the Arava passenger/cargo plane, the Fouga Magister jet trainer and the Commodore Jet. Subsidiary and integrated plants make electronics, fibreglass, precision instruments and ground support equipment. The aircraft industry, therefore, clearly has the capacity and expertise to produce military aircraft.'

After the June War, France refused to deliver the 50 Mirage V aircraft Israel had ordered and paid for. Its indigenous 'Super-Mirage' employs supersonic engines similar to those powering the American Phantom aircraft. The first test flights are described as highly satisfactory. And the first combat planes—the number of which would be severely restricted at first—may well come off the production line within six months. Coincidentally, Israel Aircraft Industries will make its initial appearance at the Le Bourget Air Show this year.

The first tanks designed and built in Israel may also be in full production by that time. The Sabra (meaning native to Israel) is said to incorporate the features of both the British Centurion and the American Patton. Six

prototypes are reported to have shown top performance in adverse desert conditions during a series of 12-hour tests.

Major General Israel Tal, one of the world's leading authorities on armoured warfare, is the chief designer of the tanks.

The Gabriel sea-to-sea missile arming Israel's fleet of French-built gunboats—some of which were dramatically snatched from Cherbourg harbour last Christmas—is perhaps the most effective of its class in the world.

It is certainly superior to the Soviet Styx missile which sank the Israeli destroyer Eilat three years ago, even though the Gabriel is just a little over half the length of the Russian weapon. The difference of size enables the Israeli vessels to carry up to twice the number of missiles arming the Soviet-built Ossa missile boats.

The *New Scientist's* assessment is that Israel's electronics industry has been developed to a high level of competence through much experience in the production of military equipment, including guided weapons. A new guided weapon in Israel's arsenal is the MD-660 surface-to-surface missile, developed by the French Dassault Company under contract from Israel. It is due to become operational soon. Some of these missiles have probably already been delivered.

Specialist observers assume that the MD-660 could and eventually will be produced indigenously in Israel.

THE BALLYMURPHY ESTATE

by Desmond Bowen

THE Black Mountain dominates Belfast. It is a bare uninviting escarpment rising steeply from the suburbs. Viewing the city from the top of this eminence, the sprawling dirt-engrained dwellings and factories merge together to achieve in their ugliness a certain grandeur, picturesquely blurred by a pall of smoke. At night, as with any city throughout the world, the glittering lights seem to hold a romantic prospect of excitement. Alas, what prospect there was is now fading, like the industry that was to be the neighbourhood's economic saviour.

One of the most unattractive and ill-conceived housing estates of the city lies directly below the Black Mountain. The lack of cultivation on the mountainside is paralleled by the totally primitive and uncivilized nature of the estate, both in conception and realisation. The sinister shadow of the mountain seems about to engulf the squalid dwellings. The estate of Ballymurphy is huddled together — six hundred-odd houses in an area that was originally planned to take three hundred and fifty. The central focus of this now infamous area is a square. It comprises an enormous slab of concrete, encircled by a road. Here, one would expect a busy shopping centre, a place where housewives could congregate. Instead, there is on one side a row of what might once have been termed shops. The majority are closed; the windows covered over with corrugated iron. The doors are boarded up, obscenities scrawled wantonly on any convenient surface — not the refined 'Watch this space' or 'Kilroy was here' type of graffitti that one would find in Surbiton, but unrepentant slogans or obscenities (sometimes combined) brazenly displayed. These scrawlings are the nearest thing to decoration in the vicinity. Display is non-existent; only the barest semblance of order exists in these trading posts. This then is the shopping 'complex' of Ballymurphy.

Around the central square, known locally as the Bull Ring, run three concentrically circular roads, cut by the four arterial roads from the square. The houses are jammed in at all angles, with no thought for privacy and without any pretension at planning. The exit roads would be better described as capillary. They twist and turn as in a maze. The other streets also are winding, badly cambered and quite obviously not designed for the exigencies of modern motor traffic. The rows of semi-detached villas are similar to those of many other council estates built in the nineteen fifties in the United Kingdom: an improvement on the terraced houses of the twenties and thirties, at least in so far as the actual building is concerned.

The interiors of some of the houses are beautifully cared for, while the exteriors are neglected. On the other hand in some cases the neglected gardens have apparently so demoralised the occupier that the interior is now also neglected. In others, people are simply resigned to living in squalor — the ravaging result of an excessive number of unruly children, who vent their destructive urges upon the only playground they know — their neigh-

bour's property! Consequently, many of the gardens are now no more than trampled patches of mud, occasionally surrounded by a pusillanimous hedge. The patches of contrast are afforded by empty tin cans, rotting paper and cardboard. The rusty remains of some bed, bicycle or machine are dotted in convulsed, tortured attitudes around the backyards. Fences are battered and twisted — pathetic reminders of the householders' intentions before anarchy struck like a holocaust. Pollution has virtually eaten up these gardens. The only flowers to be seen are behind net curtains and they have a distinctly plastic look about them.

The roads have more successfully weathered the constant attacks of vandalous youth. They are constructed of enormous M.1 style concrete slabs, as unattractive as they are indestructible, enhanced by barricades which appear and disappear gratuitously. Cars parked along the roads tend to impede, if not arrest, the traffic. Many of the cars are burnt-out hulks. Abandonment is frequently the work of spare-parts thieves, who remove tyres, dashboards and even whole engines. No car can be parked in this salubrious area with impunity. The pavements have fared worse than the roads, merging with the gardens in a boggy morass of suppurating litter. Some of the paving stones are heaped up in piles on the road, useful both as a barricade or ammunition dump or to be used as cumbersome but effective missiles.

The number of broken windows on the Ballymurphy estate never decreases: the street lighting is permanently out of order. The colourless scene of desolation is set in relief only by the bright dresses of the teen-age girls. Not that all are colourfully dressed: many are clothed with monotonous drabness, but those that are gaily clad immediately strike the eye.

However stultifying and enervating the surroundings may be, there is no paucity of human kind! Statistically the estate is overpopulated and yet it seems like a ghost town which has been taken over for the day by charabanc-loads of underprivileged families. There is no feeling of belonging; no illusion that they are permanently established. Life itself seems to be precariously balanced here. The poverty of the average inhabitant forbids any thought of seeking more prepossessing surroundings; the door may be broken, the windows covered with polythene, but the roof still affords protection. Those that were in better financial circumstances have already left; more often than not their houses now swarm with squatters. Whether families are squatting or are legally in possession, the excessive number of children inevitably prohibits any form of effective control, other than the most rudimentary and brutal. The children roam in bands, unkempt, high-spirited, quarrelsome and aggressive. They are arrogantly cheerful and inquisitive, as if they were facing up to the realities with courage; whereas they are merely displaying their lack of awareness. Destruction clearly is their favourite pastime, in some cases amounting almost to full time occupation. They are to be seen in and out of the empty houses, ransacking and destroying as they play. Most enjoyable of all is the lighting of fires. These appear everywhere, even in the road. Tyres smoulder pungently, mattresses and waste paper flare up in sudden conflagration to illuminate the entranced

faces. If any representative of law and order arrives they vanish and resort to the even more nugatory exercise of throwing bottles. Sometimes the bottles are converted into crude petrol bombs.

Adolescents are more deviously destructive, more vehement in their actions and their insults, than either the adults or the young children. They roam in bands, aimless and disconsolate. They have already been affected by their parents' attitudes; the youthful optimism has been dampened and their empirical acquaintance with life has borne out what they had previously refused to believe. Their opportunities are limited, their inherited disadvantages innumerable. They have now assumed an air of resigned boredom: disenchanted, they misguidedly waste their dwindling dynamism. The cases of depravity and drunkenness are common enough. The boys seem to be totally dominated by the pointlessness of their existence, whereas the girls seem to react more savagely by comparison. Perhaps it is their latent maternalism which fosters a spirit of aggressive self-sufficiency? One day they will become the matriarchy of the estate — not only the breadwinners (as in many cases) but also the dominant force in the household.

At least 50 per cent of the adults on the estate are without jobs or even the prospect of employment. As a result they are dissolute, despairing and dissatisfied. It is hardly surprising that so many of Belfast's criminal population are said to reside in Ballymurphy. All the latent anti-social tendencies of mankind seem to have become concentrated in this area. The attitude of many of the people towards strangers seems to reflect their moral and social degradation. The mentality of men who burn down a newly built community centre with no other motive than gratuitous destruction (perhaps allied to resentment towards seeming paternalism) is not readily understandable. But above all it is the monolithic indifference and the contemptuous impotence of the populace which strike the casual observer. The Faustian urge to strive, which is man's surest means to salvation, is totally lacking. For them there is apparently no hope of salvation except through suffering.

It is not entirely coincidental that a modern Roman Catholic church has been erected at vast expense in the neighbourhood. The magnificent construction of the building underlines by contrast the poverty of the Ballymurphy estate. Originally planned as an example of the ideal modern estate, the 'Murph', as it is affectionately and most often fearfully known, has proved to be the negation of an ideal. It is impossible to underestimate the lack of facilities, the ineptitude of the planning. A new slum has been created in place of what was to have been the showpiece of Belfast — a slum as primitive as the mountain that is its backdrop.

How can one blame the sociologists who have described Ballymurphy as a zoo? It only remains for bars to be erected to distance us totally from any sort of fellow-feeling or humanitarian sympathy. Then, no doubt, we shall be able to absolve ourselves of all blame and of the manifold mistakes and misjudgements which have combined to ensure that Ballymurphy will stand as a monument to man's enduring selfishness and lack of basic civilisation.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

ROOSEVELT AND CHAMBERLAIN

Roosevelt The Soldier of Freedom. James MacGregor Burns. Weidenfeld & Nicolson. £3.75.
The Chamberlain Cabinet. Ian Colvin. Victor Gollancz. £2.80.

The rule of Chamberlain coincided briefly with that of Roosevelt. For the first two years of his premiership (1937-1939) he dominated British politics as completely as did Roosevelt those of America. There the similarity, or most of it, ends. Chamberlain saw his hopes of peace crash to the ground. Superseded by Churchill in 1940 he died a few months later, mercifully before the lamentable wave of public opprobrium that overtook Baldwin could drown him also. The rights and wrongs of Munich will long be disputed. But since his death a few words have been uttered to defend his record and many to denounce it by contemptuous critics from Churchill downwards. Roosevelt at the time of his death in 1945 had recently been elected President of the United States for the fourth time. In the thirties he had raised a mighty country from despair and opened new vistas not only of economic but of social progress. He had sustained his people with a buoyancy, public appeal and executive force which Churchill himself could not have improved on. No one could say what Gladstone, or in this century de Valera, would have made of a like opportunity. Taking history as it was, Roosevelt must be rated the most successful democratic politician in the world since mass democracy was established.

These two books, one covering Roosevelt from 1940 to 1945, the other Chamberlain's Cabinet from 1937 to 1940, are both well worth reading. No one could claim to be an authority on the period who did not at least ascertain what was new in them. But Mr. Colvin, an excellent writer with much good work to his credit, would be no doubt the last to place them on a parity. Professor Burns has given us a mighty classic of permanent status. Mr. Colvin is first in the field with an exploration of the new material available since the recent opening of official archives. His matter will, in due course, be worked into considered histories, let us hope by himself among others.

Dr. Burns presents Roosevelt as a deeply divided man—'divided between the man of principle, of ideals of faith, crusading for a distant vision, on the one hand; and, on the other, the man of REALPOLITIK, of prudence, of narrow, manageable, short-run goals, intent always on protecting his power and authority in a world of shifting moods and capricious fortune'. More succinctly he describes him as 'using the tricks of the fox to serve the purposes of the lion'; all this is a far cry from Chamberlain.

Chamberlain has been compared with diminishing fairness to an eagle, a vulture and a crow. But no one, least of all one imagines Churchill, would question one quality he shares with Roosevelt—the courage one associates with a lion. What he could not do and what Roosevelt did so incomparably was to communicate his spirit to his people—or in Churchill's language to find a lion's roar to match the lion's heart. In other words he lacked one attribute indispensable to political greatness.

It is unwise for any one, whether or not they knew a fellow human personally (the present reviewer worked for two years in a humble capacity under Neville Chamberlain), to assume that they have got to the bottom of him. Or that a few labels will suffice to describe him. It is probably easier, however, to sum up Neville Chamberlain the statesman than most others of comparable magnitude. In that, as in so many other things, he is remarkably unlike Roosevelt.

Many tributes to Roosevelt are quoted by Professor Burns and some are offered by himself along with less flattering comments—'In Chungking, a coolie read the wall newspapers, newly wet with shiny black ink, and turned away muttering "Tai tsamsso liao" (It was too soon that he died). "Your President is dead", an Indian said to a passing GI, "a friend of poor . . ." Everywhere, noted Annie O'Hare McCormick, the refrain was "We have lost a friend".' Jesse Jones, just fired from the administration, told a reporter that the President was a hypocrite and lacking in character but 'you just can't help liking that fellow'.

No one, however, would rise from reading Professor Burns on Roosevelt and say instinctively 'there was an honest man'. Maybe the conclusion will impress itself, though one hopes not, that his political greatness itself required so high a measure of deviousness; in other words that honesty in the layman's sense must be drastically modified for political achievement to be possible. Be that as it may, honesty and Roosevelt are not words that come to mind readily in a free association of ideas.

But honest, starkly honest, was exactly what Chamberlain was, as any one must know whoever spent any time with him on business. Mr. Colvin tries to tell his story dispassionately, sticking as close as possible to the Cabinet text. His poor opinion of Chamberlain as a statesman, and a still poorer opinion of his policies, cannot however be suppressed, yet it is not Mr. Chamberlain's moral character in the ordinary sense that Mr. Colvin assails.

He accuses him above all of running the Cabinet as an autocrat or dictator. And the charge can hardly be resisted. Whether he went further than other Prime Ministers, Attlee and perhaps Baldwin excepted, would have liked to go may be doubted. The fact that he towered over his colleagues is not necessarily a charge against him. There is no indication in Mr. Colvin's book that Chamberlain's Cabinet would have behaved much differently if Chamberlain had practised collective leadership. That is unless he had brought in Churchill which would have probably led, as in the end it did, to his own supersession. The cause of Chamberlain's 'failure', if we are to call it that (and Mr. de Valera has always placed him above other British statesmen), must be sought elsewhere. It lay obviously in what is usually called his rigidity as compared, for example, with the super flexibility of Roosevelt. The idea of appeasement was not in itself ignoble and appealed to many idealists at the time. But at the best it could only be regarded as a bold and hazardous experiment, a last desperate throw to save the peace. There was always the strong assumption that it might prove a hopeless venture. At all costs plans should have been prepared for such an eventuality and when it occurred pushed forward with maximum urgency. It was a situation where flexibility, a readiness to cut losses and to break with one's own immediate past was a rescuing necessity. But Chamberlain once committed was not a man to change his tack until it was palpably too late. And so, for the time being, he is referred to far and wide as a 'failure' in spite of a lifetime of dedicated and effective service and personal ideals untarnished.

Roosevelt was exactly the opposite. His refusal to bring America into the war until she was herself attacked must always seem to us in England a serious blemish. It illustrates, indeed, a more general reluctance to move more than a step ahead of American public opinion, even when pressed hard by some of his closest advisers. His weakness at Yalta has been variously ascribed to his failing health and to a misunderstanding of Russia's purposes as total as Chamberlain's misunderstanding of Hitler. Professor Burns does not accept either explanation as adequate. His own analysis must be studied at full length. In a general sense, however, he does attribute to Roosevelt a supreme optimism as regards the future ways of Providence, regarding also what men and women could themselves achieve. This, we can well understand, was the secret of much of his greatness and his world inspiration but the grave dangers inherent in it emerge no less vividly. In all this area Chamberlain lacked the divine spark but was at least spared the delusions of grandeur and the Mephistophelean temptations.

LONGFORD

BIOGRAPHY OF A SMALL NATION

Cuba or The Pursuit of Freedom. Hugh Thomas. Eyre and Spottiswoode. £7.50.

Hugh Thomas has written a large biography of a small nation. In extent Cuba is slightly smaller than England and her population is less than one seventh of Britain's. Yet, paradoxically, the immense symbolic and exemplary significance of Cuba in contemporary history stems from her small size and her vulnerability to intervention. Cuba offers a classic illustration of the two-edged effects of the colonisation experience. Some among the Cuban land-owning, business and political elites were able to cash in, along with the merchants and factors of the great powers, on the developing wealth of Cuba. But the mass of the population has suffered cruel exploitation under successive dictatorships varying significantly only in degrees of corruption and repression. Generations of Cubans have been the victims of world conflicts outside their control; changes in the tastes and market conditions of commercial powers (especially crises in world sugar trade), the slave-trade, struggles for military control of the Caribbean, ideological contest and private ambition.

The 1959 Revolution, the emergence of Cuba as a fulcrum for guerrilla revolution in the Third World, and the dramatic confrontation of Super-powers in October 1962, all reveal Cuba as a symbolic arena in which neither her leader nor her people can alone determine events. It is Professor Thomas's daunting task to distinguish and illuminate the multiple causes of Cuba's present situation; and because he starts right back at Lord Albemarle's expedition of 1762 the range of sources he combs is even vaster than that involved in his *The Spanish Civil War*. The epic proportions of his work are, however, fully justified, and in the reflective passages the author's great strengths as an interpretative historian emerge. They derive, I think, from two main sources.

The first is the author's essentially liberal humane approach. He firmly rejects the crude but tempting reductionism of "prime causes" and eschews dogmatic theorising beyond the limits of his evidence. An immense advantage of this is that it enables him to give due weight to ambiguities of personality and changing perceptions of individual actors. It is important to know, for example, about the character of Dr. Carlos Prío (for whose period of rule Castro has expressed some praise). How far was Prío's sincere and persuasive democratic commitment undermined by his flamboyance and search for private wealth? When,

if ever, did Castro become a Marxist or a Marxist-Leninist? What were his political beliefs and aims during the Sierra Maestra campaign? What is Castro's relationship with his followers and people and what assessment can be made of the nature and durability of his appeal? Hugh Thomas does not pretend that there are simple answers to these questions, but carefully picks over the evidence for possible alternative explanations. Thus, for example, in his account of the missiles crisis, he makes it clear that we simply do not know how far Castro personally initiated and pressed for the installation of Soviet missiles in Cuba, or why Kennedy dispensed with prior consultation with his European allies, or why there were disjunctions between successive Soviet responses to U.S. action.

Second, the author's relative detachment from the ideological struggle over the Cuban revolution is a major resource. Soviet and American historiography of Cuba has too often descended to the mindless banalities of Cold War abuse. This is not to say that Hugh Thomas has not made plain his own preference for liberal democratic values; it is the case that in serving the cause of historical truth, which is the corollary of liberal scholarship, he is unwilling to praise or condemn Castro's revolution out of hand. The epilogue is a cautious attempt at issuing an interim balance sheet which he admits is inevitably subjective. He is percipient about the régime's health, welfare, and education reforms, and points to the tragic irony of Cuba's having exchanged economic dependence on the U.S.A. for dependence on the Soviet Union, and he suggests the domestic consequences. There is valuable analysis of the political style of Castro's leadership and the human costs of the apparatus of mobilisation, police surveillance, and cultural control, including some highly original comparisons between Castroism and varieties of fascism.

This brief review can do no more than indicate the scope and qualities of this fascinating and scholarly book.

PAUL WILKINSON

AUBREY BEARDSLEY

The Letters of Aubrey Beardsley. Edited by Henry Maas, J. L. Duncan and W. G. Good. Cassell. £8.40.

Aubrey Vincent Beardsley . . . the late boy wonder. Dead at the age of twenty-five years and seven months, perpetuated as a truly representative figure; for in the person of this gracile leptomorph was shrouded and foreshadowed the dreary destiny of so many of Yeats' 'Tragic Generation'. There was a sadly appropriate symbolism in the laying of his hatrack, phthisic body in its high grave, under the hill, above the Mediterranean.

Born in Brighton, on August 21, 1872, he died in the upstairs bedroom of the Hôtel Cosmopolitain, Menton, on March 16, 1898—short enough span, indeed. Artistically, his period was shorter still, butterfly-brief, encompassed for his contemporaries between the covers of the first issue of *The Yellow Book* (April 1894) and the last issue of *The Savoy* (December 1896). Yet long enough to bequeath his name to the age that bore him—the Beardsley Period. And justly so, for those were feverishly industrious years, Beardsley working as it were against the alarm-clock in his subconscious—a fragile Cinderella figure who somehow *knew* that he had to flee the ballroom of the world before the clock chimed 1900.

It has been written of him that if he were alive today he would unquestionably be 'the Queen of the King's Road', and it is certainly true that, to purloin and transmute a concept of Roger Fry's, he has become the Fra

Angelico of Bed-sitterdom, ikon painter by appointment to the boutiques. He has been described, too, as 'the prophet of the heightened hallucinatory rhythm . . . the fore-runner of the psychedelic flux and its liberated bisexual languor'. But these are, in the main, impositions and conceits as dubious as the sexually versatile reputations he has accreted—being labelled variously homosexual, virginal, incestuous, impotent, and as arrested at the oral stage of his psycho-sexual development. Interpretative hindsight was ever a liberal bestower of sexual vagaries.

But do they not, perhaps, these acclaimers and detractors, confuse the artist with his art — 'Androgynous figures going about their 'polymorphous perversities'? An easy error, for the real Beardsley has proved elusive these last three score years and ten of his death-time. Considering his posthumous stature, his bibliography is surprisingly slender. This bulky collection of his letters probably enshrines in its 472 pages all that we shall ever now know about Aubrey Beardsley. And yet even though everything that could be gathered—down to the single line postcard—has been here gathered, docketed and not always wisely but certainly well commented upon, much of the enigma remains.

Did Beardsley cherish Amnon-Tamar type feelings for his sister, Mabel? Had he any sort of sexual experience outside the confines of his febrile imaginings? Was he maternally and genitally deprived? Which was the true Beardsley—the worldly, four-letter-word slinging, extrovert bohemian of the letters to his smutty publisher, Leonard Smithers . . . or the coetaneous spiritually-minded, world-renouncing, religion-embracing invalid of the letters to his rich and supportive, Jew-turned-Catholic patron, André Raffalovich? We see them both, unidentifiable ego and alter-ego, sacred and profane, marching side by side in these letters—art and artifice. And then, suddenly, they coalesce. With an appalling cry, 'In my death agony', the erotic Beardsley of *Lysistrata* and the 'unstrangled abortions' succumbs utterly.

In the cold March light, Saint Aubrey lies, like one of Arthur Symons' spiritual adventurers, wax-white beneath the holy tapers of his death chamber. Virginal mother and sister, death's grieving acolytes, performing the last office glide so reverently about that fusty, draped and magenta (surely) papered hotel room, that it seems transformed into a convent chapel of repose. Wrapped in the peace of the last sacraments, a rosary twined between the fingers that made an art of obscenity and, some say, an obscenity of art, Pierrot is at rest. His minute of Time is past. Now he belongs to eternity. He was one of the greatest artists in the manipulation of black and white, but he has left us a chequered personal puzzle that allows of no plain black or white solution.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

FILM REVIEWS

Going Steady. Pauline Kael. Temple Smith. £2.40.

Negative Space. Manny Farber. Studio Vista. £2.75.

Claude Chabrol. Robin Wood and Michael Walker. Studio Vista. Hardback, £1.50. Paperback 70p.

French Film. Roy Armes. Studio Vista. Hardback £1.50. Paperback 75p.

Despite the dangers of hindsight showing up some ghastly bloomer, it is now becoming fashionable to reprint one's earlier film reviews wrapped round an essay or two on a director or on some aspect of cinema making. In these first two books Miss Pauline Kael and then Mr. Farber exhume their old pieces and by careful and judicious omissions are now able, certainly in Mr. Farber's case, to establish a gift of prophesy.

Miss Kael was the *New Yorker* film critic and all her pieces save one in this book are taken from the time when she accepted the post in 1968. One of the benefits of being a correspondent with the *New Yorker,* at any rate for the reader, is that somehow the *New Yorker* whilst encouraging one's talents imposes what could be described as a *New Yorker* style, with very much happier results than those obliged or wishing to write for other magazines such as *Time*. A case in point is a book *Justice* by Richard Harris, which is in fact a most disturbing consideration of the Republican Administration's undoing of the efforts made by Ramsay Clarke when he was Attorney General under L. B. Johnson. There, although the author's style is very much different from Miss Kael's, both have the same manners as opposed to mannerisms in their writings which clearly spell the *New Yorker*.

Mr. Farber's style which might in its extremes of passion be called hysteric has none of the manners of the *New Yorker* and indeed his articles are culled from a wide variety of publications from 1949 on, some quite well known in this country, some not so.

One of the great benefits of the close publication of these books is that one is able to contrast the attitudes of the writers not only to the films but also to the actors. If one thinks Miss Kael unkind or unreasonable, one has only to read Mr. Farber. An initial thought would be that Miss Kael liked only Charlton Heston in *Planet of the Apes* (no one will be able to like him in his latest Will Gries film *Number One*), and Mr. Farber likes only the old John Garfield boxing and gangster films of the late forties. That would sadly be an over-simplification because there is little doubt that both feel deeply for the films about which they write. Both deal with many of the same films and directors, Ophuls, Bresson, Goddard and Resnaiser. Both books lead one to think that a collection of Miss Dilys Powell's essays would not come amiss.

Claude Chabrol is the latest in a series by Studio Vista which reviews in great and accurate detail the work of a director, film by film. The series which includes such diverse directors as Bresson, John Ford, Goddard, Bunuel and Stroheim is infinitely superior in its form and content to the usual series of books on directors and *Claude Chabrol* is no exception.

After an initial introduction coupled with his first film *Le Beau Serge,* Robin Wood and Michael Walker guide us film by film in his career ending unfortunately with Le Boucher and not with his later film. This carefully constructed book is absolutely essential reading for anyone concerned with a study of the French cinema in general and Chabrol in particular.

On a much lighter level but nevertheless a very painless introduction to the French cinema is *French Film* in which Roy Armes takes us through a survey of the major directors from Lumière and Melies to Lelouch and Etaix. Unfortunately the survey is limited to some stills and to some three to five hundred words per director and this naturally merely gives a glance at each director. Armes very sensibly includes Max Ophuls and seems to have an understanding of that neglected director denied to Mr. Farber. In such a book there are omissions notably Eric Rohmer whose six *Contes Morales* will surely be highly considered in the near future, but for anyone wanting an introductory book this will surely prove of good value to him. It would be helpful if the book is to be reprinted at any time to have at least a list of the directors' films and their dates.

JAMES MORTON

A DEDICATED EDITOR

In the Chair: Barrington-Ward of The Times, 1927-48. Donald McLachlan. Weidenfeld & Nicolson. £4.20.

Rarely has a book dealt so exhaustively with an editor's career as this one, passed for press shortly before the author's death last January. R. M. Barrington-Ward, son of a Schools' Inspector and Cornwall Rector, was already a dedicated journalist in the 1920s, trying out his skills as assistant-editor to J. L. Garvin of the *Observer*, for which I wrote regularly. One noted the formal black-and-striped, Eden hat, folded umbrella, the strong upper lip, firm mouth, alert eyes of a man resolved to go far.

He admired his chief as a genius and gentleman. Garvin confessed 'I have come to love you like a son. There's no other young man I care for half as much . . .' It was a happy partnership, working mutually for what was 'most worthy to be blest' until B-W joined *The Times* as assistant-editor to Geoffrey Dawson in 1927.

Before he became editor in 1941 this ex-Brigade-Major, M.C., D.S.O., of the 1914 war pledged himself anew in his diary to 'strive for the creation and organisation of peace, above all things, and for the liberating truths at home, at whatever cost to conventional opinion'. This had been the faith behind his *Times* leaders of the 1930s which favoured an understanding with Germany and infuriated the anti-Fascist Left.

'Appeasement to him', McLachlan comments, 'meant exhausting every possibility of negotiation before accepting the inevitability of war as the basis of national policy . . . His war record made his peace efforts, if not admirable, at least respectable.' In Munich year he still argued that the years of injustice had brought to power in Germany an evil régime; cure the injustice and the régime will lose its roots, something better would grow in its place. Mistaken or not in our hindsight view, it was earnest, sincere, ably reasoned.

Under wartime stresses and pressures B-W, as editor, often had to contend with an obstinate, critical Churchill. Post-war, he changed the paper's outlook and staff, adapting it to more liberal influences that made Tory diehards call it the 'pink 'un'. The strain of these years—for he never spared himself—undoubtedly precipitated his last illness and death from cerebral malaria on an East African cruise in 1948.

Elaborating largely on B-W's diaries, McLachlan recapitulates at length political happenings which are already familiar history. The book's value for the general reader is in its detailed account of the editorial and administrative workings of an influential newspaper.

TREVOR ALLEN

SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES

Ein Volk, Ein Reich, Ein Fuhrer, the Nazi Annexation of Austria (Longman, £2.95). This is an abridged translation by Jeoffrey Strachan of the account of the *Anschluss* published in 1968 and written by two distinguished German journalists, Dieter Wagner and Gerhard Tomkowitz. It covers in detail the seven days inclusive from March 9, 1938, with Schuschnigg's proposals for a plebiscite on an independent Austria, to the entry of Hitler into Vienna on March 15. The book is the result of meticulous research both among documents and published material and eye-witnesses and participants. A long list of sources is appended at the end of the volume. It is a piece of graphic and dramatic writing, in which a chapter is devoted

to each day, and the parallel events in Austria and Germany are placed in juxtaposition. The authors also include the reactions of foreign governments and the rather easily calculated risk by Hitler that Britain would not in the last resort intervene with force. France's reaction was Hitler's more difficult problem. This book can fairly claim 'to capture both the numerous and diverse facets of a historical event and the many levels at which it takes place'. The authors claim that 'every scene and every conversation recorded here is documented by written or oral sources'. It is nonetheless unfortunate that the text itself is without annotation.

Lovers of the poems and letters of Emily Dickinson (1830-1886) will welcome the reprint of the volume of unpublished letters, notes and reminiscences, **Emily Dickinson Face to Face** (Archon Books, 50p) by her niece Martha Dickinson Bianchi, which was issued in Boston in 1932. When the first selections of her poems were published in the eighteen-nineties they received a scant welcome, and by 1921 the combined sales of all the various editions amounted to only two hundred and fourteen copies. Then the tide turned and the once 'forgotten poetess' of Amhurst, Mass. is ranked among the finest of American poets.

Using the Oceans (Queen Anne Press, £1.25). Dr. T. F. Gaskell has edited this brief volume on almost every aspect of the sea and the sea-bed. It is not an advertisement for B.P. although published under its auspices. The chapters dealing with different topics are contributed by distinguished academics and experts. For example, Dr. G. E. R. Deacon writes on the sea surface. Like all the contributions, it is intended for the layman. It is quite elementary, with facts which may surprise the ignorant. There is the unity of the ocean. 'Swell from as far away as the Southern Atlantic Ocean can be detected on the coast of Cornwall ten days after it was generated.' Food and minerals from the sea are dealt with respectively by Dr. R. Currie and H. Fossett. Dr. Colin Fothergill, in a chapter on the sea floor, touches on the question of continental drift. Much more attention could have been given to this, although perhaps a little academic for a volume which is also concerned with diving exploration by Dr. Nicholas Flemming, submarines by Robert Lloyd and offshore living space by N. McFeeters. The main value of the volume is the overall expert view of the sea in the context of modern civilisation.

Pan Books. Among recent reprints is Charles Hadfield's **The Canal Age** (50p) which is concerned mainly with the construction, use and the economic and social importance of inland waterways during the period 1760-1850. There are also chapters on the development of canals in America and Europe. The book is well illustrated with photographs, maps and drawings. Another volume is the useful **Buying Antiques General Guide** (45p), also first published in 1968. The authors, A. W. Coysh and J. King, have both been concerned in B.B.C. programmes on antiques. The book is directed to the amateur without any knowledge of the subject and should prove useful, as Arthur Negus writes in his Foreword, in directing attention 'to some of the main points to be considered when buying antiques'. Obviously the information is extremely limited. The scope is illustrated in the section on long case clocks, where no reference is made to the Vulliamys. The book is illustrated. An informative and useful little book, **Introduction to Inn Signs** (35p), by Eric R. Delderfield, first published in 1969, will appeal to many interested in the origins of the British public-house sign. The book is certainly not exhaustive, but whets the appetite.

LIBERAL NEWS

Liberal News is published every fortnight. It is the only periodical published by a major political party in this country.

It contains news of local, regional and national activities of the Liberal Party as well as a wide selection of features and information concerning matters home and abroad.

There are lively comments and columns and a good review section.

Liberal News is an indispensable part of every Liberal's political life: and it gives invaluable information to everybody who is interested in politics in general and wants to know more about the Liberal Party in particular.

One year's subscription (26 issues) costs only £1.95 including postage.

Please fill in the form below and Liberal News will be mailed directly to you every fortnight.

I should like to receive Liberal News regularly by post.

Name . ...

Address . ...

....

LIBERAL NEWS

7 EXCHANGE COURT, STRAND, LONDON WC2R 0PR. 01-240 0701

BACK ISSUES

For sale and wanted to buy

We receive continual demands for back issues of **CONTEMPORARY REVIEW** from individuals and libraries wanting to complete their collections. Since we cannot always satisfy these demands without diminishing our own archives we will pay good prices for single copies and complete volumes offered to us. Copies 1866-1900 are in special demand.

Please send full details to:

Back Issue Dept., Contemporary Review,
38 Farringdon St., London E.C.4.

ORDER FORM

To THE SUBSCRIPTION MANAGER,
CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, 38 FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

I enclose herewith my cheque for ....., for a year's subscription
[For rates, see inside front cover]

Name ....

Address ....

.....

THE WORLD TODAY

STUDENTS OF CURRENT AFFAIRS, to be well informed, need the facts. In THE WORLD TODAY, the monthly journal of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, experts bring to the general reader up-to-date and reliable information on world affairs. Authoritative and objective, THE WORLD TODAY not only deals with international problems but also includes articles on internal political and economic conditions in individual countries, written by authors with first-hand knowledge. Short comment in 'Notes of the Month' puts current developments in perspective and provides a background to events of international significance.

MONTHLY

Price 28p (5s. 6d.) per copy; £3.25 (£3 5s.) per year post free.
(In USA and Canada $10.)

Published under the auspices of the
ROYAL INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS
LONDON
by the Oxford University Press, Press Road, Neasden, London, N.W.10.

MIDDLE EAST FORUM

A quarterly journal published by the Alumni Association of the American University of Beirut. The only independent periodical in English from the Middle East, about the contemporary Middle East, written by leaders of Middle East public life and thought.

Single copies: LL.4.00, $1.75. Annual subscription: LL.15.00, $5.00. Back copies for the past 5 years also available. P.O. Box A.U.B. 1751, Beirut, Lebanon.

Printed by H G LEATES LTD, 45-47 Alexandra Street, Southend-on-Sea, Essex, and published by the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW CO LTD, 38 Farringdon Street, London E C 4 Tel · 01-455 3638 All business matters should be addressed to the publishers

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

106th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

JUNE 1971

THE COMMON MARKET
Paul Bareau

LABOUR'S YEAR IN THE COLD
Rowland Summerscales

A DECADE OF CHANGE IN THE CHURCHES
Cecil Northcott

REFLECTIONS ON THE DEATH OF A FIELD MARSHAL
Henry Williamson

and many other articles together with a seven-page Literary Supplement.

30p

★ Full Contents Inside Cover

Contemporary Review

Incorporating The Fortnightly

June 1971 Vol. 218 No. 1265 Founded 1866

Contents

		Page
The Common Market—The Case for British Membership	PAUL BAREAU	**281**
The Irish Exile	PATRICK O'DONOVAN	**288**
A Decade of Change in the Churches	CECIL NORTHCOTT	**292**
Labour's Year in the Cold	ROWLAND SUMMERSCALES	**297**
Reflections on the Death of a Field Marshal	HENRY WILLIAMSON	**303**
Impressions of Belgrade and Bucharest	ORLANDO MARTINEZ	**314**
Morocco Today	J. G. FARLEY	**319**
Mrs. Gandhi's Remarkable Triumph	J. D. SINGH	**325**
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT		**329**
S. F. Woolley, Rosalind Wade, Richard Whittington-Egan, Peter Geoffrey Townsend, Kenneth Lindsay, J. E. B. Munson		
SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES		**334**
HALF-YEARLY INDEX		**336**

Editor:
ROSALIND WADE

Associate Editor:
BETTY ABEL

Editorial Advisers:
PROFESSOR SIR HERBERT BUTTERFIELD
PROFESSOR SIR DENIS BROGAN

Fine Arts Correspondent:
ERNLE MONEY, M.P

Annual subscription (incl postage) U K £3.90, U.S A and Canada $13 50

© 1971 Contemporary Review Co Ltd.

Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 Incorporating The Fortnightly

June 1971 Vol. 218 No. 1265

THE COMMON MARKET — THE CASE FOR BRITISH MEMBERSHIP

by Paul Bareau

IT may seem absurd to argue the case for British membership of the Common Market without knowing the terms. Even the best article can be too dear. The case for membership may be powerful but it must be assessed in terms of the entrance fee. It may be equally untimely to develop the case without clearer proof than we have had so far of the true objectives of the French negotiators. The acceptance of new members is a matter in which each of the member countries has the power of veto—as we already know to our cost. It has yet to be proved whether the meticulous intransigence of the French negotiators' technique exhibited in the current as in previous attempts at entry, is merely designed to get the best possible terms or is the continuing expression of the Gaullist policy of keeping Britain out of an essentially European club to which in the General's view we did not and could not belong.

Finally there is the whole complex of complications in the current negotiations for entry introduced by the rifts within the Community about monetary policy. The time has not arrived at which the basis for a summing up and clear-cut decision is available.

In face of these difficulties one may be forgiven for recalling for a moment the opportunity that was lost when in the 1950s Britain failed to understand the seriousness and practicability of the efforts made to create a European economic community and so failed to grasp the leadership of that community that could then have been ours for the asking.

Had we helped to fashion the Treaty of Rome and the subsequent evolution of the E.E.C., one can without arrogance claim that it would have been a more liberal community. It would certainly have avoided the one element of unadulterated economic lunacy in its affairs, namely the common agricultural policy as it now stands.

It is lunacy because it goes out of its way to protect inefficient agriculture, first by fixing prices high enough to ensure both a stimulus to production

and a deterrent to consumption and secondly by safeguarding these prices through flexible import duties which ensure that no imported foodstuffs can in any circumstances compete with the domestic product. The whole concept of the Rome Treaty and the European Economic Community is based on the principle of maximising efficiency and competition. The common agricultural policy provides the one mortal sin against this basic principle.

This transgression has all kinds of nefarious implications. It interferes with the normal flow of international trade. It deprives efficient, cheap producers of foodstuffs of what ought to be their natural markets. It damages the developing nations which, by and large, are the primary producing countries. It is the one real mark of the protectionist beast in the Common Market.

This sin has, moreover, been compounded and ingrained into the structure of the E.E.C. by making the levies on foodstuffs imported from outside the Common Market the dominant element in the Common Market's finances. The major part of the E.E.C. budget receipts is at present made up of agricultural levies. Conversely the main outgoings are represented by subsidies to already inefficient Common Market farmers, above all, the subsidies that are needed to make possible the export dumping of the mountainous surpluses which this absurd common agricultural policy has produced.

It follows that if Britain became a member on present terms and continued to import cheap food from countries outside the Common Market, the differential levies it would have to pay on these would make it the major contributor to the Common Market budget. Moreover, the bulk of this money would, as things now stand, be made available to subsidise inefficient agriculture in France and other parts of the Common Market.

Fortunately the flaws in this policy are so patently obvious that some of the best minds in the Common Market are convinced that the system must be considerably amended and liberalised. The so-called Mansholt Plan has such amendment in view, though it is a very long term affair. The policy would certainly be liberalised if Britain went in. This is not to suggest that Britain would enter in the guise of perfidious Albion and with a view to wrecking the existing agricultural policy. But that policy could and should be liberalised. The time scale of the Mansholt Plan should be shortened. Existing members, and France in particular, have shaped the evolution of the Common Market in accordance with their own interests. While that market is still evolving we would do the same by all the means available to us as members.

Looking back on these missed opportunities may give rise to nostalgic regrets. It does not destroy the case for entering as a latecomer, making the best of a not ideal job and coming into the Common Market while it is still in a relatively early stage of its evolution. The three main obstacles to membership that have been encountered in the current negotiations, derive from this one basic flaw in Common Market affairs. The position of New Zealand, that of the West Indian sugar producers and the problem

of the U.K. contribution to the Common Market budget, are all in their special ways offshoots of one common issue, that of the E.E.C.'s agricultural policy.

The New Zealand and West Indian sugar problems are clearly negotiable. The character of their solution has already been indicated by the manner in which the former colonial territories of Common Market countries have been associated with the Community through agreements which give them considerable privileges of entry without demanding all the duties and responsibilities of full membership. It is significant, and not only in this context, that some Commonwealth countries have already negotiated association agreements of this kind.

The problem of Britain's contribution to the Common Market budget, as influenced by the agricultural policy, could prove a more difficult stumbling block. The issue here is not merely the amounts to be paid during the transitional period, around which the immediate dispute revolves, but the proportionate contribution that will be made if by the end of the transitional period the common agricultural policy remains basically what it is to-day. In those circumstances we could find ourselves the main contributors to the budget and also the smallest recipients of its largesse. As I have already indicated, however, there is strong reason to believe that the inherent defects of that policy, whether in principle or practice, will demand its considerable amendment. All the more reason to be in the club and with appropriate voting rights while the rules are being changed.

The other major issue that has been raised during the course of the negotiations is the position of sterling as an international trading and reserve currency. The introduction of this subject looks uncommonly like a delaying move by those who want to kill the negotiations by a process of attrition. Alternatively, it is an argument advanced by people who have little inkling of international banking affairs. Sterling's international role was not invented. It emerged gradually out of Britain's gradual evolution as a world industrial trading and banking power. It cannot suddenly be abolished. If it were, it would be to the considerable detriment of international trade and of the free movement of capital.

If there is any genuine intent in the Common Market countries to move towards monetary union and ultimately to enjoy the benefits of a common currency, and if that currency is to provide an adequate alternative to the dollar in international trade and the monetary system, it will have to be built around the nucleus of sterling which is already an international currency. It will have to have behind it the mechanism of the international banking system and capital market in London to which there is no compeer on the Continent of Europe.

Assuming that reasonable, tolerable terms of entry can be negotiated, what are the benefits that would accrue? The greatest economic benefit is one which cannot be accurately estimated. It is the dynamic effect for our industry, finance and trade, of having a much larger domestic market in which to operate. It is not every industry that depends on size for

maximising its efficiency and prosperity. But there are industries that need the scale of a vast market to stand up effectively to world competition—aircraft, computers, nuclear power, oil, chemicals.

Whether British industry would withstand the challenge and grasp the opportunities of that larger market and of the increased competition that will go with it, will obviously depend on its competitiveness. It is apparent, however, from the surveys which have been organised by the Confederation of British Industry, that the vast majority of its membership has voted in favour of joining the Common Market and shown its readiness to meet the challenge. British industry must, however, be competitive to survive at all. The argument sometimes advanced by opponents of entry that, as a member of the Common Market, Britain would become a depressed area, 'the Ulster of Europe', is based on the kind of inspissated pessimism best exemplified in Groucho Marx's remark 'I wouldn't wish to belong to a club that would have me as a member'. If we are uncompetitive we shall become the Ulster of Europe in any case and probably faster outside than inside the Common Market.

There is no denying the fact that in the race for efficiency and expansion, the British economy has been slipping back ominously in the last decade. Industry is increasingly dominated by multi-national companies the location of whose new investment is decided on strictly economic grounds. There can be no doubt that a Britain lying outside the Common Market would be an even smaller recipient of such new investment as it has in fact been over the past ten years.

Since it began to operate in 1958, the Common Market has been one of the areas of most rapid growth in the industrial world. The trade between its member countries has expanded at a tremendous rate, demonstrating once again what can happen to international trade when the obstacles of tariffs, quotas and exchange control disappear. Britain has admittedly shared in that prosperity. Last year our exports to Common Market countries exceeded for the first time those to Commonwealth countries. This, however, is no ground on which to argue that since we are already doing so well in trading with the market, there is no particular need to merge our interest even more closely with it.

Britain's service industries would, without a doubt, benefit substantially from membership. In banking, insurance, merchanting we can offer a quality and diversity of service which would rapidly make the City of London the financial capital of an enlarged Common Market. We operate money and capital markets superior to any that Europe can provide.

If the British economy could achieve a rate of growth comparable with that of Common Market countries in recent years, it would quickly recoup and more than recoup the entrance fee that would have to be paid. This is no mere assertion. It is the only conclusion that can be reached from the facts of the past twelve years—from what has happened to the Community and the United Kingdom economies respectively. We have slipped back in the race while they have moved steadily ahead. Even Belgium, which began its membership with grave structural and price

disadvantages and where many industrial critics feared and bewailed the effects of membership, has been dragged into this higher rate of economic growth and has shared in the positive explosion of trade between Community countries. It is significant that all the industrial and commercial criticism that was to be heard in the Common Market countries during the formative years, has vanished. No responsible business man in the Six would have the Common Market undone.

It is, however, in the sphere of politics and diplomacy that the major arguments in favour of membership are to be found. The United States military presence in Europe cannot endure indefinitely. When the American troops go the U.S. nuclear umbrella may not be withdrawn but it will be more tightly furled than it is now. Western Europe must in due course achieve the military and therefore political and diplomatic cohesion which greater unity within the E.E.C. can and will provide. If Western Europe is to play its part in world affairs, if it is to exercise the influence which it deserves in a world increasingly dominated by the giant powers, it must achieve greater unity.

Whenever things have gone astray in Western Europe, as they did in the two world wars (which looking back on them must be regarded as civil wars between peoples of a common civilisation) Britain has inevitably and inexorably been drawn in. The efforts to 'make Europe' and to begin by burying for ever the traditional and damaging hostility between Latin and Teuton, deserve therefore Britain's fullest collaboration and involvement. By playing the fullest possible part in this great project, we can moreover ensure that the Atlantic ties are maintained and that what emerges as an enlarged European Community maintains its friendly and constructive association with that of North America. It is this stronger Western Europe which can best ensure a relaxation of tension between East and West and arrive at a balanced reduction of armaments. It is, moreover, such a Europe that will play its appropriate role in providing aid and capital for the developing world.

The most powerful arguments for British membership include those of a somewhat negative nature, namely the poverty of the alternatives. An effective alternative, whether in political or economic terms, is certainly not to be found in what remains of the British Commonwealth of Nations. As a cohesive political and economic unit it has long ceased to function. It is, moreover, significant that a number of Commonwealth countries, among them Nigeria, have already negotiated agreements of association with the E.E.C.

The project of a North Atlantic Free Trade Area, which is occasionally put forward as an alternative, is in fact a non-starter. The United States would not be prepared to enter a customs union with the United Kingdom. Any such association of Britain with the United States would be a merger of unequals, inevitably dominated by the larger entity, whereas in the E.E.C. we would at least be looking every other member country in the eye.

The European Free Trade Area is also in process of disintegration with Denmark, Norway and the Irish Republic negotiating for entry into the

Common Market. If the negotiations for British membership fail, E.F.T.A. will provide a useful escape route, but the experience and performance of these two groupings over the past ten years is clear indication that E.F.T.A. provides a poor second best.

There is, finally, the alternative of going it alone. In that event Britain's position would be increasingly overshadowed by the large and expanding unit being built alongside in Western Europe. In every field, economic, political and diplomatic, the Continental bloc would tend to become the voice of Europe and Britain's would become less and less audible. In this position of isolation, as the offshore island, there would be little inspiration, little challenge to achieve the greater things of which this country is capable.

The arguments against membership have the advantage of being quantifiable, or at least allegedly so. The cost of entry, the short term effect on our balance of payments, the impact on the cost of living, and to a lesser extent the sacrifice of sovereignty: all these can be identified and some kind of price tag attached to each of them. The same can be said of the prospect of competition for British industry and the fear of an unwanted inflow of workers once the mobility of population is accepted.

The effectiveness of these arguments is undeniable because each of them can be specified and illustrated in terms of pounds and pence, of threats to long established traditions of government and administration. Many of these are underpinned by fallacies, as for example the fear of a flood of immigrants which takes no account of the fact that under Common Market arrangements freedom of population movement can only operate where workers are going to jobs specifically available and waiting for them. Nor does this fear allow for the fact that, given recent changes in standards of living, few West European workers would want to come into Britain.

The fact remains that the arguments against have the advantage of being quantifiable whereas those in favour are of dynamic and imponderable character. The devil as usual has the best tunes. It is as though the momentous decision taken in Britain 125 years ago whether or not to repeal the Corn Laws and embrace a policy of free trade, had been made on the basis of the only arguments then quantifiable, namely, the damage which this would undoubtedly cause to British agriculture. The liberal and wise decision that was in fact made opened the door to all the achievements in terms of expanding industry, larger international trade, expansion in investment and in banking services, which were to accrue to Britain and which would have been denied to us had the pettier, more restrictionist decision been made.

It is relevant to realise that underlying much of the case against membership are arguments grounded in some of the least admirable traits of the British people: suspicion of the foreigner, fear of competition, short term consideration of the cost of a pound of butter as against the wider sweep of advantages to be gained by the challenge and opportunities of belonging to a wider community.

There are convinced opponents of membership who base their case on sophisticated economic calculus and constitutional reservations. But it cannot be ignored that among the most virulent voices opposing entry are those which before 1939 urged Britain to mind its own business, to keep out of European entanglements such as Poland and Czechoslovakia; which after the end of the war lost no opportunity of denigrating the attempts to rebuild a United Nations Organisation; which in 1945 and 1946 campaigned assiduously against the Bretton Woods agreement and British membership of the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank on the ground that this involved an intolerable sacrifice of our monetary sovereignty. It was this obtuse insularism which stood in the way of Britain joining the Coal and Steel Community, that first visionary attempt to ban the possibility of war between those traditional enemies Germany and France. These were the voices that prevented Churchill in the 1950s, then a senile Prime Minister, translating into deeds the cause of European unity for which he had pleaded so eloquently in his years of opposition after the war. If they are heeded again, the immediate result will not be catastrophic. But a negative decision would keep Britain on the road of relative economic decline and diminishing political influence it has travelled since the end of the war—a road unworthy of the decisive role which this country played in that war.

[Paul Bareau, O.B.E., is Economic Adviser to the International Publishing Corporation.]

THE IRISH EXILE

by Patrick O'Donovan

IF the Jews are the people of the Book, then the Irish are a people of a grievance. Their identity has been preserved, not in arms, not by geography, not even by shared self-interest, but by memory, and by memory rather than hope. Their grievance is older than that of the Greeks against the Turks and it is rare among international grievances in that it is not only ancient, it is almost entirely legitimate.

Its existence means that any discussion of the Irish problem — and that has come to life again as fierce, as accusatory and as intractable as ever — must be accompanied by involved historical exegesis. Even the present stance of the Republic of Ireland's political parties can only make sense in historical terms.

This grievance, like airborne seed, has been carried throughout the world by the Irish *diaspora*, that great scattering of the Irish that began in the last century, even before the famine. The millions of exiles that drained Ireland white at least saved their country the impossible task of feeding them. Before the famine there were more than eight million souls in Ireland; between our last two wars, there were less than four.

The *diaspora* itself was accompanied by horrors that are still mourned. Leave out all those who were exiled for religion, rebellion, for keeping the old ways, for having land that someone else wanted; leave out the centuries before the nineteenth, and you are left with a load of suffering that is still insupportable. I cannot meet a well-established Irishman in countries like Australia or the United States without wondering about the circumstances in which his ancestor left and he seldom knows. Or now cares. And that is the point.

The horrors were real — the emigrant ships, the epidemics, the slum tenements of Liverpool and Cardiff, the casual and systematic exploitation and the resultant degradation of which a malevolent observer could still find traces today. But this is not a rehearsal of these horrors. Their existence must be accepted as a political factor, as an influence as real as the Fleet-in-Being. This is a comparison of myth with reality.

Of course myths cannot be despised, even by historians. They are armies in themselves, and indeed other armies almost always enlist a few behind their colours. They are often more potent than the facts.

The danger of touching such a subject is that, in the past, many of the Irish regarded being Irish as a personal achievement. They tended more than most men to treat their legitimate inheritance as if it were something they had acquired by personal merit and in a competitive examination. Only recently has objectivity about Ireland become permissible to the Irish. That is their second liberation.

No other nation has used the title of 'exile' so widely and so loosely. It has been made to include the dispossessed nobility, the military and political

fugitive or felon, the committed Irish nationalist, the Irishman who seeks a larger and richer pasture and leaves because home is too poor and too small, and the Irishman who intends to become an ex-Irishman and longs to merge into some other culture. It can even include the descendants of all these.

The difficulty is that you cannot define an Irish exile. It is not a legal or genetic status, it is a state of mind. It can continue for generation after generation. It can disappear as soon as the ticket from Cork is torn up. If you have a thundering committing name like mine, you are typecast because of the activities of the professional exiles. I am expected to behave in a certain manner and, quite often, I oblige.

But I delight in the name which I regard as exceptionally mellifluous and I take an increasing pleasure in my origins. And I kept my religion, originally, for reasons that can only be called nationalistic; and I have found my corner in Ireland where my grandfather came from, one of the most beautiful places in the world, and — and here it comes — the Irish syndrome — there is a crossroads burial plot where I have established my right to decompose.

Because there is here something that is serene which does not fit into the romantic approach to the Irish conception of being an exile, it is important to try to be objective. Historically the Irish have been the most mobile people. They have behaved like the Golden Horde, taking the whole world as their backyard. Many of their early and awkward saints, once they had their basic training, took boat for Europe and more uncertain places to teach and to change the people they met.

This was long before the English created the mood of nationalism. The Irish in the sixth century regarded the whole world as their place of work. In their remarkable poetry, they expressed a passionate love for the *minutiae* of Ireland, for its birds and running water and its insistent weather.

The modern English soldier at war, perturbed by the prospect of death, by enforced celibacy and under the discipline of absurd creatures from another class, does not dream of England. He thinks of some detailed ideal, of a table laden with fried food, of a corner of Burnham Beeches, of a Manchester 'bus taking him to sexual adventure. For the Irish, Ireland too is a fact that is supplanted by the details. But the love or the regret for it is not enough property to irradiate a whole life lived overseas.

Yet the Irish in exile, at least on paper, regard themselves as people sick with love for a country that demands everything that they have. Compare them with the Jews.

The Jews are a people who have kept their identity by their theoretical devotion to their Race, their Book and their Land. When at last they had their chances, they flocked back to that bare sliver of land. And those who could not break their connections with England and America yet delighted in pouring out their money, not only for the defence of the country, but for the building of universities, of synagogues and hospitals and forests. The Jews in this country and in many others accept a sort of proudly painful

obligation towards Israel — even when they do not intend to live there themselves. There is no similar sort of sense of obligation to the motherland, even among the most emotional of Irish exiles. It is said that Irish revolutionaries are financed from New York and London, but that is really as far as it goes. I do not know in Ireland of any great projects financed by the Irish *diaspora*, unless it be the old Hospital Sweeps. And, in a way, I think that this is a healthy attitude.

For, whatever the myth about them may be, the Irish are not a romantic people. The whole brief business of the Celtic Twilight was irrelevant to the reality of Ireland. The appalling songs that have been written about Ireland have had a powerful influence on that country's image and yet they are simply not true.

The Irish in Ireland are, in fact, as severely practical as any people in the world when it comes to death or to sex, land or money, or to the possession of television sets or how to find the shortest possible Mass on a Sunday. And there is nothing wrong in this practicality. It only causes offence when set against the myth. In fact, the vast majority of the people of this *diaspora* have 'passed', have merged into their new societies and emerge with their tell-tale names in British Cabinets, in Fleet Street, in the Civil Service, the Army and in every trade and sport and drudgery under the sun.

This is an unexciting but happy fact. It would be intolerable to think of so large a part of the world burdened and distorted by mourning and bitterness. The supreme example of this sort of assimilation is perhaps the late President Kennedy. If his family had any private ambition, it was to be accepted as Boston gentlemen, which is perhaps the most difficult goal that an outsider can set himself. (And far more difficult than getting into the English peerage.) The father of President Kennedy, who longed to be accepted in Boston, once asked: 'How many generations do I have to live here before I can be an American?' I know what he meant. It is true that the necessity of Massachusetts politics made him identify with the particular power group composed of the descendants of the Irish, but neither he nor they ever did much for Ireland, except to dignify it with their effectiveness and success. They loved the idea rather than the hard facts of Ireland. And since they were and are Americans this too was entirely right.

But there were once real exiles. At their grandest they ended up as Marshals of the Empire and wore their names to alien wars. But they were not pining or broken-hearted men. There were the refugees from the tragedy of the '98. You find one a divisional commander in the French army, surviving even into the Second Empire, living hospitably and happily in a château in Lorraine. Or there is Thomas Emmett, who was brother of the hanged Robert Emmett — one of the romantic heroes of Ireland's identity. Thomas himself was a brave insurrectionist leader. He got away and settled into middle-class respectability in the United States and wrote querulously about the difficulty of getting reliable servants in that country.

President de Valera met the *diaspora* in his trip to the United States in 1919 when he went to raise funds for the unrecognised government of

Ireland. He was accorded triumph and honour such as few men ever get. The Irish-Americans contributed generously to his bonds but he also had to face the relentless hostility of the leaders of the Irish group there. He was interfering with their American preoccupations. It is not a pretty story. His opponents included the old Fenian, John Devoy, who 50 years earlier had shouted a contemptuous 'Guilty, My Lord', to a Dublin Judge and had picked oakum for five years in an English prison. And leading a relentless opposition to him in America was Daniel Cohalan, a Judge of the Supreme Court of The State of New York, an Irishman who was enjoying the power and the pleasure of American success. For them, this real Irish politician was an infernal nuisance and a foreigner to boot.

I have said that Irish exile is a state of mind and it certainly exists. Every Fleet Street Editor has to face correspondence from his readers. It usually takes a separate department to deal with it. Of course there is a steady income of dotty and unusable letters. They come usually from religious and fundamentalist fanatics. They can be recognised on sight by their more than Queen Victorian use of underlinings and several coloured inks. But there is also a predictable flood whenever anything remotely controversial is written about religion in Ireland. These are formidable letters and the most daunting come from Irish Catholics who live in England. Like pain-maddened buffalo, they attack on sight. I sometimes feel that this particular sort of exile is activated by unconscious guilt about not being in Ireland.

Then there are the self-exiled intellectuals of whom Sean O'Casey was the most obvious example. They tend to be bitter about the fact and the nature of Ireland and they are real, though self-made exiles. Ireland has come to accept the bitterness of overseas writers as a fact of life. The country lives with their angry rejection of religion and their contempt for the ordinary aspirations of the Irish who cannot live for ever in the shadow of Kilmainham Gaol. Ireland expects now their hatred for the public and un-permissive morality of the Republic.

This hot dislike for the fact of Ireland is a phenomenon of our time. All revolutions are disappointing in the end and the Irish revolution — if it can be properly called a revolution — is no exception. Real revolutionaries do not aim at viability and contentment. And the young who leave Ireland now in diminishing numbers are often angry in the conventional contemporary manner. The Irish Trotskyite has become a political fact, if not a very important one. And perhaps this luxurious rage is a sign of the maturity of Irish independence. It can now take chances with itself like any other democracy.

When I read about the fall of Byzantium or the history of Ireland, I always have, lurking, the same rather childish reaction. I hope, again and again, that this time it is going to work out to a happy ending. But, of course, there is never an ending in history.

[Patrick O'Donovan has been a member of the *Observer* staff since 1945.]

A DECADE OF CHANGE IN THE CHURCHES

by Cecil Northcott

EVER since the Vatican Council of the 1960s change and reform have been the dominant notes in the Roman Catholic Church, and during the same period the Church of England has also been under the constant scrutiny of commissions and investigations bent on re-ordering its structure. In the Free Churches too the dwindling of influence and numbers has been accompanied by some stringent observations about the future of the churches.

It is easy enough to conclude that all this self-conscious examination is only another symptom of decay and ultimate death, a conclusion that is all too facile when you are dealing with an institution such as the Christian Church that has withstood the storms and tempests of the last two thousand years.

But there are some unique factors about the present situation that make the word 'revolution' more justifiable than the milder word 'change'. Nothing less than 'revolution' is happening with the Roman Church. This is seen in the worship of the church where the vernacular has at last challenged the domination of Latin in the Mass itself thereby robbing the Mass—in the opinion of some—of its mystery, but for others liberating Roman worship to a more powerful efficacy in the life of millions.

Another example of powerful change is seen in the vocation and status of the priesthood where the hallmark of a priest's calling and dedication is (or has been) celibacy. Some sixty per cent of priests in the United States have voted for optional, rather than obligatory, celibacy and large percentages say they would be prepared to leave the priesthood owing to the loneliness and sexual frustrations of middle life.

In England the celibacy issue has not dominated relations between bishops and priests largely because of the traditional loyalty and conservatism of the Roman Catholic community. But even so the Roman revolution has resulted in the formation of a national organisation for priests with a national conference and the right, not merely to be obedient to the bishops, but to discuss with them and to make representations.

The Roman laity too are breathing the air of democracy within the church in the thirteen commissions set up to bring into England some of the Vatican Council reforms. Even theology has been claimed as an area of church life where even the laity may have some ideas. Exclusiveness in the Roman Church is on the way out, and some kind of democracy in thought and ideas is coming in. The Roman Church will be hierarchically governed for many generations yet but, as the centuries do not matter much, there is no time-clock to worry about.

I have taken these examples from changes in the Roman Church because that church traditionally is impervious to change and when it does happen the results are more startling than in churches more open to change. This is seen in the almost youthful enthusiasm with which Rome has welcomed

the ecumenical movement, and has gone very near to recognising the full churchmanship of other churches. All this in the pre-Pope John era would have been firmly squashed even if only a few brave souls had ventured to call themselves 'ecumenical'. Now all Rome is ecumenical, and that very fact is a sign to all other sections of the church to be aware of what may happen when the once sleeping giant really gets into its stride.

In England the Church of England has now had a decade of the leadership of Archbishop Ramsey, one of the shrewdest, and most clear-minded men—and withal godly—to have sat in St. Augustine's chair. His decade will be memorable for change and reform. By the time Dr. Ramsey retires it is likely that the Church of England will have come as near to being mistress in its own house and responsible for its own worship as it is likely to become, short of complete dis-establishment.

The 1970 Chadwick Report, which Dr. Ramsey instigated, brings the Church of England to a new stage in church-state relationships. When that report is presented, in the form of a measure to Parliament, the church will receive the right to revise its Prayer Book and to order its life even to the point of having full participation in the choosing of its bishops. Many would like to see the church with full power to choose its own chief officers, but there are still those who are Downing Street-Buckingham Palace minded when it comes to the final choice. It does preserve, they say, that tenuous link between church and state that is worth having in a society and state where secularism is paramount.

Dr. Ramsey's decade as Archbishop has seen a growing concern within the Anglican Church to be a church of the people rather than a church where bishops and clergy matter most. Two important measures have made this a practical possibility — the Synodical Government plan and the Pastoral Measure. The old Church Assembly, which did valiant work in providing the first comprehensive 'democratic' assembly of the Anglican Church, now gives way to the General Synod almost 'fifty-fifty' clerical and lay. It is too early yet to pass any judgement on its work but what is already obvious is that 'synodical government' has brought new life into the local government of the church with a more effective grouping in the 'deaneries' where a dozen or so local parishes now feel themselves as part of the 'team' of churches, able to think and plan together in a new way for the whole church. In a day when the 'single' parish system of the Church of England is breaking apart, and even crumbling, the new 'deanery' plan is of considerable significance. It recognises the importance of the 'unit' in organisation and the weakness of the isolated group.

The Pastoral Measure is one of those quiet revolutions in the life of the church which few people are aware of until it 'hits' them locally in the closing of churches, the merging of parishes and the declaration of redundancies. The Measure gives power to the bishop and diocese to put into effect the view that the whole diocesan clergy force should be regarded as a team ready to be 'deployed' in the service of the church. This involves a certain amount of control over benefices and who is appointed to them. It also involves the fabric of the church buildings, their use and their future.

It has become more than ever clear in the last ten years that the Church of England is burdened with a weight of architectural inheritance in its thousands of parish churches, hundreds of which are now in the wrong places. Accompanying this fact is the other; one of too few parsons available for the parishes. How to reconcile these factors which are so human, traditional and sentimental is now occupying a great deal of Anglican energy.

One aspect of the problem is the 'redundant' churches question which is now being tackled by the dioceses and the Church Commissioners together. It is said that there are about 700 churches all told which are worthy of the name 'redundant'—a name which conjures up nostalgic memories for some, and demands radical action by others. In cities like York and Norwich the concentration of unwanted church buildings is a chronic problem and across the English countryside there are also scores of derelict churches fast becoming ivy-covered ruins.

The truth is that there are far too many churches of all kinds in England. A recent census in one small provincial town, which had six churches of the chief denominations in its main streets, showed that on any Sunday morning one church was amply sufficient to accommodate all the attending congregations.

Already there are signs in the new towns and housing areas of the 'church of the future'. In Milton Keynes, the new town in Buckinghamshire, the idea of 'worship centres' is to be developed where the separate denominations use the same building. In addition for each 5,000 of the population there is a 'church centre' for personal consultation and social occasions.

In Cippenham, Bucks, the purpose built 'shared church' offers another plan for using the property and equipment of the church jointly for both Anglicans and Roman Catholics. At Bar Hill, Cambridge, the community church will be both Anglican and Free Church in an ecumenical experiment that is also being followed at Corby and Desborough.

The new-style church building will be flexible, with moveable furniture, mobile screens, a coffee bar, and an emphasis on use all the week instead of just for two hours on Sundays. In fact the new-style church is being built not for the centuries, as the old ones were, but for a decade or two. When it has served its purpose it can, without great cost, give way to the church that another generation will demand.

But even these innovations do not satisfy the root and branch radicals of the church who argue that buildings of any kind keep the real church in captivity, and that they imprison the spirit and obstruct the mission of the church in the world. The radicals say the church must free itself of its property burdens if it is really to be the church as its Founder thought of it. Christ conducted his mission, they say, without buildings and warned his disciples of the perils of piling up possessions. This conception of the church is leading to the growth of 'house groups' and small companies of people who believe that the simple observance of the Eucharist and then service to others really make 'the church' and create its genuine life force.

This new thinking has challenged the Free Churches in particular to look again at their calling and vocation. During the last decade they have been fighting a rearguard action in all parts of the country except in some of the south-eastern suburbs where family church-going is still healthy.

The decay of village Methodism, and the loss of Methodism's grip on the big industrial areas are also factors of change that have caused some deep heart searching in all the Free Churches. For Methodism the decade has been dominated by its search for unity with the Anglican Church. Even now, as I write in May 1971, the issue is undecided within the Church of England which hopes to vote again at its General Synod in July 1971.

But Methodism has nailed its colours to the unity mast at two annual conferences and is not likely to go back on its decision even though the Church of England should, once more, reject the proposals that would bring the two churches into full communion with a united ministry in preparation for ultimate organic unity.

It is undoubtedly one of Dr. Ramsey's dearest hopes to see this stage towards unity achieved during his Archbishopric. But even if it has once again to be postponed its inevitability is now recognised. It may be that it is asking too much of the Church of England to enter on a unity plan at the first, or even the second demand. It required forty years of patience to bring episcopal and non-episcopal together in South India, and episcopal ordination is still at the heart of the unity problem in England.

Another church union, a marriage of first cousins, is more likely to be achieved in 1972 when the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches may be united. They must have made their final local decisions before December 1971. More than two decades of talk lie behind this union which, apart from the Baptist churches, will become the central core of English Free Church life with the rather European sounding name of United Reformed Church with about 250,000 members.

As a group of churches, once politically powerful in England, the Free Churches are now ecumenically powerful because they represent the non-hierarchical conception of the Christian Church over and against the Episcopal and the Papal. What they say nationally in social and educational affairs may be disregarded by governments but their witness to the simplicities of the Christian faith and the expression of those beliefs in ecclesiastical forms is vital for the church's future.

Whenever there is a church union anywhere in the world the form of government accepted is usually an episcopal one. There are all sorts of reasons for this which many Free Churchmen acknowledge and accept and do not regret. But at the same time they believe that the church of Christ in all its simplicity still has much to do with 'where two or three are gathered in His Name'. The new United Reformed Church, together with the Baptist churches, will have a key role to play in the church life of England. It is when the discussions on unity between them and the Anglican Church begin that the real argument about the shape of the church to come in England will be fought out.

In his new book, *Christian Reunion: Historic Divisions Reconsidered,*

(Lutterworth Press) Dr. John S. Whale reminds his fellow Free Churchmen that many of the old divisions are still living. It is not enough, in Dr. Whale's view, to say that the great truths of the Reformation are now accepted by the churches through the ecumenical movement and therefore only the non-theological factors divide them. It looks occasionally like this. But behind the ecumenical camaraderie, the conferences, the friendly speeches and the considered statements there still lie deep divisions about the character and purpose of the church which have to be faced by the separate churches.

This situation comes to life at moments of criticism and crisis such as the recent decision of the World Council of Churches to give aid to freedom fighters in racial situations in Africa and the East. This was no 'off the cuff' decision but the result of lengthy debates by the Council's appropriate committees. Whatever the individual churchman's opinion on the decision he must face the question of what the church is doing on controversial issues of this kind. Has it the right to speak and act, or must it remain a pietistic group concerned only about its own interior life and disciplines?

For centuries the church has debated its relations to Caesar and the kingdoms of this world and will go on doing so until the end of time. The churchman is a citizen of two kingdoms, and must act as a Christian and churchman. When he does so the world suddenly wakes up and wonders what the church is up to and describes the situation as a 'crisis'! The great value of a crisis is that it can also be a moment of education and insight and for that reason alone the church should welcome crises as they may lead to changes—and changes to the advancement of the Christian faith.

[Dr. Cecil Northcott is Religious Affairs Consultant and Churches Correspondent to the *Daily Telegraph*.]

LABOUR'S YEAR IN THE COLD

by Rowland Summerscales

ON the morning of June 19, 1970, Harold Wilson sat down to a breakfast of bacon-and-eggs inside 10 Downing Street with a group of Transport House and baggage men who had formed his little caravan in the election campaign. The entourage was broken-spirited. 'Harold', it was said later, 'was magnificent'.

With that insensate cruelty with which the British public invariably treats its defeated Prime Ministers, the tumbrils were already rolling in Downing Street in the modern form of the pantechnicons which would rapidly erase all traces of the Wilson ménage from No. 10.

Certainly, to all those in his immediate circle, Harold Wilson's stoicism and dignity in defeat were remarkable. All through Labour's deliberately muted campaign, the public opinion polls had indicated a handsome Labour victory. Whatever secret whispers of doubt sounded in his mind, he could not ignore a public opinion poll reputation for accuracy which in recent years had amounted almost to infallibility. Thus, when at 11.10 p.m., the grisly message of Guildford (5.6 per cent swing to Conservative) and Cheltenham (6 per cent swing to Conservative) flashed up on the television screen, Harold Wilson suffered the most bitter blow of his life. In his mind's-eye he had already gone down to history as the first British Prime Minister to win three elections in a row — and he was only 54.

For those who remembered the aftermath of the defeat of Hugh Gaitskell in 1959, the immediate future of the Labour party now looked menacing. Harold Wilson had chosen June 18; it was, he said subsequently, 'a lonely choice', although he had naturally taken the precaution of consulting Cabinet colleagues and others, including Lord George-Brown, then George Brown, out of the Government, but still deputy-leader of the Labour party. George Brown was against, but the majority opinion favoured June. Nevertheless, it was the Prime Minister's sole responsibility.

Later, Mr. Wilson claimed he had pencilled the tentative date in his diary long, long before. In the end, everything had conspired to make it an almost inevitable choice. He reasoned that a party might forgive a Prime Minister if he went to the country early when the odds were clearly in his favour, and yet lost; it would never forgive him if he lingered until the autumn in the hope of a more favourable opportunity, and then lost.

If the party was to develop another of those self-destructive urges which bleed it from time to time, another danger faced the defeated Mr. Wilson: the style of campaign which he had recommended and carried through the election campaign committee at Transport House. It is an insult to Mr. Wilson's political flair to describe it as a policy of non-aggression. Harold and Mary Wilson did not spare themselves in their walks among the people, he made his set speeches, the sun shone, the public opinion polls pointed to the imminent political death of Edward Heath, and all was well. Now, on the morning of June 19, Mr. Wilson knew he could expect the whole cam-

paign strategy to be critically questioned. How, he had argued, could a party which had been in Government for five-and-a-half years go to the country with a new list of promises to do desirable things? It would be inviting the question: Then, why did you not do them before?

But the charge to which Mr. Wilson was most vulnerable was that, by pursuing 'Conservative' policies, his Cabinet had alienated the party faithful in the constituencies between 1966 and 1969. It was not only Barbara Castle's *In Place of Strife*, with its proposed curbs on trade union power, which had disillusioned the Parliamentary Labour party and the party workers. The savage deflationary policies with wage freeze and restraint, increased unemployment, higher prescription and dental and spectacle charges, were not what they had been led to expect from a Labour Government.

The Labour party is essentially a party of protest. Its very constitution was devised without a thought of provision for possible periods of office, and no rules are laid down for the form of association between a Labour Cabinet and a National Executive elected by the rank and file. Tensions developed as the Cabinet felt constrained to pursue its unpopular policies, and splits appeared in the N.E.C., the Cabinet, and the Parliamentary party.

The effect of the long conflict over *In Place of Strife*, and the Bill which eventually emerged, was disastrous on the state of organisation at Transport House and at constituency level, on the Parliamentary Labour party with its 130 trade union sponsored Members, on the N.E.C. with its trade union membership, and on relations within the Cabinet. By the time Mr. Wilson had been forced to submit to the T.U.C. by a rebellious Parliamentary party, a deserting Cabinet, an aggressive N.E.C. and an implacable General Council, the Labour party was demoralised and discontented. The Conservative party made sure that with Mr. Wilson's surrender on June 18, 1969, went much of his party's credibility.

The selection of the date, the style of campaign, the alienation of activists who deserted in hundreds over *In Place of Strife* and Labour policy, the utter unpreparedness of the party organisation starved of money through falling membership — perhaps these were the anxieties Anthony Wedgwood Benn had in mind when he commented as the gin-and-gall went down at the funereal Transport House gathering of workers (originally planned as a victory celebration): 'No recriminations, please'.

Mr. Wilson did not escape some censure. In *Tribune* he was accused of fighting a Presidential-style election which reduced the campaign to triviality. Gale, the cartoonist, depicted him as a seedy Archie Rice, sitting dejectedly in front of his dressing-room mirror over the caption: 'The man who brought the House down.'

Michael Foot, soon to be a candidate for the deputy-leadership, and to be elected a member of the Shadow Cabinet, criticised the 'parody of a party manifesto, the least creditable in the party's history', denounced the leadership for 'complacency and political naivety', and attacked Mr. Wilson personally for his 'conceit' in fighting the election on the 'wrong date, on

the wrong issues, and in the wrong style'. Lord Balogh, the Labour Government's former economic adviser, added his criticism: the election had been fought 'without positive pledges and socialist conceptions'. Relieved of the restraint of office, Richard Crossman, now in the editorial chair of the *New Statesman*, said: 'We campaigned on our record and our leader. I was very dissatisfied with our campaign.'

For a time it appeared that the suicidal tendencies of the party might be about to assert themselves. In the wings, Roy Jenkins, James Callaghan and Denis Healey watched and waited, but the spasm passed and no call came from the reassembled and diminished Parliamentary party for a new leader. Mr. Jenkins was elected deputy-leader in place of George Brown, who had lost his seat at Belper, Mr. Callaghan turned his thoughts towards bringing the Parliamentary party and Transport House into more of a working union and tripling party funds, and Mr. Healey decided to strengthen his base by seeking membership of the National Executive. He was duly elected and joined the other two contenders, both ex-officio members. Harold Wilson safely survived the October party conference, managing to keep the party's options open on the Common Market, but was defeated by Messrs Jones and Scanlon on the need for an incomes policy.

But now, the leader seemed to falter and his close associates diagnosed delayed shock. He seemed to have aged. He was criticised within the party for his decision to retain Mrs. Castle as Shadow Employment Secretary to fight the Industrial Relations Bill, despite the millstone of *In Place of Strife* around her neck; he was thought to have been dilatory in naming his shadow Ministers; and he was known to be spending many hours at work on the history of his two Administrations. In one month he had written no fewer than 50,000 words. But, most singularly of all, his mastery over Mr. Heath in the regular duels across the Despatch-Boxes had completely vanished. Victory had turned the tormented into the tormentor; at times the brutal demolition of the Opposition leader by the Prime Minister became embarrassing to witness. Privately, ex-Ministers asked each other whether Harold's heart was in carrying on.

Mr. Wilson's book had demanded tremendous self-discipline. He began writing on lined foolscap on September 2 and finished the manuscript of 300,000 words by February. That month he was able to give doubting colleagues their answer when he said on the radio in more characteristic style: 'If you held the heavyweight crown and lost it you want to go and get it back . . . I am still very young, nine years younger than Macmillan when he began to be Prime Minister, or Attlee.'

The Fabian Society, at least, appeared to have been well prepared for defeat. It soon announced ambitious plans for a stream of pamphlets, and was obviously determined to re-establish itself as one of Labour's mental power-houses.

It was Stephen Haseler and John Gyford, in their Fabian Society tract, 'Social Democracy: Beyond Revisionism' who, in April, introduced into Labour's argument the issue of consensus and class, which Dr. Haseler described as 'the great hidden issue of British politics'. The authors refer

to the 'sense of estrangement felt by many working-class voters towards a Government whose policies sometimes seemed to bear little relation to the everyday life of ordinary people, and whose concern for permissive legislation, the arts, higher education and technological efficiency, could not mask its failure to deal adequately with housing, unemployment, and the cost of living.'

Elsewhere, Dr. Haseler argues that although consensus has helped liberalise the nation it has not helped it to become more equal. If Labour means what it says about egalitarianism, a break-out of consensus is necessary and urgent. Dr. Haseler identifies a possible danger: that Labour might divorce itself from its traditional support and become predominantly a reflection of middle-class cultural, social and economic concern. This he depicts as 'electoral suicide', since Labour's electoral trump-card has been that it represented ordinary aspirations. Labour may aspire to create a class-less society politically but, however embarrassing, it remains a class party electorally.

Dr. Haseler suggests there may be emerging a less habitual and more calculating view of political parties and that working-class voters may be willing to back any horse that at a given point in time seems to coincide with their immediate needs and desires. He also warns of the possible erosion of the working-class vote from a 'resurgent populism of the Right', whose potential can already be measured by the political appeal of Enoch Powell. All the more likely that this appeal will be successful, if social inequality and resentment continue to flourish.

Labour is advised to concern itself more with the 'old politics' of housing, education, and income redistribution. This is totally relevant because the problems of contemporary society resemble those facing the earliest Socialists and trade union leaders of the nineteenth century. Dr. Haseler's conclusion? If democratic socialism is both to save itself from its more fanciful middle-class supporters, also save the nation from Right-Wing populism, it deserts its old egalitarianism at its peril.

Much of the Haseler and Gyford argument met with the approval of Anthony Crosland who, in January, had launched his own Fabian pamphlet: 'Social Democratic Britain'. In this he called for a high priority for the relief of poverty, distress and social squalor; a more equal distribution of wealth; an improvement in social capability to give the less-well-off access to housing, health and education, and to fulfil the basic decencies; and a strict social control over the environment.

First, argued Mr. Crosland, in a subsequent article, we must understand what Labourist populism does not mean. It does not mean identification with every militant union leader, strike and wage claim. This would cut the party off from the moderate working-class and union opinion which is clearly uneasy about extreme militancy. Populism does not mean following every whim and fad of public prejudice and intolerance.

Mr. Crosland warns that while the voters will swing away from the Tories they may swing not to Labour but to abstention. However unpopular the Tories, the voters will not be satisfied with being referred to

1964-70 and achievements they found inadequate. Labour cannot return to the 'D.E.A. aluminium smelter syndrome' after six years of 2 per cent growth.

Coincident with Mr. Crosland's Fabian pamphlet, Barry Hindess, a lecturer in social science at Liverpool University, in his book: *The Decline of Working-class Politics* (MacGibbon and Kee), sought to demonstrate why sections of the working-class are becoming increasingly alienated from party politics. He argues that two-thirds of working-class voters traditionally vote Labour but asks why, recently, so many have abstained. The steady growth of prosperity has eroded traditional working-class attitudes but the question should be asked: Does working-class psychology mean Labour voting and middle-class psychology mean non-Labour voting? If the author is right, relationship between class and voting behaviour appears to be breaking down. He believes that certain types of interest have been squeezed out of the general coalition which makes up the Labour party.

On policy, there were some significant signs in the autumn of a shift of opinion within the Labour party on the Common Market issue. In May, 1967, when Labour's application to join was approved by 488 votes to 62, 34 Labour M.P.s voted against and, it was estimated, about 50 others abstained. But last November, Peter Shore, a member of the Government which made the application, came out openly against entry; Mr. Benn, a member of the Cabinet which took the decision to apply, began to urge a referendum — a personal initiative with which, Mr. Wilson made clear, he did not agree although the Shadow Cabinet accepted Mr. Benn's right to make it.

Growing anti-Market influence was detected in the National Executive when it passed, admittedly by the narrow margin of 12 votes to 11, a motion denying a contribution of £1,200 a year to the funds of the Action Committee for a United States of Europe (the Monnet Committee).

In January, John Silkin, the former Chief Whip responsible for mustering the Government's overwhelming vote in favour of entry in 1967, organised an immensely successful anti-Market move when he produced 124 signatures from Labour M.P.s for a motion rejecting any terms so far envisaged. In the meantime he had joined the militant *Tribune* group, which had defied him so often when he was Chief Whip, and was advising it on Parliamentary procedure.

From now on the speeches of Labour leaders were closely analysed and opponents of entry claimed there were signs that Messrs. Wilson, Callaghan and Healey, were all wavering in their enthusiasm. At the October party conference, the leadership had just managed to retain a 'wait-and-see-the-terms' policy. But what are Mr. Wilson's chances of swaying the special party conference to accept any probable terms, even if he should so wish? Anti-Market M.P.s say quite decisively: None. And would the Shadow Cabinet be prepared to defy a conference vote and impose a three-line whip to compel a deeply divided party to back its former Government's application? Again, commonsense says: No.

The Shadow Cabinet has so far managed to preserve its balance in the

face of the T.U.C.'s imperative demand for an 'explicit and unconditional assurance on the repeal of the Industrial Relations Bill'. Its formula is for a triple alliance of the N.E.C., the Parliamentary party, and the T.U.C. to develop 'our constructive alternative to the Tory Bill, which will ensure that a workable accord between a future Labour Government and the unions and their members can be put to the electorate as a firm basis for repeal'.

Protracted talks, in which prices and incomes policy will be inextricably involved, are inevitable after passage of the Bill. Meanwhile the Act, which Labour leaders have always said would never work, will be in force and *if* the public can be persuaded that it does work, what would happen to a party at the polls pre-committed to its repeal, root and branch? What hope is there that the unions, which provide 80 per cent of Labour party funds, will see reason on wages?

In April, Mr. Crosland called for a new phase of opposition. Up to then, he argued, Opposition tactics had been largely dictated by the Government's actions. Labour had reacted with united fury to the Government's 'reactionary' policies and had rightly concentrated on instant Parliamentary opposition. Although this must continue it must not be Labour's *sole* role from now on. As they moved towards the middle of the Parliament and 'as by-election results may begin to send shivers of anxiety through the Conservative benches', Mr. Heath's Government would move unobtrusively towards the centre. Instant opposition would not then yield the dividends it had.

Mr. Wilson obviously sees the wisdom of this argument. As Mr. Crosland wrote, plans were being made for a full-day meeting of the Shadow Cabinet in May to study long-term Parliamentary strategy, and for a two-day joint meeting with the National Executive. Members have been selected for a joint working-party to talk to the T.U.C. and the picture of harmony was only disfigured by a quarrel between Mr. Callaghan and Mrs. Castle on the composition of the Parliamentary party list, and the omission of Eric Heffer, one of her lieutenants in the fight against the Bill in Parliament.

Thus, at the end of Labour's first year in the cold, it is clear the party has survived intact its shock defeat in the 1970 election, despite organisational weakness and chronic money troubles. And May has produced a Labour landslide at local government polls. Yet, before it can present itself to the electorate as an entirely credible alternative, it has two major policy obstacles to overcome—the Common Market and industrial relations.

[Rowland Summerscales is the deputy Political Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. Under the pseudonym of Robert Gaines, he is also the author of a number of political novels, including *The Name is Judas* (Michael Joseph and Corgi).]

REFLECTIONS ON THE DEATH OF A FIELD MARSHAL

by Henry Williamson

I WENT to see *Oh, What a Lovely War*! because I had served as a young volunteer with the infantry in Flanders in the autumn of 1914, and had taken part in the Christmas truce. Later, I served in Artois; on the Somme; and in the Ypres Salient. By the early summer of 1918 I had done with the Western Front and was stationed on the East Coast until the Armistice, when I was posted to a Dispersals Unit at Folkestone. In September, 1919, I returned to the 1st Battalion of my Regiment, then at Cannock Chase, to be demobilised.

The 1914 Christmas Truce in Flanders lasted for five days and nights. Not a shell fell, no bullet cracked overhead. I learned, to my surprise — then being still under-aged — that the Germans in *feld grau* believed the same things that we British believed. While helping to bury their dead lying in Noman's Land, their *Gott mit uns* — in indelible ink on the crosses made of ration-box wood — was the same God on our side. *Für Vaterland und Freiheit* — For God and Freedom! But we British were fighting for freedom, too! Thus my young mind . . .

Our Christmas presents included a brass box from Princess Mary. It held cigarettes and pipe tobacco — the equivalent of the German meerschaum pipe with the Kronprinz on the bowl.

It was amazing to discover we were the same sort of people!

'Englische Prinzessin Mary, her gift to us. Deutscher, Kronprinz Wilhelm! Cousins you see. Your Kaiser — grandson of Queen Victoria, she — very fond of him!'

'Prinzessin! Schön!' replied my opposite number, puffing his meerschaum pipe. 'Kronprinz Prächtiger Kerl!'

I didn't like to say that Little Willie was a joke with us (from cartoons in the newspapers) for these German words meant 'decent chap'.

Happily we exchanged gifts — a tin of bully beef for a little packet of tobacco. There were many unopened boxes of bully beef chucked away in the wood behind our lines, with boxes of pipe tobacco and cigarettes; the daily ration was said to be 5,000 cigarettes per man, or two pounds of tobacco — all Duty Free Gifts from England, organised by newspapers. As for Fray Bentos bully beef, many trench bottoms were paved by unopened blue tins for hundreds of yards.

The truce lasted until New Year's Eve. The ground was frozen, but no snow had fallen by then. Nor any shells.

The Brighton Rubbish Dump Xmas Day battlefield was all white. Certainly the producer of *Oh, What a Lovely War*! had to do something to hide the old perambulators, tins, pianos, with plastic and cardboard rubbish of the Brighton Corporation . . . but why the black smoke of a shell or two? (Germans, of course, with black smoke). Our 18-pounder shrapnel

burst with white smoke; and the lyddite smoke of British 60-pounders was yellowish. There was not one shell falling on Xmas Day in Flanders.

On New Year's Eve a message came over to our lines. We were asked to keep our heads down at midnight, when automatische pistolen would fire our way, as the German Regimental (Brigade) staff went round their lines. And at 11 p.m. — Berlin midnight — the machine guns opened up, but the flashes went high.

All through the war on the Western Front few of us had any feeling of hate for the Germans. To hate was the privilege of the Home Front, which harboured revengeful feelings and made the Treaty of Versailles. This was signed by 'the old men' on July 19, 1919, while I was serving with the Dispersals Unit on the Kent coast. I climbed up to Caesar's Camp on the Downs behind Folkestone, and saw the speckles of fire which (one knew) were covering Britain from all along the south coast to Caithness. Beacons glowed on all the hills, the war to end war was over! Sadness — and an indefinable dread — possessed me. Soon I should be back in a lost world of Civvy Street.

The next day I read in one of the papers that, at Versailles Palace, Marshal Foch, late Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces on the Western Front, had pointed on the map of Europe at the German port of Danzig on the Baltic, and remarked, 'That is where the next war will begin in twenty years' time!' For much German territory was to be handed over to Poles, Slovaks, Czechs, etc.

Foch was not altogether accurate. September, 1939, was twenty years *and two months* after Versailles. And for some time after the signing, the blockage of Germany continued, while children died of starvation, bread being still half-sawdust. And the French used black colonial troops, who did not behave well. Child harlots were used, or abused. And so Civil war, almost of a private nature began and continued during the 'twenties in Germany, with scores of thousands of dead.

Oh, What a Lovely War! began well. The preliminaries moved me. I re-entered the life I had known when at school. Here was the feeling we had (from newspapers, deriding everything German) in the years before August, 1914. For the film truly reflects the period of great wealth and splendour when, through our colonies and shipping, we were the Golden Grocers of the world.

But the film says nothing of the lives of two million near-destitute Britons living with no roofs over their heads in Edwardian England's Green and Pleasant Land.

Among the landed families, schooled by inheritance and education *to serve*, were miniature welfare states: schools, churches, village halls, visiting the sick, and pensions for those who had worked all their lives on the estate. But among the aspiring middle-classes of those days ('the Forsytes') the 'lower orders' were considered almost to be a sub-species of that Britain which ruled both the world and its waves.

The film shows us a hint of this as the war darkens into 1917 on the Home Front. We see a Suffragette, Sylvia Pankhurst, pleading for peace from a plinth in Trafalgar Square. I was there, I saw her, I was home on leave from the front. She was jeered by Australian soldiers and others: a brave and tragic figure conveyed in the film by our superb Vanessa Redgrave.

Here let me speak aside. In August, 1914, many babies of Army Reservists called to the Colours died of starvation in the slums. Mothers, milkless and near penniless, bought 2d. loaves of white bread which they boiled, to give the warm liquid to their screaming babes.

We heard of this in Flanders from some of the reservists re-called to the Colours — the Regular battalions with whom we Territorials were brigaded. These old sweats, survivors of Mons and Le Cateau, acted as nurses to us all. They were bearded, including the junior and company officers. Quiet voices; a brotherhood of mutual respect and duty. These were the men who stopped the Germans breaking through to Ypres — these pre-war workless who had joined the Army for a shilling a day at a time when the word 'soldier' was a social stigma among the clean and respectable working classes.

> These, in the day when heaven was falling,
> The hour when earth's foundation fled
> Followed their mercenary calling,
> And took their wages, and are dead

wrote A. E. Housman, that classic historian and poet, in his *Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries*, at the time.

The poem isn't spoken in the film. It was in my head while I watched the sequences on that small screen in Wardour Street, deeming them to be fair enough, though sometimes shallow: the stage-characterisation of General Sir Douglas Haig, for example: and the apparent eagerness of his lady wife that her husband should succeed the 1914-15 Commander-in-Chief, Field Marshal Sir John French.

What is the truth? Lady Haig had never desired that her husband should be a senior General. She knew that by such soldiers great burdens must be borne by night and by day. (I have this from the highest authority). Also, surely it was General Sir Douglas Haig's duty to report, after the *experimental* battle of Loos in September, 1915, that Field-Marshal Sir John French had deliberately altered a major item in his Dispatches, viz:- the time of handing over the reserves — two new Kitchener Divisions — which had arrived by road from St. Omer on Y/Z night, 24/25 September, several hours before the battle was joined; and in an exhausted state.

The march up by night was hot and oppressive. On the narrow roads were many halts. Road control was not possible. Motor and horse'd vehicles, both going and returning, caused traffic blocks. There were deep ditches on both sides of the narrow roads. No lights could be used. Cross-roads caused additional blocks. Battalions had to get into single file. A staff officer wrote afterwards, 'It was like trying to *push* the Lord Mayor's procession through

the streets of London without clearing the route and holding up the traffic.'

There were long stoppages at numerous level-crossings, to allow the shunting and running of supply trains . . . for the French were already fighting a tremendous battle, and required priority. And all experience, particularly in war, has to be bought with blood and tears . . . and curses.

At Place à Bruay, the 64th Brigade (of the 21st Division, New Army) was held up during 90 minutes; and again at the next level crossing, for 45 minutes of that hot and oppressive night in darkness. There had been, of course, co-ordination, or *liaison*, between the French and British Q staffs; but there was also racial disparagement between French and English.

But worst of all, when the 72nd Brigade (of the 24th Division) commanded by Brigadier-General R. B. Mitford, reached the outskirts of Béthune, the four battalions of the Brigade were halted by a 'Redcap' (Military policeman) because 'the brigade commander had no pass to enter the area'.

And thus and thus the columns marching through a rainy night became ragged, lost, taking wrong turnings which led to retracing steps against the wretched masses of traffic: horse and man become slow and heavy with a first experience of war's reality.

In the small hours of Saturday, September 25, 1915, from 1 a.m. onwards, they arrived, in darkness becoming grey and spectral, at the rear area where soon a few batteries of heavy guns, howitzers, and 18-pounders would rock the world of each man, solitary where he lay in the arable fields besides the roadsides. And abruptly the sky leapt and flickered with light, and the earth beneath each man felt to be the bubbling of a great cauldron.

It was Zero hour — 4 a.m. The battle of Loos had begun. Three hours later, reports came in to First Army headquarters at Hinges that I. and IV. Corps had broken through the first defence system of the enemy. General Haig sent a staff officer by car to G.H.Q., urging the necessity of the XI. Corps being ready to advance in support.

Then another message: I. and IV. Corps had reached the German front-line trenches: and might XI. Corps be pushed on at once?

Two hours had been lost. The 21st and 24th Divisions should have been on the move forward at 6.30 a.m. to follow up the initial assault.

When another hour had been lost, Sir John French yielded to more urgent demands: he moved XI. Corps up the line, but retained the 21st and 24th Divisions 'in general reserve', i.e. under his own orders. This was at 9.30 a.m.

Nearly five hours after Zero Hour the first brigades were on the march up to the battle. Their cookers — ovens and cauldrons on wheels — had been left behind. Some Junior Staff Officer, name unknown, had ordered all transport to be 'massed behind the Divisions'.

I knew that mining country of slag heaps, little villages ('corons') near pit heads and, away in front, whither the little and few roads lay, rising downland from where everything was overlooked by the Germans on the

fortress of Hill 70.

And in the comparative silence of noon, the position was static. The British attack had been undertaken (by the British War Cabinet's orders) to help the French. The French Tenth Army, away to the north, had failed to take their objective, the Vimy Ridge . . . (The autumn sun was going down behind the battlefield like a septic wound upon a dying world of great loneliness. Weary files of laden men in greatcoats trying to move along the margins of a narrow road congested with down-traffic, pocked by shell-craters, and lined with irregular rows of wounded men recumbent and sitting amidst clustering blow-flies).

Sir John French certainly had a case. To push reserves through a narrow gap in the enemy's defences is to have your men 'pinched off'. Yet the Secretary of State for War — Lord Kitchener — had directed that 'the attack be pushed vigorously'.

And when, eventually, the 21st and 24th Divisions were 'flung into the battle' (as the current phrase ran) on Z-plus-1 Day (a Sunday) the Germans had returned to their trenches.

The British lines of advancing infantry broke under fire, and went back in disorder. The Germans were seen to be standing on their parapets, watching them. Our new troops had been asked to do too much, and too soon — unfed, unwatered, untrained. That is why Marshal French had held them back. But in his Dispatches, later, he had apparently forgotten *when* he did this.

A word for Sir John French. He was elderly. He had borne the mental strain of the Retreat from Mons and Le Cateau, in August, 1914, with almost no *liaison* — communication — with the French Armies. Indeed, many British stragglers, with worn boots and near-blank minds, had dropped out during the retreat, after a week of fighting all day and marching back all night. These stragglers were found wandering about by French patrols and some were shot out of hand as spies.

For the beginning of any war is chaotic. In the rapid advance of the Germans in August and early September, 1914, two German Army Corps (roughly 200,000 men with artillery and all services) were 'lost' for several days by German Main General Headquarters. This led to cancellation of the order to march on Paris, and to the British 'victory' on the Aisne, followed by the French 'victory' on the Marne, as the Allies followed the retreating Germans.

The British advance continued through Flanders to the North Sea, Sir John French reaching Ypres before the German columns; and we held that town. It was gradually rising country, and wooded in places, east of Ypres; and then in October began the battle which went on night and day with massed attacks by the Germans, and that is where we Territorials came in, and marvelled at the calmness of the bearded Regular soldiers, men and officers alike, and never a harsh word in the wood which we held until the battle ended in mid-November and the rains came and we were up to our

waists in icy yellow water, and when it froze our boots felt solid, our finger nails pierced by thorns, our greatcoats stiff and heavy as boards; and tears froze on the cheek-bones of many a 17- and 18-year soldier feeling that he was lost for ever and for ever as he tried to sleep upon the hard ground.

The old soldier is a haunted man.

Those nightmare mass-attacks — the sky dilating and roaring with light north and south of the Menin-Ypres road looked a bit different from what we heard on Xmas Day, 1914, a few weeks after the battle had ended in German failure.

'We had one rifle among three kamaraden, Herr Englander,' explained a dark-eyed youth with a wispy goatee beard. 'We were students only, and volunteers. Your automatisch pistolen were too many for us.'

I learned later that not one Maxim gun remained in operation, after the battle, with the B.E.F. All had been knocked out; including two modern Vickers guns, privately bought before the war by the 14th Battalion of the London Regiment.

What our 'opposite numbers' had mistaken for machine-gun fire into their massed ranks was the 'five-rounds-rapid-fire' of pre-war British and Territorial Army training.

(Are you keeping watch on Wenlock Edge, my Shropshire Lad, to speak the rest of your 1914 *Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries*?).

> Their shoulders held the sky suspended;
> They stood, and earth's foundations stay;
> What God abandoned, these defended,
> And saved the sum of things for pay.

Those eye-staring, dry-throated attacks on barbed wire, across level No-man's Land, starting early in 1915, in Artois . . . across watery levels the German wire was plain to see; and it was uncut. Our guns had very few high explosive shells. (Later, it came out that Lord Kitchener had decided that shrapnel shells — which explode in the sky and rain down *leaden* bullets — were the shells required to *cut* barbed wire).

The attacks — to 'keep up the offensive spirit' — were political in origin. They came from the Cabinet to the War House, thence by Chief of the Imperial General Staff to the Commander-in-Chief of the British Expeditionary Force, Sir John French. The attacks, we were told, were 'to relieve pressure on the Russian Front', or, 'to help the French offensive by drawing the enemy reserves North.' So down went the P.B.I. — the 'poor bloody infantry'; and hundreds, thousands of 'officer-material' fell to the mort-blast of the automatische pistolen from the Berlin arsenal at Spandau.

Naturally no officer, from second-lieutenant to Field Marshal, wishes to lose his men. Especially on foregone conclusions. So at that battle of Loos in September, 1915, as had been mentioned, the Commander-in-Chief tried to save the exhausted volunteers of New Army men from collapse on that Saturday morning, when we used chlorine gas and some of it drifted back

on our chaps. We used 'the expedient', as it was called, because of our lack of heavy guns to destroy the enemy strongholds.

As for the men of the 21st and 24th Divisions, they were obviously not fit to be put into battle.

In any case, the old hero had shot his bolt; and that is what Haig felt it his duty to report. And General Haig was given a Field Marshal's baton.

While the much-praised *Oh, What a Lovely War*! was being made on the Brighton Corporation Rubbish Dump, I had a letter from Mr. Len Deighton, then producing the film. We were already acquainted, and Mr. D. wrote to say how much he had learned from my five novels — one for every year of the Great War (as it was called when I was soldiering). I replied that he could make use of any of the facts in the novels for his film. (*How Dear is Life; A Fox under my Cloak; The Golden Virgin; Love and the Loveless;* and *A Test to Destruction* which covers the Home and War Fronts during the five years).

The facts of 'Passchendaele', for example: how, in August, 1917, when, after the brilliant opening of the campaign on July 31 at the Pilckem Ridge, it began to rain; and it rained on during what was to become the wettest summer for 60 years in Flanders. Then the rain ceased awhile; but started again on Y/Z night of the 2nd Battle, and very bad the terrain became thereafter. But Haig had given Marshal Pétain his word that he would keep up the pressure: for, early in August of that year (1917), the Commander-in-Chief of the French Armies had gone to him and told him in confidence that there were 40 French divisions in passive mutiny in and beyond the Champagne area; and should the Boche know of this, he could march to Paris without opposition.

So, having promised help, Haig kept up the attacks in Flanders. There followed seven more battles, all set-pieces like the first which had captured the Pilckem Ridge — a slight rise in the ground near to Ypres, which had overlooked the British positions.

Passchendaele village lay — nearly all of it — in ruins on the eastern horizon, almost seven miles from the Menin Gate at Ypres; and only a little more than half a hundred metres above sea-level. Ypres was below sea-level, but kept dry in normal times by dykes draining water into the canal which was cut east to Nieuport and so through sluices in the sea-wall to the North Sea — great gates which opened as the tide lapsed from the sands, and were closed again by the rising tide.

In that month of August, 1917, so wet, Germany was in sore straits for some raw materials, rubber particularly. She must win quickly; or lose the war. Her gas-masks were of leather, and lasted only a few minutes: steel wheels, with springs only for cushioning, on lorry and motorcar alike.

Britain also was in sore straits: a month's supply of food in the country, for the German submarines were sinking more British ships than could be built. So both armies went for a knock-out.

By November the stump of the church north of the sky-line village of

Passchendaele was reached. No longer could the Germans hold their gunnery school on the upper slopes of the ridge whence the artillery cadets had seen below them, during three years, from ground-level slits in their massive concrete *mebus* ('pillboxes' to us) fifty square miles of shell-holes, now lip-to-lip with water. The battlefield was one great morass wherein every single-file wooden infantry track (duck-board) and heavier, wider beech-wood slab 'road' was deep-littered with corpses of animals, broken limbers, and men, added-to nightly to the drone and scream and pulversing roar of bursting shells.

Little or no movement by day: every movement would be spotted: location fixed on gunnery map: ranged within seconds: shrapnel shells sent screaming over from the Gheluvelt ridge on the German left flank, where scores of heavier guns and howitzers enfiladed our wretched, drowned positions.

By November, 1917, all that was ended. We were on the Ridge overlooking, to the east, a new green country — the Plain of Flanders!

How many soldiers know, even today, that 'Passchendaele 1917' caused a German offensive of 30 divisions to be given up — a drive in the direction of Paris? The Germans had missed the opportunity in the spring of 1917 when those French divisions (and a Russian brigade, who had started the 'rot') were in passive mutiny in the Champagne.

Likewise it seems to be not well known what German History has to say about the series of battles officially called Third Ypres, but commonly known in England as 'Passchendaele'. German military historians declare that 'Haig remained Master the Field'. He had destroyed over 80 of their Eingreif Divisionen — each Shock Troop Division averaging, perhaps, 12,000 men.

The German Army, they say, never recovered from the mauling it had received. The German *morale* in the West was low. Ours was hardly better. Mutinies had occurred in several of our Infantry bases, prominently at Etaples. And, as has been said, the French Army was as good as done for. And no wonder, after the appalling slaughter in 1914, only matched by Nivelle's win-or-lose fatal offensive — all eggs in one basket — in Champagne, in the spring of 1917.

We, of the British Fifth Army, heard of that mutiny in May, 1917, when we had advanced out of the Somme morasses to higher green downland — cuckoos calling, larks singing, swallows in the blue sky, butterflies — following the enemy withdrawal to the *Siegfried Stellung* (called, by us, the Hindenburg Line). I was sitting in the Expeditionary Force Canteen, recently erected near Achiet-le-Grand (rebuilt) railway station, with an old acquaintance in the Cambridgeshire Regiment of Newmarket days, when he told me that 'two French Army Corps are marching on Paris'.

The Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig is said to have been partly inarticulate to visitors calling at G.H.Q. during the war. Politeness, one suspects,

led him to listen, rather than to 'hold forth'.

A friend of mine, who served with the 24th Battalion, The London Regiment, recently told me the following story. In June, 1916 they were coming out of The Labyrinthe (that place of long and terrible fighting, in 1915, lying east of Lens-Arras road, described in *Le Feu* by Henri Barbusse, the first and finest of the 1914-18 war books).

The sector was now in the British Zone (Third Army) and the 24th Londoners, who had been three weeks in the line, were now relieved, and nearly 'all in', as they went along the road to Arras, some carrying firebuckets, and other clobber. And, suddenly, there was the Field-Marshal, standing in a G.S. waggon, with members of his staff, beside the road.

The battalion was halted, ordered to close up.

'Be like the Guards', urged the Commander-in-Chief. 'Remember that the Guards came out of action, after the days and nights of the retreat from Mons, with all their ammunition pouches filled. Be like the Guards!'

The story went the rounds that the Guards hadn't fired a shot throughout the retreat from Mons . . . It was a laugh; but the fact was, of course, that the Guards' supply columns were, despite all odds, efficient.

Another story, told to me after the war by Lt. Col. Charlie Foss, V.C., D.S.O., of my Regiment (the 16th Foot). On April 9, 1917, when the Vimy Ridge was taken, in a snowstorm, by the Canadians — a brilliantly successful battle (17,000 prisoners) — Haig motored to Arras. Looking in the direction of the battle he asked 'Where is the Vimy Ridge?'

Charlie Foss, an exquisite painter of wild flowers, seemed to consider this to be an odd enquiry for so eminent a soldier. 'Where is, the Vimy Ridge?' Well, I couldn't see where it was, when I was there in May, 1917. On the map, it lies north of Arras; and so do several other downland risings. And one thinks, which one *is* the Vimy Ridge? And asks a passer-by; to learn that it lies almost due north of the city, is distant about seven kilometers, and on slowly rising ground.

I still can't see the point of Charlie Foss's remark . . . he already knew, of course . . . having been in the very successful British and Canadian assault . . .

I approve, I like the spirit of *Oh, What a Lovely War!*, except for the unknowledgeable scenes where the Madame Tussaud figures of the General Officers move upon the stage of the Brighton Pier Pavilion. These dummies come only to ventriloquial life: certainly not to truth in the matter of the 60,000 British casualties on July the First, 1916, when the battle of the Somme was joined.

That Saturday was a day of great heat. Pinkish dust from villages, destroyed by bombardment far behind the German lines, hung high in the air. The British 4th Army plan was a slow advance of four lines of infantrymen who were practically carrying parties.

Each line was to walk forwards slowly, at one mile an hour. The objective was the Bapaume Ridge, five miles away to the east.

The idea was to cross a totally destroyed terrain on a twenty mile front

which was five miles deep . . . and dig-in on the Bapaume Ridge, preparatory to the German counter attack in a few days; to smash the attack with the help of the new-formed Machine Gun Corps, and let the cavalry through into open country. Cavalry, being in effect fast, mobile infantry.

Now German military history records that their Army facing our Fourth Army (which was to fight the battle under General Rawlinson) came near to evacuating the battlefield the night before our assault. Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, at his Army Group H.G. in Bapaume — a long red brick village built beside the main road — called a conference of all his General Officers, to discuss evacuation by their soldiers before the battle was joined.

Had the British an unknown weapon? How else could the British Fourth Army hope to succeed? For weeks the entire German positions had been under heavy bombardment. From the air, the terrain seemed to be totally destroyed by the new British Ministry of Munitions' batteries of 6-inch howitzers.

But appearances were deceptive. For, unlike the German dugouts in the battle of Loos — two and three metres underground in the chalk — the new German dugouts, linked for miles by tunnels, had 40 wood-cased steps down to a depth of 10 metres, each room wood-cased like the connecting tunnels or corridors. Whereas, the British 6-inch howitzer shell penetrated only about a metre and a half into the top stratum of chalk; and so the dugouts were left intact.

There had been many British raids into the front-line trenches for prisoners to be taken back for identification of units. Could it be that every one of the British reports upon these raids had omitted to state that the new dugouts remained intact under such bombardments?

At this point a German Intelligence officer asked permission to speak. His information was decisive. A message had been intercepted on the German Moritz listening-mechanism. The British Fourth Army Commander had transmitted a message to all troops of his army, to the effect that little opposition could be expected from the German Army on Zero Day — tomorrow.

So, on the morrow, four lines of cumbered British infantry moved slowly forward with the low sun in their eyes and keeping line; while in the craters of Noman's Land, in places 6-700 yards wide, the German machine gunners waited, their Spandau guns pointing east and west, to take the advancing lines in enfilade.

By the afternoon of that day of torrid heat 60,000 men had fallen to the ground. For not one Raid report, of the scores carried out by the British Infantry entering the German front lines during the darkness of June nights, had reported the fact *that there were 40 steps down into the dugouts.*

The Staff wasn't to blame. The information had not been passed on by any of the battalion Intelligence officers. True, Field Marshal Haig had had some doubts. It is recorded that he said to his 4th Army Commander, who was to fight the battle, 'The Infantry Training Manual lays down the principle of "Rush the Position". Have you considered that, Rawly?'

'Yes, Chief, I have,' came the reply. 'There will be little opposition from the Boche front line defences.'

It is a moving last scene in *Oh, What a Lovely War*! — white-shirted and trouser'd youths, wraiths of some of the dead young soldiers wandering back to the South Downs. It might have been below Caesar's Camp, where I had stood alone on Peace Night, July 19, 1919, watching the beacons flaming all along the South Downs. For the dead were with me then, as they are now. And they reappeared in the film, silently; and they were in summery clothes as they sat or lay at the edge of acres upon acres of white wooden crosses; and, as the camera panned, more and more crosses, thousands upon thousands of ghostly crosses, were revealed. And, beside the crosses, but a little apart, stood Haig (played by gentle, compassionate John Mills) a lone, reflective figure.

After the Armistice, and through the following decade, the Field Marshal worked unceasingly to help the unemployed who, having returned from the Western Front in the year of the signing of the Treaty of Versailles, had not found work in the years of 'peace' that followed.

His ideal was that the out-of-work soldiers should be helped by a League of Officers giving their services through the British Legion, founded in July, 1921. By 1928 he was still directing all his energies towards the creation of a new Britain, while the unemployed figures had passed the 2-million mark. Week after week, month after month, year after year the Field Marshal travelled, with little rest, making speech after speech — a voice of the phoenix crying, it might seem, across all the counties where, nearly a decade before, the beacons arose in flame on the hills of Britain from Cornwall to Caithness.

Warnings by his colleagues, pleas from his lady wife that he must rest, were set aside. 'My men did not rest in the war; I do not rest now.' Then one evening, while he was speaking to a gathering of boys who were helping to make poppies to aid the workless and disabled, he faltered, and turned pale. That night, alone, he died in his sleep, aged 58 years. . . .

And there he was, on guard at the end of the private showing of *Oh, What a Lovely War*! in that Wardour Street room, before the general release of the film. There he stood beside the crosses on the graves of those men to whom he was, as one of them who survived can testify, 'Good old Duggie'.

IMPRESSIONS OF BELGRADE AND BUCHAREST

by Orlando Martinez

TRAVELLING across Yugoslavia after an absence of over ten years makes one aware of the increasing stresses and tensions developing among the 21 million people of the different regions and republics.

The unity of the six republics and two autonomous regions, forged in the partisan movement during the war and maintained by the loyalties of those days, appears to be disintegrating. A particularly striking feature is the increased extent to which the different languages are employed in everyday usage in the various parts of the country. From one end of the Federal Republic to the other at least four major languages are used on radio, T.V., in newspapers and schools; in ordinary conversation even more.

A generation gap has also made itself felt in Yugoslavia.

On the day we arrived in Belgrade a strike of some 5,000 university students began when a student leader, Vlado Mijalovic, was sentenced to 20 months' imprisonment for engaging in 'hostile propaganda'.

Mijalovic displeased authorities by intending to publish a satirical issue of a faculty newspaper that in fact was never printed. The edition was a protest against American intervention in Cambodia and the suppression of student newspapers. He was also instrumental in organizing a hunger strike last summer in solidarity with underpaid Yugoslav coal miners.

It is certain that the post-war generation, combined with traditional rivalries kept alive by differences in allocation of economic investment and development have contributed to present dissatisfaction.

Croatia, Serbia and Slovenia, the largest republics, are the most industrialized with the highest wages and standards of living while the life of the people of Montenegro, Macedonia, Bosnia and Herzegovina together with those of the two autonomous regions of Vojvodina and Kosovo-Metohia has remained pretty much as it was a decade ago. So much so, that many people of the last mentioned would prefer to throw in their lot with Albania.

Because of these discrepancies it is obvious that Yugoslavia is in for a period of difficult adjustment.

Seventy-eight year old President Tito may have had this in mind when he announced last autumn in the Croatian capital of Zagreb, the city where he began his political career half a century ago, that after he steps down a new form of government will take over.

His plan is for a collective executive of one deputy from each of the six Federal Republics and two autonomous regions to run the country.

Though this is obviously a sop to halt the drift towards separatism, the economic realities and vast differences in standards of living may prove too powerful.

Increased production for both consumer and export industries, combined with an upward levelling out of the differences existing in living conditions, would require investment of vast amounts of foreign capital.

Coco Cola, American cigarettes and other consumer goods are produced

under licence. But with outside ownership limited to less than 50 per cent of the whole, non-Yugoslavs are not interested in investing money in the nation's state-owned firms or industries. Privately owned firms are limited to less than ten employees. Because of the uncertain future the security of loans is nebulous.

Tourism is the nation's largest source of foreign exchange with the export of bauxite, copper, leather and wood products following as a close second. In recent years the sale of prepared meats, particularly to the U.S. Armed Forces in Europe, has also contributed large amounts of dollars to the coffers of the nation's exchequer.

Increased export of agricultural produce may be difficult as approximately 70 per cent of the farms are small privately owned units on which but half of the proprietors earn their living exclusively. The other half supplement their income by taking work in factories, construction, fishing or on state-owned farms.

At the present time there are almost half a million Yugoslavs unemployed and there would be many more had freedom to emigrate abroad not been established in 1965. Daily, men leave for Germany, France, Austria and other European countries where labour shortages exist. If the present trend continues there will soon be a million Yugoslavs living and working abroad. Admittedly, remittances that the workers send home have contributed significantly to be the balance of payments: over $280 million marks last year and it should be more in 1971. On the other hand, it has been estimated that 2,000 million marks have been deposited in German banks by Yugoslavs working in that country.

At the same time freedom to emigrate has created many more problems. Almost 50 per cent of the recent emigrants were skilled men (fifty thousand able-bodied men of military age in the first quarter of 1971) and emigration is particularly popular with university graduates. The seriousness of the problem is aggravated by the fact that, unlike other south Europeans who leave their homes and work abroad, Yugoslavs are not too anxious to return! While approximately 88 per cent of the Italians and 75 per cent of the Spaniards aim at going home, only about a fifth of the Yugoslavs have a similar objective. Many settle down in their new homes or move on to Canada, Australia, or the U.S.A. Surprisingly the greatest number of emigrants, those from Croatia, are least keen to go home. Only about 10 per cent have returned in the past six years compared with 50 per cent of Slovenes. Widespread unemployment combined with the increasing rivalry between the republics can have serious repercussions.

Mercedes', English, French and other European automobiles are common on the streets of Belgrade, Zagreb and Ljubana, but motor-bikes, bicycles and even horse-drawn carts appear to be the usual form of transport in the rest of the country.

A unique military law was enacted in Yugoslavia during February 1969 in which every man, woman and child is enjoined by law to arm himself ostensibly against possible invasion. Yugoslavs call this 'Socialization of People's Defence'. In effect it means that the responsibility for the protec-

tion of every town, village and factory rests squarely upon its occupants. Although the arms can be purchased at cost price they are not cheap. Most are imports from Sweden, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia and the Soviet Union. Guns in the hands of private citizens have not created the same kinds of problems as in the U.S.A. but they could prove to be of immense importance for Yugoslavs in the future.

President Tito was surely aware of these problems when he began his visits to the capitals of Western Europe shortly after President Nixon's visit to Belgrade.

After a three-day State Visit to King Baudouin and Queen Fabiola of Belgium, he visited Luxembourg, the Netherlands, and ended by meeting Willy Brandt in Cologne. A few days later he once again took up his travels with another visit to Amsterdam and a meeting with President Pompidou in Paris.

Common Market and N.A.T.O. officials welcome these visits, seeing them as an attempt to improve economic and political ties with the West. Last March Yugoslavia became the first East European nation to recognise the Common Market by signing a trade pact with it.

Yet whatever form of government follows Tito, with economic alignments that can determine the political life of the future, long-term problems facing the country after almost two decades of Tito's socialism may prove extremely trying to the unity of the Federal Republic.

We found it rather tragic when talking to a well-educated young Yugoslav who sat next to us on the train trip from Zagreb to Belgrade, who said, 'I hope my rich uncle in San Pedro, California, sends me the money he promised me soon. I'm going there. It must be great.'

Entering Rumania from Yugoslavia gives one the impression of moving west rather than east. The signs of the villages are in Roman lettering and not the Cyrillic of those we had sped through since leaving Belgrade. And the voices we heard were akin to West European.

Rumania's population is roughly that of Yugoslavia's, twenty-one million. But unlike Yugoslavia with its many ethnic groups, Serbians, Croatians, Slovenes, Turks, Macedonians, and Montenegrins, or Czechoslovakia almost equally divided between its Slovaks and Czechs, Rumania is over 90 per cent homogeneous. Perhaps that is why, though surrounded with Slavic, Turkish and Magyar-speaking peoples for centuries, their language remains Latin. A Rumanian goes to his *bodega* to drink, his *farmacia* for a cure, and his *casa* to sleep.

We arrived in Bucharest soon after the nation's first International Trade Fair had ended. This coincided with the winding-up of the current Five Year Plan.

Overshadowing all economic problems at the moment was the damage that resulted from the last spring floods. Nearly a fifth of the country's twelve million acres of arable land was under water, nearly sixty factories inundated, large quantities of raw materials ruined and sixty thousand homes destroyed. Total physical damage has been estimated to be over $500 million.

Yet we were assured, in speaking with officials, economists and journalists, that despite this set-back the G.N.P. will show an increase of at least the 13½ per cent it averages annually. Only the Japanese G.N.P. which increases some 15 per cent per annum is higher.

Those of the capital's 1,500,000 citizens whom we met did not seem over prosperous. Consumer goods in the shop windows looked shoddy and there were long queues in the food stores. The newest automobiles we saw were the big black Jaguar police cars that cruise up and down *Calea Victoria.*

But, we were told time and again, the country is experiencing a boom in capital goods production and export. Thirty thousand tractors are produced each year in Rumanian factories and most of these are exported to as many as thirty-five countries. The Rumanians are also setting up a manufacturing plant in Iran.

France's Renault has given the nation's automobile producers licence to manufacture their Dacias and some 18,000 are expected to come off the assembly lines this year. Eventually they expect to turn out 50,000 a year.

Rumania is short of industrial raw materials and grains. Therefore in exchange for machinery, men and equipment for the exploitation of new Soviet ore reserves the nation receives a continual supply of iron and other ores. This overall trade should expand considerably.

Chinese merchant ships bring in imports and take out exports from her Black Sea ports: France, Italy, and West Germany co-operate in projects with Rumania.

And like all oil-producing countries Rumania has been cosseted, coveted, controlled and is now courted. She is the second largest producer of oil in Europe, after the U.S.S.R., and the second largest exporter of oil-well drilling equipment in the world.

Nevertheless, 55 per cent of Rumania's foreign trade is still with East Europeans. This has made the country's planners and economists unhappy. They make no secret of their conviction that greater diversification of trading partners is essential.

President Nicolas Ceausescu could scarcely have set off on his October visit to the U.S.A., which was officially to attend the U.N.'s twenty-fifth anniversary, without the idea in mind of talking over this business with his old friend, Mr. Nixon. Earlier this year when he visited Rumania, Nixon had been the first U.S. President to visit a communist country while in office and the experience had been a pleasant one.

The U.S. President had the opportunity of repaying the Secretary-General of the Rumanian Communist Party and national President in kind. A red-carpet treatment, twenty-one gun salute and presidential guard of honour were laid on. Mr. Nixon also took pains to arrange a tour of the U.S.A. in government planes which was topped-off with a visit to Disney Land and a meeting with banker David Rockefeller.

After a few days at home in Rumania Ceausescu flew off again. On November 3 he went to Belgrade to visit his friend President Tito of Yugoslavia. He was able to compare notes with a host who had just concluded visits to West European capitals where he had had talks with Herr Willy

Brandt and President Pompidou.

After two days of meetings an ebullient Ceausescu returned saying that they both were in favour of non-alignment and indicated that Rumania would opt out of the Warsaw Pact.

Although the Soviet Prime Minister, Kosygin, had been in Bucharest last June to sign a Rumanian-Soviet Friendship Treaty, relations between Rumania and Yugoslavia with the U.S.S.R. have continued to worsen while those with the West continue to improve.

One of the jokes most commonly heard in the watering-holes frequented by journalists is that Ceausescu along with Marshal Tito will soon be soliciting for admission to N.A.T.O.

Whether or not this is true, after twenty years of socialism Rumania's leaders are still embracing capitalist principles when it comes to earning a profit.

A prime example is Dr. Ana Aslan's Geriatric Institute in Bucharest, an important dollar earner. Hundreds of foreigners, including U.S.A. citizens, go there and to other resorts in the country, to be injected, for a substantial fee, with the Doctor's secret formula, Gero-Vital A-3, which Rumanian Government handouts claim will arrest old age and restore youth.

The July issue of the *Contemporary Review* will include:

Turkey: The New Government and Basic Needs	Yurdakul Fincancioglu
Franco, the Monarchy and Don Carlos	Vincente Pilapil
Death of the Censor	Val Gielgud
Penal Reform: How to Reduce the Prison Population	Alec Samuels

MOROCCO TODAY

by J. G. Farley

MOROCCO has a long political history. For 900 years before 1912 it was an independent state and alone amongst the countries of North Africa was successful in resisting the domination of the Ottoman Empire. Towards the end of the nineteenth century, however, it became increasingly indebted to European creditors and came in 1912, through political and economic weakness, under the jurisdiction of France. By the Treaty of Fez of March 1912, a French Protectorate was established over Morocco and shortly afterwards France ceded to Spain the northern part of the country with the exception of Tangier which was internationalised as a free port.

Under the Treaty of Fez the functions of government were divided between the Sultan and the French Protectorate, whose chief official was the Resident-General. The latter was to assume control of defence, foreign policy and finance, whilst the Sultan was to continue his jurisdiction over such matters as native justice and education. It was not originally the wish of the French to assume exclusive control of Morocco but, as time went on, their role in its administration became increasingly important and ultimately dominant. Marshal Lyautey was appointed as first Resident-General in 1912, and it was under his guidance that Morocco first began to take shape as a modern state. A man of energy and insight, Lyautey organised the building of roads, railways and telecommunications and so quickly established a reputation for efficient and stable rule that investment, both public and private, was available for the various projects he wished to undertake. When he retired from Morocco in 1925 an immense amount of development work had been achieved.

Soon after this, nationalism started to appear as a political phenomenon in Morocco. From the first days of the Protectorate French policy had been to give higher education to a small indigenous élite in the hope and belief that they would come to associate themselves with French cultural values and act as a link between the colonial authority and the mass of the population. Early in the 1930s, the first Moroccan graduates began to emerge from French universities, but the positions of genuine interest and responsibility available to them were few and far between. The French did not really wish to employ them in any kind of administrative capacity, and the new graduates soon tired of the relatively menial posts into which they had been slotted and began to involve themselves in nationalist politics. The Great Slump of 1931 greatly exacerbated the employment situation and did nothing to encourage the French to make preferment more attainable to the Moroccans. By 1934, this new nationalism had been espoused by the young Sultan Mohammed Ben Yussuf (Sultan Mohammed V) who had ascended the throne in 1927. Mohammed V was a man of character and determination and, as the years passed, became an increasingly painful thorn in the side of the Protectorate Administration.

His obduracy reached its height in 1953 when he flatly refused to condemn the activities of the militant nationalist party, Istiqlal. The French, in a desperate attempt to stifle the nationalist movement once and for all, exiled Mohammed to Madagascar. The puppet Sultan Ben Arafa, who was installed on the throne by the French in his stead, proved quite incapable of commanding general loyalty or acceptance. Exiled in Madagascar, Mohammed was venerated by the people as their champion against the oppression of French rule, and terrorism, inspired and organised by Istiqlal, came to be a feature of the urban scene. By November, 1955, with a nationalist war of liberation already on their hands in Algeria, the French decided to abandon Morocco. Mohammed Ben Yussuf was restored to his throne amid general rejoicing and in March 1956 Morocco became an independent kingdom under Mohammed V.

The economic and political problems that faced Morocco at independence were many and have only partially been solved to-day. In the economic field there was a dearth of any kind of skilled manpower. Although the French had been 44 years in the country, they had failed to provide a comprehensive system of training and education for the mass of the population in either the academic or technical fields .Indeed, more than half the people could neither read nor write and there was thus no solid base of indigenous expertise. Moreover, in the final months of the Protectorate, half of the 300,000 French settlers left Morocco for good taking their skills with them. Amongst the Moroccans, too, there was considerable industrial unemployment. Foreign investment in the country had been low since the exile of the Sultan in 1953, and there were insufficient jobs available for the expanding population of the towns. Indeed, Morocco's high birth rate remains one of its main problems: its population is increasing annually at the rate of 3½ per cent and much of the country's economic progress is diminished by this increase. Agriculture was another problem: it was (and still is) the country's main economic activity, but was carried out by methods which dated for the most part from biblical times, the land being farmed in peasant strips which made the use of common services quite uneconomic. In these circumstances, agricultural production could not but be below its potential.

What solutions have been found for these problems? With regard to the lack of skilled manpower, this was considerably assisted by France after the accession of General de Gaulle to power in 1958. As the General was in no way implicated in the events of 1953 to 1956 it was easier for his Government to give and for the Moroccan Government to receive this assistance. There are at present some 8,500 French teachers working in the Moroccan secondary school system. There are also some 2,000 Frenchmen working in professional posts, mostly in railways and telecommunications.

Unemployment, although still at much too high a level, has been considerably reduced over the last decade by the growth of the tourist industry. Hotels have been constructed up and down the coast to cater for a rapidly increasing number of visitors from both Europe and the United States, and there is every likelihood of this boom continuing. In

1962 the revenue obtained from tourism amounted to £13 million; by 1968 it had risen to some £33 million. The apparent stability of the present regime has attracted considerable foreign investment into this sector of the country's economy and marked emphasis is being given to it under the current Five-Year Development Plan (1968-72). By 1972 it is hoped that the tourist industry will be bringing in rather more than £45 million. Hitherto there has been a concentration on the building of luxury hotels, but over the next few years more modest hostelries will be erected to suit the pocket of the less affluent traveller.

The main emphasis in the Development Plan, however, will be on agriculture. Nearly half the funds available under the plan will be devoted to it. If Morocco is to increase its G.N.P. to anything like its full potential, radical improvements in current methods of production are essential. The farmer must, when ploughing, come to rely on the tractor rather than the ox. To ensure acceptance of these new methods, there will be increased stress on training government agricultural officers, whose job it will be to travel into the remotest parts of the country to preach the gospel of modernisation and, once this is assimilated, to advise on its implementation. Success in these endeavours is vital, for agricultural produce accounts for some 60 per cent of Morocco's exports and provides employment for over 70 per cent of its population: yet agricultural production accounts for only 32 per cent of Morocco's G.N.P. The success of the current Plan should raise this figure substantially. Nevertheless, Moroccan agriculture will be hampered by a very variable annual rainfall and by the ubiquitous peasant-strip. The Minister of Agriculture can do nothing about the former, but may be able to remedy the latter. Possibly he may be able to draw some lessons from Tunisia's recent experiences with collectivisation.

So much for the country's economy. What are the main political features of Morocco, and what problems are most evident at present?

Firstly, royal power. There have been two kings since independence, Mohammed V and his son Hassan II who succeeded to the Crown on the death of his father in 1961. Both have been politically shrewd and perspicacious and have increased rather than diminished the influence of the Throne. This was always important in Morocco's tribally divided society, and indeed it was partly the weakness of the Sultanate which enabled France to assume control in 1912. When Mohammed became King in 1956, he enjoyed the veneration of his people as a great nationalist leader and as their deliverer from alien rule. But, despite his prestige, he could not propose and dispose politically just as he wished. Behind the scenes at Rabat, the capital, were the leaders of Morocco's largest and most influential party, Istiqlal. This was a party formed in 1944 as a nationalist movement against the French: its leaders were the young, unemployed graduates of the 1930s. Istiqlal had championed the stand taken by the Sultan Mohammed V (as he then was) until his exile in 1953. Thereafter it had organised a campaign of terrorism against the Protectorate authorities. Now that they had achieved their goal, they expected to be given pride of place in the new political system. Yet Mohammed made it clear that Istiqlal was not the only political party in Morocco; although his first

cabinet contained a preponderance of 'Istiqlalis', these did not hold any of the ministries which the King regarded as vital to his control of the state, namely, the Interior, Police or Defence. These went to members of other political parties, partly because Mohammed was suspicious of Istiqlali radicalism and partly because he wished to get a genuine balance between the various parties. This ability to weld some widely differing personalities into a coherent team has indeed been one of the most notable skills of Morocco's first two monarchs.

Mohammed's first Cabinet of 19 contained eight 'Istiqlalis': he tolerated this and bided his time. He was wise to do so, as it was not very long before serious differences developed in Istiqlal as to how much pressure should be brought to bear on the King to oust the other parties from participation in government to appoint an all-Istiqlal cabinet and, in general, to take a more socialist political line. These differences Mohammed successfully exploited by appointing as Prime Minister in December 1958, Abdullah Ibrahim, one of Istiqlal's most radical members. Soon afterwards, Ibrahim, thinking thereby to ingratiate himself further with the King, resigned from Istiqlal along with a number of his fiery colleagues. Thereafter all that was left of Istiqlal was its moderate wing and it lost its reputation as a radical party. In September 1959, whilst still Prime Minister, Ibrahim founded his own political party, L'Union Nationale des Forces Populaires (U.N.F.P.), whose members had previously been left-wing adherents of Istiqlal. He might have succeeded with this, had he not attempted to fill the vital ministries aforementioned with his own nominess by discrediting those of the King. By May 1960 Mohammed felt strong enough to act. He dismissed Ibrahim from the Premiership and assumed it himself. Thus by mid-1960, Istiqlal had been neutralised and the U.N.F.P. discredited for its doubtful loyalty to the Throne. The smaller political parties remained loyal. In 1961, the U.N.F.P. suffered a further reversal of fortune when some of its leaders, notably Ben Seddik, feeling that U.N.F.P. was insufficiently concerned with the economic well-being of the lower classes, broke away to form the Union Municipale de Travail, which was strictly a trade union movement rather than a political party. This was the position at Mohammed's death in May, 1961.

His son, who became King Hassan II, was equally determined to be master in his own house. In July 1963, an alleged plot against Hassan's life was uncovered, responsibility for which was laid at the door of the U.N.F.P. leadership. Hassan had the party proscribed and its leaders incarcerated. At their trial, several of them were sentenced to death and the rest given long terms of imprisonment. The death sentences were commuted to life imprisonment and two years later, in 1965, all the detainees were granted an amnesty and released. This incident proves Hassan's ability to temper toughness with leniency and thereby to avoid political rancour.

The second feature of Moroccan politics is the absence, except for a brief period, of any kind of parliamentary assembly. Although Morocco had no tradition of representative government, Mohammed came under pressure from Istiqlal and the other political parties to establish a parliament and preparations for this were almost complete on Mohammed's

death in 1961. The following year, a Parliament consisting of 137 members was established under a new Constitution. By this time, both Istiqlal and the U.N.F.P. were politically out of favour, and King Hassan's Cabinet was composed solely of members of the smaller parties. Anxious to retain their privileged position in the government, they merged their individual identities into one monarchical party, the F.D.I.C. (Fédèration pour la Deféńce des Institutions Constitutionelles) for the purpose of fighting the election to be held in 1963. As a party, it had no clear philosophy, having been formed to combat the more radical forces of the U.N.F.P. and Istiqlal. In the event, the F.D.I.C. gained the day at the polls, but its majority over the other parties was too small to enable it to govern effectively. It suffered a series of defeats on the floor of the House through defection by one or other of the groups comprising it. After nearly two years of this ineffective government, Hassan suspended Parliament in April 1965, as he was empowered to do under the Constitution. Since then, Hassan has ruled alone, advised by a Council of Ministers chosen by him and responsible to him. He has been fortunate in his choice of Mohammed Oufkir as Minister of the Interior, who has charge of internal security, and whose agents and informers permeate all the main towns and infiltrate all the circles where political discussion might conceivably take place. He is thus kept well in the know about subversive developments, potential or actual. Oufkir is unscrupulous and efficient. He was alleged to have had a hand in the disappearance and presumed murder of Mehdi Ben Barka, one of the U.N.F.P. leaders, on French soil in October, 1965, for which he was sentenced in his absence to life imprisonment by a French court. But Hassan refused to dismiss him.

This personal system of monarchical rule might have continued indefinitely but for the overthrow of North Africa's only other King, Idris of Libya, in September 1969. This prompted Hassan to set his own constitutional house in order. He was shrewd enough to appreciate that the absence of a parliament deprived the regime of any kind of sounding-board, thus making for a fundamental instability. He knew also that there were certain segments of Moroccan society that were bitterly opposed to his rule. So he set to work on a new parliamentary constitution which was put to the people in a national referendum last July and overwhelmingly endorsed. Elections to the new Parliament were subsequently held towards the end of August.

The new Constitution provides for a unicameral legislature, the Chamber of Representatives, the members of which will be drawn from such organisations as chambers of commerce and trade unions as well as from political parties. They will be able, under Article 37, to cross-examine the King's ministers on all matters of public policy, although they may not call in question either the monarchical nature of the regime or the national religion, Islam. Under Articles 73 and 74, the Government must resign in a body if the Chamber passes a motion of censure against it or denies it a vote of confidence on any particular issue. It is then up to the King, under Article 24, to choose a new Cabinet and the Chamber may not unseat it for at least a year. The King, may, in turn, dissolve Parliament,

but in this case, a new one must be elected within three months and must then run for at least a year before any question of dissolution can again arise (Articles 69-71).

The Constitution does attempt to introduce a measure of popular control into Morocco's system of government but nevertheless the current political situation still gives rise to misgivings. Although the Constitution was accepted by 98.7 per cent of those voting, this figure seems too high to be genuinely credible and is indeed somewhat reminiscent of the kind of electoral returns which occur in the various Peoples' Republics. The 1.3 per cent of dissenting votes came from Casablanca, Tangier and Fez Province, which suggests that the King enjoys little support amongst the urban, industrial section of the community. It is the support of this body of citizens which he must gain and hold if he is to preserve the stability of his regime. The fact that the largest of Morocco's trade unions, the Union Marocaine de Travail (U.M.T.), has also opposed the Constitution further emphasises the significance of the dissenting vote.

The main Opposition Parties, U.N.F.P. and Istiqlal, opposed it on the ground that, with only 90 out of the 240 parliamentary members directly elected, it could hardly be described as a truly representative assembly. They also criticised Article 35 which gives the King power to declare a state of emergency and makes him final judge of the circumstances. On July 27, 1970, after the results of the referendum were declared, Istiqlal and the U.N.F.P. announced that they had united into one party, the National Front, and intended to boycott the parliamentary elections planned for August 21 and 28. They said they saw little point in putting up candidates for an election which would certainly be rigged, and for a Parliament which enjoyed little real power. The elections were accordingly held in August without the participation of the National Front. It bodes ill for the future political stability of Morocco that the main Opposition Party will be unrepresented in the Chamber; it is most desirable that it should be able to voice its alternative views on such questions as economic management, land reform, nationalisation and foreign policy in open parliamentary forum rather than spread them furtively around outside it. The Chamber is now likely to be dominated by the Mouvement Populaire, the successor to the F.D.I.C. of 1962-65.

Hassan II has now ruled Morocco for nearly ten years. Only time will tell whether his monarchy can survive in the Morocco of the 1970s.

[J. G. Farley is Senior Lecturer in the Department of History and International Affairs at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, where his work has special reference to African studies. His previous appointments have included that of Assistant District Officer for the Government of Northern Nigeria.]

MRS. GANDHI'S REMARKABLE TRIUMPH

by J. D. Singh

WHATEVER other conclusions one may draw from the thumping victory of Mrs. Indira Gandhi's new Congress party in India's fifth general election, one thing is unmistakably clear: that this was a personal triumph for her. The majority of India's 280 million electorate rose above parochial considerations of caste, creed and language and cast their vote in favour of her radical and progressive policies as the only means of delivering the country from its economic backwardness, poverty and want.

Yet the obstacles Mrs. Gandhi had faced were formidable. The split in the Congress in 1969 was feared to have ruined the chances of either of its two factions to gain even a simple majority in the Lok Sabha (the Indian House of Commons). It had reduced her Government to the status of a minority depending for its survival on the support of elements as diverse as extremist communists and right-wing members of the Akali Dal. As a consequence, her Government led a precarious existence until she took the bold decision to dissolve Parliament a year ahead of its normal five-year term.

The calling of a mid-term election was in itself unprecedented in India's parliamentary history and it was regarded as a gamble. The Congress was never a well-knit political party in the Western sense of the term; it was a mass movement born of the struggle for freedom from British rule and it encompassed members of varying and different political hues. Some of them left it after independence in 1947 and banded themselves together in separate political parties such as the Praja Socialist Party and the Samyukta Socialist Party. However, many more joined the Congress than those who left it, for such is the natural attraction of a party in power and a party which had no alternative to challenge its supremacy as the Congress until several years ago.

So the Congress continued to be a hotch-potch. The 1969 split, based primarily on a clash of personalities rather than a clear-cut ideological quarrel, made it into two separate hotch-potches. With the old guard — the surviving stalwarts of the freedom struggle like Morarji Desai, S. K. Patil and K. Kamaraj — leading the rival faction, Mrs. Gandhi inherited the weaker part of the party machinery in the provinces and had to depend on candidates who were comparatively less well known political figures.

On top of all this, the old Congress had formed what looked like a formidable 'grand alliance' with three other opposition parties — the right-wing Swatantra and Jana Sangh and the left-wing Samyukta Socialist Party — all of which claimed pockets of influence in the country. With a number of other national and regional groups in the contest including two Communist parties owing allegiance respectively to Moscow and Peking, few political observers gave Mrs. Gandhi a fighting chance. At best, they thought, she would still be Prime Minister after the election but only at the head of a coalition government.

The election results which gave her party a two-thirds majority in the Lok Sabha therefore came as a great surprise, like the Conservative victory in Britain in 1970. Only Mrs. Gandhi, like Mr. Edward Heath, seemed confident of victory as she went through a whirlwind election campaign in the country.

Her election triumph signified the remarkable transformation of a hesitant and reluctant politician into a national hero. As a child Mrs. Gandhi had led a rather lonely life. Her mother died when she was young and her father, Jawaharlal Nehru, was constantly in and out of prison. Her education, including a few months at Oxford, was inevitably haphazard.

Mrs. Laski described her as a mousy, shy little girl who did not seem to have any political ideas. As long as her father was alive, Mrs. Gandhi did not contest any election and refrained from direct political activity until she was chosen, at the age of 42, President of the Congress in 1959. Till then she had been content to play the hostess for Nehru and accompany him on his various official tours abroad.

She resigned from the Congress Presidentship after a year. It was only after her father's death in May 1964 that she was brought back to public life. Nehru's successor, Lal Bahadur Shastri, offered her the post of Minister for Information and Broadcasting. Shastri died tragically in January 1966 at Tashkent where he had gone to sign a peace treaty with Pakistan under Russian auspices to mark the formal end of the Indo-Pakistan war in 1965. Few had then rated Mrs. Gandhi's chances to become Prime Minister as very high. But luck was in her favour. A non-controversial politician, she was readily acceptable to most groups in the party and by a quirk of fate she came to occupy the office she had never aspired to hold.

Shortly after her election as India's first woman Prime Minister she declared: 'I do not regard myself as a woman. I am a person with a job. In the Indian Constitution all citizens are equal, regardless of sex, religion, language and state. And therefore I am just an Indian citizen and the first servant of the land.' From her father she had inherited a great love of the people. Like him, she brought a modern and secular approach to public affairs. She displayed dedication, courage and compassion.

And yet in the 1967 general election — the first under her prime ministership — the Congress barely managed to get a majority in the Lok Sabha and lost its monopoly of power in eight of the 17 States. So widespread was the public disillusionment with the ruling party. Despite the fact that it undertook major reforms, it could not solve the economic problems of the country. The standard of living of the people was low. There was growing unemployment even among the educated. Industrial costs were steadily mounting. Exports were still lagging behind the targets. And the population was growing at an alarming rate.

The question that will be asked, in the context of the party's poor showing in 1967, is how can the victory in the 1971 election be described as a personal triumph for Mrs. Gandhi? To give an answer, one has to go back to the 1969 split. It was this major political crisis in the party's history

that showed Mrs. Gandhi's real political strength. Until then she was a sort of puppet in the hands of the 'old guard'. They had put her into the high office as a stop-gap arrangement. But they had counted without her strong will and character and her uncanny grasp of the people's pulse and mood.

The first real test of strength came after the death of the President of India, Dr. Zakir Hussain, in 1969. The 'old guard' chose a person as the party's nominee who was amenable to their wishes and was known to be a critic of Mrs. Gandhi. The President is a constitutional figurehead but can play a key role in certain moments of crisis. A prime minister can be at great disadvantage if the President does not see eye to eye with her. Mrs. Gandhi clearly saw in the party's choice a challenge to her authority and integrity. As the astute politician that she has proved herself to be, she outmanoeuvred her opponents and got her own nominee, Mr. V. V. Giri, elected as President. This was the first major triumph of her political strategy. She has never looked back.

When the split finally came it gave a tremendous boost to her image. By then her opponents in the party had discredited themselves by their reactionary attitude and their personal vendetta against her. As the election campaign progressed they indulged in such persistent and virulent abuse of her that the people revolted against it. An advertisement sponsored by the old guard — and rejected by most of the national newspapers — showed Mrs. Gandhi wearing jackboots and little else. She was alleged to be trampling all democratic decencies and national interests and acting as an agent of the Soviet Union. This was imagination run wild. The 'grand alliance' had no common programme except 'Indira Hatao' (Remove Indira).

The Indian voter may be uneducated but he is not ignorant. Politically he is a very conscious animal. He had no doubt that the 'grand alliance' was an unprincipled grouping and that the alternative it provided to Mrs. Gandhi's leadership was even less acceptable to him. The voter amply demonstrated his feeling in the polling booth.

In contrast with the 'old guard', Mrs. Gandhi was a paragon of virtue. She had the advantage of Nehruvian charisma and had shown more daring than either of her two predecessors in office. She did what even Nehru, the darling of the nation until the crushing defeat of the Indian army at the hands of the Chinese in 1962, could not do or was prevented from doing by the reactionaries around him. Mrs. Gandhi nationalised the major Indian banks and tried to remove a perpetual symbol of inequality — the privy purses and privileges of princes. The latter move was overthrown by the Indian Supreme Court and she will now have to get the Constitution amended if she wants to go ahead; she has the two-thirds majority to do so.

She certainly has the full backing of the people behind her reforms. If anything, the election results have proved that the people of India did not give way to defeatism. In spite of the crushing economic burdens on them they did not despair and rejected extremist courses which people in similar circumstances in other countries would have found so easy to adopt. The Indians have disproved all the shrill prophecies of disintegration of the

country and renewed their faith as seldom before in a party which did not make extravagant promises but which presented a reforming image. They gave the party a crushing majority in Parliament and put at its head a leader who has a bright image.

But is this enough? Certainly not. The election results have ensured stability of government. But this by itself will not satisfy the people. It is obvious that they have voted Mrs. Gandhi into power to do things for them — to fight poverty, to raise their standard of living, to give them jobs, to relieve their suffering. If these things are not done quickly enough they will lose their faith in her. Disillusionment will set in.

Hard-headed politician that she is, Mrs. Gandhi knows that having got from the electorate what she wanted she must now set about quickly keeping her part of the bargain. And her very first moves after being re-elected are in the right direction. She has, for instance, taken steps to reorganise the Planning Commission which is responsible for India's five-year plans. Since most of the problems demanding attention lie in the economic field, it is necessary for the government to ensure effective implementation of the five-year plans.

To her dismay, Mrs. Gandhi found that although the total provision under the plan for 1969-70 was pushed up with some difficulty all the money allocated for it had not been spent. And the shortfalls in plan expenditure have occurred in some of the most important areas like steel, fertilisers and irrigation.

In a developing country like India the government's success must ultimately be judged by its ability to provide for the economic welfare of the broad mass of population. The economic policy should be so devised as to create a system in which the greater thrust of increasing income is at the lower end of the economic ladder.

There is some indication of this in the President's address to the new Parliament outlining measures to ensure social justice and equality of opportunities to people. The address is a summary of the government's future legislative programme. And among the measures it proposes are a ceiling on urban property, the appointment of special task forces to mobilise more funds for investment in public and private industry, the need to harness science and technology to the task of development and modernise farming in dry areas.

The radical accent in the President's address is a measure of the government's self-assurance after its landslide victory. The party is in a better position now than ever before to sweep away the legal and other obstacles in the way of promoting an egalitarian order. Mrs. Gandhi cannot now complain that her style is being cramped by reactionary pressures on her.

[Dr. J. D. Singh is London correspondent of *The Times of India*.]

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE AGE OF NELSON

A Naval History of England. Vol 2. The Age of Nelson. G. J. Marcus. George Allen and Unwin. £5.25.

The French Revolutionary and Napoleonic War witnessed the rise of the British Navy to a peak of power and glory such as has never been equalled before or since. The titanic struggle between France and Britain to achieve supremacy at sea is the subject of this book and the author has done full justice to it. He deplores, however, the Admiralty's virtual failure to digest many of the important lessons of the war such as problems of blockade, defence against invasion, conduct of combined operations, and measures of trade protection and attack. These lessons were wasted and forgotten during the long period of peace that succeeded Waterloo and had to be re-learned at great cost in the early twentieth century.

The naval side of the 1793-1815 War has at no time been comprehensively treated and the author lays the blame for this in part on the universities. The absence of an authoritative naval history of this period has resulted "in many a hiatus in the chain of causation", evidenced in certain general, national and military histories. This second volume of *A Naval History of England* endeavours to redress the balance; its scope is wide, covering not only the major fleet actions of the war such as the battles of the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar, all of which are dramatically narrated, but also dealing in detail with the less familiar topics of French expeditions to Ireland, the war on trade, the Anglo-American War of 1812, and naval strategy in the Indian Ocean.

The Peninsular War is considered primarily from the naval angle and illustrates *par excellence* the efficacy of combined operations when carefully planned and executed. Wellington turned to good account the immense advantages conferred by the British command of the sea, and yet he criticised many times the lack of naval assistance generally and made demands that only a naval mind knew were impossible of fulfilment. He failed to comprehend the realities of the 'sea affair' among which were the diverse problems posed by navigational conditions and the vital importance of seamanship in connection with convoy, reconnaissance, blockades, and the 'dangers of the sea'. The First Lord of the Admiralty was not slow in countering Wellington's criticisms: 'I will take your opinion in preference to any other person's as to the most effectual mode of beating a French army', he wrote, 'but I have no confidence in your seamanship or nautical skill'.

Even though Britain possessed mastery of the sea during the war, hostile privateers swarmed around the coasts of England and amid the islands of the Caribbean causing tremendous losses to the mercantile fraternity. The French had long excelled in the *guerre de course;* two lengthy chapters are therefore devoted to the devastating effects of these privateering attacks on British merchant shipping and the manner in which such attacks were met by the introduction of the convoy system, a system strongly supported by the Committee of Lloyd's. Indeed the Admiralty and Lloyd's worked closely together, and it was largely due to the influence of the latter that the Convoy Acts of 1793, 1798 and 1803 were passed.

Dr. Marcus' knowledge of maritime affairs is clearly sound and extensive, nor is it purely academic, for he was a serving officer in the Royal Navy during the last war and has had many contacts with all sorts and conditions of seamen over the years. The appeal of his book will not be limited to the schools and universities because it is eminently readable with no *longueurs* and abounds with personality details and interesting sidelights on the social order.

S. F. WOOLLEY

ENGLISH LETTERS IN THE 'NINETIES

Writing of the 'Nineties: from Wilde to Beerbohm. Edited by Derek Stanford. Everyman's Library No. 773. 90p.

Despite the revival of interest in the eighteen-nineties, prompted and strengthened by such events as the Beardsley Exhibition held in 1966, there has appeared no concise anthology of the many brilliant and important writings of the period. In compiling one Derek Stanford has performed a very necessary service as well as undertaking what is plainly a labour of love. He has already established for himself a reputation for scholarship within this often neglected period of English letters.

Thus he is in an excellent position to make a wide and always relevant choice, ranging from such acclaimed authors as Oscar Wilde and W. B. Yeats to lesser known but greatly gifted writers including G. S. Street and John Davidson: and perhaps because they are not so frequently read and studied at the present time their re-discovery in this volume is all the more welcome.

For anyone who still thinks of late Victorian England as standing for the repression or the stultification of ideas, the illusion is speedily dispelled by a reminder of the various schools of thought uppermost in the 'nineties: Aestheticism, Impressionism and Symbolism, to name only three movements reaching forward towards our own times, while for the backward-looking there were the standards and theories generally covered by the omnibus term Romanticism. It is hardly surprising that the 'fin de siécle' has been described as a 'railway junction' of ideas.

Even more interesting and revealing than the re-assessment of such stars of the period as Ernest Dowson and Arthur Symons are the biographies of the 'satellites'. Lionel Johnson, poet, (1867-1902), educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford; a solitarily inclined bachelor, ended his brief life by excessive drinking. How much loneliness and personal frustration contributed to the following lines:

> I know you; solitary griefs,
> Desolate passions, aching hours!
> I know you: tremulous beliefs,
> Agonised hopes, and ashen flowers!

Another writer who died young was Hubert Crackanthorpe (1870-96). Tutored by George Gissing, yet leaving Cambridge without a degree, he was rightly described as 'the great imaginative prose writer of the group'. Yet after much travel and considerable journalistic experience and the publication of *Sentimental Studies* and *A Set of Village Tales* he committed suicide at the age of twenty-six by jumping into the Seine after his wife eloped with another man. His long short story or novella, *Profiles*, demonstrates his ability to evoke a season and a landscape and displays his command of the narrative art and characterisation.

Norman Gale (1862-1936) enjoyed a longer life and was described by Victor Plarr as the 'pastoral poet' among young writers and by Richard Le Gallienne as the 'six-foot three nightingale'.

But the temptation to browse among the lesser known must not be allowed to detract from the usefulness of having so many accepted small masterpieces brought together in one volume. The book includes the Editor's Preface and a select bibliography.

ROSALIND WADE

RHYMES OF CRIME

Bloody Versicles: The Rhymes of Crime. Jonathan Goodman. David & Charles. £2.75.

It was, doubtless, that same artistic impulse—that same creative talent that will out—which inspired the major celebrants of the sagas, which, *diminuendo,* motivated the composers in minor key of those broadsheet ballads and bloody versicles, which have been assiduously assembled by Mr. Goodman in this most unusual, and unusually fascinating, book. Heretical, perhaps, to compare, say, the *Orkneyinga Saga* and its account of noble Viking battle slaughter with a nineteenth century American *belle dame's* homespun butchery of Ma and Pa; but Lizzie of the forty whacks, folksy heroine that she has become, is surely every bit as entitled to her lettered shroud as Rognvald or Burnt Njal! Whatever . . . these rhymes quaint and curious—'crhymes' Mr. Goodman daringly calls them—these compelling samples of sub-poetry ware, gilt if not gold, here presented in liberally encrusted settings of recondite footnotes, have undeniable social significance and, equally undeniably, are enormous fun.

Winking and nodding like a gallery of nose-tapping Dickens' grotesques, the sly old masters of murder lope by . . . musty, fusty Victorian shades . . . Charlie Peace, Frederick Bailey Deeming, Her Majesty's Inspector of Regiments, the good Dr. Crippen, the bogy Dr. Neill Cream, the venenose Dr. Palmer, those medical auxiliaries, the two Williams, Burke and Hare, eternally incogniti, Jack the Ripper, eternally rehearsing his very personal version of the Belphegor Gag . . . the full melodramatic cast. And, in a sinister rustle of decorously bountiful crinoline, bustle and black bombazine, the ladies, God bless them . . . soft-treading Madeleine Smith, cocoa-in-hand, bland Lizzie Borden, axe-in-hand, chubby cheeked Mrs. Dyer, carpet-bag-in-hand, and distrait Mrs. Maybrick, *Revalenta-Arabica*-in-hand.

The result is an ideally nightmarish bedside book for those of criminous taste. It would certainly have sat well upon the bedside table of the redoubtable William Roughead, late Writer to the Signet and himself an enthusiastic garnerer of what he in fact christened 'bloody versicles'. And it would have made a fitting companion for the volume which my old friend, the late Sir Bentley Purchase, Her Majesty's Coroner, always kept within bedside reach—a most terrifying, full technicolor, illustrated treatise on the less agreeable manifestations of sudden death.

In its splendid dappling of scholarly footnotes and very well managed and concise case commentaries, Mr. Goodman supplies a most diverting leavening of out-of-the-way information. For instance: that young Christopher Craig, who in company with the unfortunate Derek Bentley murdered P.C. Miles, was a devotee of Enid Blyton: that Dr. Buck Ruxton, the Lancaster murderer, planted a false clue with the neatly dismembered remains of his victims—in the form of an alien cyclops eye: that Mr. Hangman Berry could never bring

himself to turn off a client without having first fortified him with the gift of a pietistic poem.

One small but fascinating fact which somehow escaped Mr. Goodman's far-flung net is that the Reverend J. W. Horsley, who makes his bow here as a recording angel of prison graffiti, enjoyed wider, if slightly less esoteric reputation as an expert conchologist and author of an authoritative little book on our British snails.

Mr. Goodman has written a most entertaining and instructive criminal encyclopaedia in miniature. You could say that it has both rhymes and reason.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

GREEK MYTHS RETOLD

The God Beneath The Sea. Leon Garfield and Edward Blishen, illustrated by Charles Keeping. Longman. £1.75.

In an Afterword the co-authors explain that their aim in re-telling the Greek myths to the young is to avoid 'A haphazard sequence of tall tales' often related in a manner arising from certain conventions of translation from Greek poetry, but rather, to relate, 'as a continuous narrative' using a 'literary voice of our own time'. The manner in which many of the better known myths are put within a dramatic framework and given a coherence, both chronological and psychological, is indeed probably the greatest achievement of the book.

The narrative is strung between the two falls of the god, Hephaestus, hurled from Olympus first by Hera, his mother, and later by Zeus. After his first fall, 'the god beneath the sea' is told by his guardians, Thetis and Eurynome, of the great Creation myth, the making of the gods and of the old Titans and their eventual overthrow by Zeus and the younger gods. Hephaestus' birth and fall is also recounted and then by a clever narrative twist, typical of the book, the maker of a marvellous brooch is summoned to Olympus, and found, of course, to be the formerly rejected, misshapen artist—God. The making of men, and finally some of the Greek myths concerning the inter-relations of the two, are retold in the latter half of the book. There is, perhaps inevitably, after so fine a reworking of the earlier myths, a slight loss in narrative cohesiveness in the last section of the book. Nevertheless, this detracts little from the effectiveness of thematic and narrative motifs, such as the coral brooch, which help tie together the disparate myths so well.

The authors felt it was the intention of the myths, 'if not to explain life then to provide a pattern that would act as a vast imaginative alternative to an explanation'. In attempting to convey this significance they have been especially successful in dealing with Prometheus's creatures; in the cause for the frail hold on life, the blind hand of fate, and the warring human passions where 'all aspirations would be lamed, all achievement warped as man eternally fought within himself a battle that could neither be lost nor won'. The characterisation in broad, sweeping strokes and incisive details of the high passions of the gods adds to the essentially dramatic presentation of the myths, as do the bold, forceful and imaginative illustrations of Charles Keeping. Two things only mar this admirable book. The first of these is somewhat similar to Milton's mistake in *Paradise Lost*, where God is made to speak. Although dealing with pagan gods who are human on a vast scale, the dialogue cannot always match the action. Secondly, in a number of places the elevated

prose tends to overreach itself, 'His head was bent, his eyes were deep, and his fathomless mind reached regions even out of Hermes scope'. These flaws notwithstanding, I can thoroughly recommend this book for older child and adult alike.

PETER GEOFFREY TOWNSEND

JACK COLLIS

Bound Upon A Course—an autobiography by John Stewart Collis. Sidgwick & Jackson. £2.75.

To review the autobiography of a friend whom you have known for fifty years is, oddly enough, very difficult. After such a period you think you know his little prides and joys, his weaknesses and excesses, but in fact his inner motivations remain a secret.

There are some things which must be said at the outset about 'Jack Collis' (as most of his older friends still call him). He is Irish to the core and neither Rugby nor Oxford exorcised this native root; secondly he is a professional writer. His first book 'Shaw' and his later book 'Marriage and Genius' are good professional jobs. The five books, 'While Following the Plough', 'Down to Earth', 'The Triumph of the Tree', 'The Moving Waters' and 'Paths of Light' earned the author a Civil List Pension and one of them the Heinemann Foundation Award for Literature. In the volume under review he quotes several times from these books (which incidentally are out of print) but only to make the point that people will eventually respond to 'a combination of the scientific and poetic approach to reality'. I agree; these books are beautifully written and according to the best evidence based on scientific fact. They ought to be republished as a whole, as a genuine 'syntheals' (to quote a favourite word of the author) and let loose in school libraries.

Mr. Collis has divided his life-symphony into five 'Movements'—Arriving, Growing, Searching, Doing, Finding—thus preserving enough narrative order for his own purpose in constructing the book and for the reader in clearly comprehending that purpose. This, alas, is rare in autobiographies (and even biographies). It proves a convenient and satisfying art-form, because it enables the reader to follow what is in fact a spiritual pilgrimage. Within each 'Movement' Mr. Collis selects what is relevant for understanding the next stage. The Irish background and relations with his mother, Rugby, Oxford, comparative poverty; the British Museum (an excellent vignette and very funny); contacts with the literary world but especially with Bernard Shaw; marriage, life as an agricultural labourer. Through it all one can almost feel the growth of a human being.

In one revealing sentence he writes: 'to hold to a course is the sole form of courage I possess' and elsewhere 'I became consumed at this time by two things, one a growing passionate love of nature; the other was a passion to achieve a philosophy of life and religion'. He was clearly influenced by a rather special group of writers, some of whom became friends—Shaw, Yeats and A. E., Whitman and Edward Carpenter, Wordsworth, Orage and Middleton Murry, Count Keyserling and Teilhard du Chardin. It is not the object of this review to pronounce any judgment, much less to comment on the idiosyncrasies of the author. The chapters 'Searching' and 'Doing' occupy the best and original part of the book.

Probably Jack Collis is a mystic in the accurate sense of that term but he is also a tough tennis opponent and intensely human. It is enough for me

to recommend a book that I have read with pleasure and which is at once entertaining and truthful. Perhaps in the next edition the publisher will insert an Index.

KENNETH LINDSAY

THE OTHER SIDE OF OXFORD

The Other Oxford. Charles Fenby. Lund Humphries. £1.87.

The town side of Oxford has all too often suffered by the attention paid to the University. The University is, after all, only a part of Oxford and while Oxford is what it is largely because of the University, there is still a city beyond the High. This city was, to a very large extent, the creation of the latter half of the nineteenth century (excluding, of course, the influence of the Cowley phenomenon). It is with this period that Mr. Fenby is dealing.

The full title of the work is: *The Other Oxford: The Life and Times of Frank Gray and His Father.* The lives of these two most interesting men is an outstanding feature of the book but the study of the background of the Oxford 'establishment' against which these two men worked is a second important feature.

Oxford was becoming a city during the 1870s, 1880s and 1890s. In 1870 its population was less than that of Banbury but by 1901 it had a population of almost 50,000, an increase of almost 40,000 in just over 30 years. One of the more notable evidences of this expansion is north Oxford with its wide, winding streets and its large, solid Victorian houses. These were the creation, to a large extent, of Walter Gray, one-time steward of Keble College. The impact of this new Oxford on the pre-1870 city makes the history of the period a most interesting one and it is with this relationship that Mr. Fenby is, to a large extent, concerned.

Mr. Fenby has collated the stories concerning the men who made up the Oxford 'establishment'. His work does not pretend to be history but more a type of third-party reminiscence. His style is most readable and the pace is quick and lively.

Too often it has been assumed that the only individualists Oxford has produced have been 'gown'. Mr. Fenby has helped to re-establish a balance by showing the unique individuals produced by the city of Oxford, Frank and Walter Gray being notable examples. Likewise Mr. Fenby has produced a most enjoyable example of that all too neglected genre of local history. Finally, he has shown us something of the life of a city only recently a market town and yet to be an industrial centre.

J. E. B. MUNSON

SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES

The Transfer of Power 1942-7, Vol. II, **'Quit India'** (H.M. Stationery Office, £9.00). This second volume in this series of *Constitutional Relations between Britain and India* is concerned with the period April 30-September 21, 1942. The object of the series is 'to make available to scholars in convenient printed form the British historical records'. These include in the main the old India Office records, Cabinet papers, and the Linlithgow Collection. As before, the documents have been edited by Dr. Nicholas Mansergh as Editor-in-Chief assisted by Mr. E. W. R. Lumby. The volume consists of over 1,000 large pages, including extracts from 780 documents. They are published without commentary, save for a very brief Introduction. The period begins with the growing estrangement between the

Government of India and Congress following the failure of the Cripps Mission; it culminates with the Congress 'Quit India' Resolution of August 8, 1942, and the arrest next day of Gandhi, Nehru and other Congress leaders. The next main subject in the documents is the struggle with Congress. How serious was the latter's campaign? On August 31 the Viceroy in a telegram to Churchill declares that 'I am engaged here in meeting by far the most serious rebellion since that of 1857'. On the same day, in a War Cabinet Minute Churchill states that 'the limited response to the revolutionary campaign of the Congress Party had provided a practical demonstration that Congress did not represent the masses of the Indian people'. The Cabinet was probably correct in the short term, for three weeks later, on September 21, Lord Linlithgow wrote to the Secretary of State: 'We can be pretty well content with the general situation in the country . . . taken as a whole things are pretty comfortable.' The documents include, of course, other topics, such as the increasing American interest in and sympathy for the Congress campaign, Chinese policy and the fears of the Princes. Behind everything was the global war and the threat to India itself. These documents which pose problems as well as solve them are essential for any serious study of these five critical months.

The Struggle for the Ministry of Health (Occasional Papers No. 37, G. Bell & Sons, 50p). This 'paper' by Frank Honigsbaum is in fact a booklet of 71 pages, including detailed references and concise biographies of all the administrators mentioned, and the latest in a valuable series. Frank Honigsbaum has spent many years studying the origins of the welfare state, from the earliest days of the first panel patient to the complicated Health Service of the present time. Surprisingly, we learn that two departments once struggled with each other for the monopoly of the then embryonic 'Ministry of Health' — the Local Government Board and the National Health Insurance Commission. Mr. Honigsbaum emphasises the need for a fresh look at Lloyd George's Insurance Bill and traces the various conflicting influences which bedevilled the development of properly organised medical care in Britain. Looking ahead to the future of the National Health Service he recommends tougher centralised control over the Service as a whole.

A Month of Saturdays (Macmillan, £2.10). Urbane, witty, impudent, irreverent, perceptive; all these adjectives and many more apply to these essays by Dorothy Parker from the New Yorker which appeared from 1927 to 1933 under the guise of book reviews. Book reviews they were but they were far more, for each encapsulated the wit and, indeed, wisdom of one of the most amusing as well as one of the saddest women of the age, the legendary wasp of New York. These reviews remain as fresh as ever and provide an interesting look at the literary lions of the 'twenties and early 'thirties. Hemingway, A. A. Milne, Elinor Glyn, Andre Gide and a dozen and more others come under her basilisk eye. Of them perhaps the late and much neglected Ring Lardener comes out the best. The book is provided with an introduction by Lillian Hellman, Miss Parker's confidant, friend and provider. How much better it is than the alleged definitive work on Miss Parker now available. How much better are the books she reviews. Even now one is tempted to actually read Miss Parker's own words. What better book for a bedside table?

HALF YEARLY INDEX, JANUARY-JUNE 1971

VOLUME 218

Titles are listed after the names of the author
LS—Literary Supplement

ALLEN, Trevor: LS 166, 107, 218, 279.

ANTHEM, Thomas: The Greek Horizon Grows Brighter, 57.

ARLOTT, John: A Hand of Cardus, 84.

BARRAU, Paul: The Common Market: The Case for British Membership, 281.

BARTLETT, Vernon: Two Types of Apartheid, 66.

BENDDA, Rosemary: In Defence of 'Tess', 202.

BOLLINGER, Klaus: The DDR Treaty with the Soviet Union, 24.

BOURNE, Lord: The Place of British Defence, 113.

BOWEN, Desmond: The Ballymurphy Estate, 270.

BRUCE, Donald: Centaurs in Great Russell Street; the New Greek Galleries at the British Museum, 169.

CARTWRIGHT, Ann: Family Planning and Professional Advice, 80.

CHAPMAN, Guy: LS 49.

CROMPTON, Margaret: Little Women, the Making of a Classic, 99.

CRONHEIM, F.: The Essential European, 144.

CVIIC, K. G.: Poland in the Aftermath of the December Crisis, 173.

D'ALTON, V.: China's Population, 250.

DANIELL, A. J.: LS 165.

DENMAN, D. R.: Man and Mass-man, 179.

DARLINGTON, W. A.: Drama Critic's Dilemma, 235.

ELSTOB, Peter: Whatever Happened to Tibet? (Part 2), 205.

FARLEY, J. G.: Morocco Today, 319.

FREAN, David: LS 222.

HALEY, Sir William: William Hale White: alias Mark Rutherford, 38.

HAMSFORD-MILLER, F. H.: Women and Religion, 184.

HAYTER, Althea: A Long Remembered Crime, 119.

HIDDEN, Norman: Popular Poetry: a New Renaissance? 62.

JOHNSON, Stowers: Holy Kiev, 255.

JOYCE, James Avery: Population Challenges the UN, 74.

LAND, Thomas: Trudeau in Africa? 43.
Indigenous Weapons, 268.

LANE, Margaret: Frances Wright (1795-1852): the Great Experiment, 7.

LAURIE, K. S.: LS 223.

LICKORISH, L. J.: Tourism in 1971, 260.

LINDSAY, Kenneth: LS 216, 334.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT: 45, 105, 161, 212, 273, 329.

LONGFORD, Earl of: LS 161, 273.

MARTINEZ, Orlando: Impressions of Belgrade and Bucharest, 314.

MASEFIELD, John: The Western Hudson Shore, 245.

MATLOCK, Alec.: Package Adventure, 198.

MONEY, Ernie: LS 105.

MORGAN, Gerald: Does the Leopard . . . ?, 240.

MORTON, James: The French Cinema: Three of the Best Directors, 264.

MUNSON, J. E. B.: LS 277, 334.

NAPIER, Sam: The Sea Becomes Mankind's Reservoir, 97.

NATHAN, Robert Louis: A Plan for the Restoration of Peace in Vietnam, 15.

NORTHCOTT, Cecil: A Decade of Change in the Churches, 292.

O'DONOVAN, Patrick: The Irish Exile, 288.

PETRIE, Sir Charles: An Outstanding Ambassador—Sir Benjamin Keene, 137.

PETTY, W. H.: Reviewing Higher Education, 19.

PLANT, Robert: The ILO World Employment Programme, 152.

RAMAN, A. S.: How Modern is Indian Art? 189.

ROSE, Paul B.: The Red Brick Revolution at Westminster, 34.
Patrials Only, 225.

SAMUEL, Viscount: The Kibbutz as a Welfare State in Miniature, 1.

SATTLER, Tamas: East-West Trade—as Seen by a Hungarian, 230.

SEYMOUR, W. Kean: LS 52, 108, 164, 219, 220.

SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES: 55, 111, 167, 223, 279, 334.

SINGH, J. D.: Mrs. Gandhi's Remarkable Triumph, 325.

STOCKS, Baroness: Reflections on the Passing of Resident Domestic Service, 71.

SULHERRIGALLE, Rowland: Labour's Year in the Cold, 297.

SUMMERSKILL, Baroness: Suffrage in Medicine, 129.

TIBBS, Molly: LS 54

TOWNSEND, Peter Geoffrey, LS 333.

TREWIN, J. C.: The National Theatre, 29.

VERRY, D. W. T. C.: Classical Studies: Have they a Future? 87.

WADE, Rosalind: The Anatomy of Jane Austen (1778-1817), 132.
Quarterly Fiction Review, 45, 212, LS 330.

WHITTINGTON-EGAN, Richard: Atkinson Grimshaw, 149.
LS 53, 54, 110, 166, 221, 276, 331.

WILKINSON, Paul: Two Views from Inside Russia, 125.
LS 51, 275.

WILLCOX, Temple: The Germination of Bolshevism in Russia, 92.

WILLIAMSON, Henry: Reflections on the Death of a Field-Marshal, 303.

WOOLLEY, S.F.: LS 329.

LIBERAL NEWS

Liberal News is published every fortnight. It is the only periodical published by a major political party in this country.

It contains news of local, regional and national activities of the Liberal Party as well as a wide selection of features and information concerning matters home and abroad.

There are lively comments and columns and a good review section.

Liberal News is an indispensable part of every Liberal's political life: and it gives invaluable information to everybody who is interested in politics in general and wants to know more about the Liberal Party in particular.

One year's subscription (26 issues) costs only £1.95 including postage.

Please fill in the form below and Liberal News will be mailed directly to you every fortnight.

I should like to receive Liberal News regularly by post.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

LIBERAL NEWS

7 EXCHANGE COURT, STRAND, LONDON WC2R 0PR. 01-240 0701

BACK ISSUES

For sale and wanted to buy

We receive continual demands for back issues of **CONTEMPORARY REVIEW** from individuals and libraries wanting to complete their collections. Since we cannot always satisfy these demands without diminishing our own archives we will pay good prices for single copies and complete volumes offered to us. Copies 1866-1900 are in special demand.

Please send full details to:

Back Issue Dept., Contemporary Review,
38 Farringdon St., London E.C.4.

ORDER FORM

To The Subscription Manager,
Contemporary Review, 38 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

I enclose herewith my cheque for ..... , for a year's subscription
[For rates, see inside front cover]

Name .....

Address .....

.....

THE WORLD TODAY

STUDENTS OF CURRENT AFFAIRS, to be well informed, need the facts. In THE WORLD TODAY, the monthly journal of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, experts bring to the general reader up-to-date and reliable information on world affairs. Authoritative and objective, THE WORLD TODAY not only deals with international problems but also includes articles on internal political and economic conditions in individual countries, written by authors with first-hand knowledge. Short comment in 'Notes of the Month' puts current developments in perspective and provides a background to events of international significance.

MONTHLY
Price 28p per copy; £3.25 per year post free.
(In USA and Canada $10)
Students' rate £3

Published under the auspices of the
ROYAL INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS
LONDON
by the Oxford University Press, Press Road, Neasden, London NW10 0DD

MIDDLE EAST FORUM

A quarterly journal published by the Alumni Association of the American University of Beirut. The only independent periodical in English from the Middle East, about the contemporary Middle East, written by leaders of Middle East public life and thought.

Single copies: LL.4.00, $1.75. Annual subscription: LL.15.00, $5.00. Back copies for the past 5 years also available. P.O. Box A.U.B. 1751, Beirut, Lebanon.

Printed by H. G. LEATES LTD., 45-47 Alexandra Street, Southend-on-Sea, Essex, and published by CONTEMPORARY REVIEW CO. LTD., 38 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Tel: 01-455 3638. All business matters should be addressed to the publishers